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THE TROUBADOURS AT HOME

THEIR LIVES AND PERSONALITIES, THEIR SONGS AND THEIR WORLD

BY

JUSTIN H. SMITH

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178 ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME II

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THE TROUBADOURS AT HOME

XXIV

VIC AND AURILLAC

The Monk of Montaudon

DONE at last, thank heaven, with crusades and battles and massacres and all the rest of the Albigensian troubles. Albi and the south lie now behind us, our faces are toward the north, and our thoughts turn to the famous troubadours awaiting us there.

Yet we are not quite done, after all. No more horrors threaten us, but just here we stumble upon the comic side of these terrible events ; for the tragedies of real life have a strange way of edging now and then into farce.

The farce opens rather oddly. We stand on a sharp knob of rock and earth overlooking a village on the edge of Auvergne. It must always have been attractive, this Vic-sur-Cère—for we see here yet a one-time residence of the prince of Monaco, shorn of its outer beauties by the patriots of '93—and at present the town is getting its name up as a regulation summer-resort. Circulars expatiate upon its mineral springs and its gorge. Chromo-lithographs picture its mountain in all the waiting-rooms of the railroad system. Progress is beginning to lavish benign influences upon it. Cast-iron fences and boxed-

up orange trees have arrived ; and among the cozy and enchanting cottages, with their high-peaked, low-eaved roofs, there have appeared two or three freshly painted rectangular parallelopipeds of houses, lavender-colored like the trousers of a Paris dandy.

Happily most of the improvements, like the new hotel, the casino, and the spring-house, are half a mile away in the congenial company of the railroad station. Vic still remains a charming old village hung on the mountain-side, with a great cross rising into the sky above it from an overhanging crag ; and the narrow streets are just now filled with a beauty and a sweetness that progress could not bring, though it will doubtless take away.

It is Ascension Day, and the sky, which has been dark and cold, suddenly unveils its very brightest blue.

The high knob from which we look is crowned with a chapel of hoary age. Before it, under the maples in the scant yard, is a high cross of wrought-iron, standing on a square pedestal of stone like an altar. The stone has been covered with a white cloth, and upon that are fastened pansies, white and purple locusts, and cornflowers. Bunches of peonies mark the four corners at the top, and maple leaves are strewn about the foot.

At the parish church in the midst of the village the people gather quietly in their rustic best, and then march this way in a procession. Up the steep road and around the chapel turns the line, till it gathers itself up before the altar and cross. First come three boys in scarlet caps and scarlet coats and scarlet capes edged with ermine, bearing a crucifix and two lighted candles ; then a woman with a banner ; then the women of the village in a double line, with banners here and there ; then the girls ; then the assisting priest,—chanting ; next a few nuns ; next the officiating priest, and finally a company of men and a long line of boys. They all place themselves as best they

VIC-SUR-CÈRE.

can around the altar and along the winding ascent, and listen reverently to the mass. Under the trees on the slopes we see women standing or kneeling in the grass, book and rosary in hand. Even in yards quite a distance away many are kneeling by themselves, their eyes fixed on the cross and their lips moving in silent prayer. A touch of air stirs the leaves of the maples. Odors of spring float down upon us from the mountain. Reverence, piety, simplicity, and innocence—presences almost visible —seem to hover above us, about us, and among us. How rude a contrast is hard by, and that in the person of a churchman !

Just across the ravine from the chapel is another peak or shoulder of the mountain, higher and bigger than the one we stand upon. The spot is still called by the villagers the Old Castle—*Viel Castel*—but castle there is none. In the place of it are grass and trees, fenced with a high enclosure; and here and there one finds a notice : " Traps for wolves set here."

You remember that satirical Monk of Montaudon,[1] who delighted to touch up the most famous troubadours and make them look ridiculous ? Here he meets us. Vic was his early home, and the vanished castle his birthplace. Piety and innocence take flight before his name ; comedy, farce, and ribaldry surround us ; for in a word the Monk was precisely one of those rascally priests who caused so much scandal, set the " good men " preaching, and made an opening for Simon de Montfort. Damiani's book of Gomorrah tells about his kind ; Comba, Milman, and Sackur know it well.[2] The Monk is quite as black, too, as the picture. And yet—as we meet him face to face he is so jolly, so good-natured, so human, so frank withal, and so honest, that we find ourselves laughing with him in spite of everything at about his third guffaw.

The Monk of Montaudon, for he bears no other name, was no doubt a younger son, and so the Church became his natural destiny,—more inevitably, perhaps, because his family was vassal to the powerful bishops of Maguelonne and so had an influence within the pale. Anyhow the boy went down to Aurillac, called Orlac [3] in those days, had first a turn at the abbey school, no doubt, and in due time became an inmate of the monastery itself. It was a famous institution, the abbey of Orlac, founded (about 894) in the days of Alfred the Great by St. Geraud, the lord of the castle on the hill above it. Here were laid the foundations of that extraordinary learning which made Gerbert pope, and also pretty well satisfied a horrified Christendom that he had sold himself to the Devil. Many other great scholars went out from Orlac, and two of the abbots are now in the calendar of saints.

Our hero felt no vocation to eclipse these glories of the school and the abbey, but without a doubt learned how to utter *Pax vobiscum* in a very comforting manner, and even considerably more than that. As the son of a good family and far indeed from witless, it became necessary by-and-by to provide him with a comfortable berth ; so in due time the abbot made him the prior of Montaudon—a place that has disappeared entirely—and life began to spread itself before him.

A man of his type was quite sure to be heard from. The barons of the neighborhood discovered before long a new light among them, and they hastened to welcome the prior and invite him to their castles. He was soon like the president of many a poor college in the west and south, who spends most of his time in the east among wealthy friends of education. The results, too, were similar. Laden with spoils—gold and silver, rich vestments, and treasures of every sort—he returned now and then to his

monastery, and received with becoming modesty the plaudits of a grateful brotherhood.

The results *were* similar, but how different the methods ! No prosy lectures on the perils of illiteracy and irreligion ! No homilies on the duty and blessedness of " torch-bearing " ! A jolly song, a racy tale, clever skits in verse on the doings of the day, merriment and wassail,—these were his arguments ; and no one thought a whit the worse of his cowl either ; for priests could wear beards then, and marry, and trade, and handle a world of worldly matters if they chose.

How things woke up at the castle when the Monk's big red face appeared in the courtyard ! Everybody who owned a story took it down and furbished it, and decked it out with new and veracious details. Everybody who knew a song began to tune his pipes. Everybody gifted with a sharp and saucy wit hastened to clear his decks for action. Dulness hid away, and the password was " *Qui vive !* "

Nor was the little court the only gainer. Welcome in the hall, the shrewd Monk was also free of the kitchen. He chaffed the women and chucked the maids, confessed the sinners and perverted the saints, here eased a heavy conscience and there smacked a rosy cheek, till delight and bashfulness, coquetry, admiration, and pride were all in such a dizzy whirl that he could do exactly as he liked and nobody suspect what he was about until afterward.

Gradually his range grew wider and his fame greater. On one trip he seems to have invaded Toulouse and won the count ; on another to have met and vastly pleased our gallant Amfos, the king of Aragon. At one time he probably made friends with King Philippe Auguste of France ; at another he carried by storm the merry soul of Richard the Lion-hearted. What rousing vigils these two must have had together ! And what wonder that the Sluggard

Knight was qualified for the cell, the riddles, and the pasty of Friar Tuck!

To Orlac was probably his most frequent excursion.

CASTLE ST. ETIENNE, AURILLAC.

First he paid his humble and dutiful respects to the abbot, and then we may be sure he turned away with a heartfelt sigh of relief, and lightly climbed the hill to the castle St. Etienne. Here is the path that perhaps he took ; and above us rises the castle,—the keep just as it was in his

day, and the rest of it rebuilt faithfully, as they tell us, according to the original plans.

It is easy to imagine him in the hall up there. At the heart of the revels we see a big, lusty, roistering priest, Ben Jonson's "mountain belly and rocky face," with a certain streak of Bobby Burns, a liberal touch of Falstaff, and a good deal of Rabelais. Not a great theologian, but a firm believer in the Devil; not righteous overmuch, but loyal to the interests of his Order; always ready for a song, a story, a laugh, a bottle, and a wench; coarse, large-hearted, jolly, outspoken, often sharp and on occasion wise, one you might despise but could not hate,—such he is. Caustic and contentious, witty and reckless, he proves a hard antagonist, yet is noway crabbed, noway misanthropic; and his flood of animal spirits bears even his routed foemen away on a full tide of laughter and good humor. He scandalizes the pious, shocks the refined, comforts the depressed, and imposes on his boon companions a strange mixture of contempt for godliness and good-will for Mother Church, an easy disregard for the Ten Commandments, and a fitful, superstitious fear of the invisible. How he can sing! It is a good deal of trouble to get him started, for great is the power of inertia; but once his deep bass voice is well in tune the rafters have to join the chorus and the mugs begin to dance. Then, when the song is over, how he can swear! One after another a score of good round oaths troll off his lusty tongue. Sant Marti, Sant Dalmatz, Sant Salvador, Sant Marcelh, Sant Miquel, Sant Peire, Sant Laurent,—just out of sight he keeps the whole company at call ready to back him up, it would seem, as Robin had the merry archers of Sherwood Forest.[4]

After a considerable time of this life the Monk was called back to duty by remorse or by his abbot, and passed a year or two in seclusion at Montaudon. No harsh aus-

terity governed his life there, we may assume. Etienne de Bourbon, who wrote about this time, knew of a priory that might have been Montaudon, we suspect. The monks, he tells us, passed the evenings in eating, drinking, and carousing, and as a consequence were drowsy enough when the bell sounded for matins. Appearances must be preserved, however ; so they would rise and begin the service, but presently their heads would fall upon their books at the close of every line. Finally the genius of the company discovered a plan : choir-boys were ordered to chant with the monks, so that when the latter fell asleep the service would not come to an end, I take it. But the choir-boys were not dull. The moment the monks were soundly drowsing, they would stop singing and begin to play; and when they wearied of their games would return to their places and call out as loudly as possible, " Let us bless the Lord ! " At this all the monks would arouse themselves with a start, respond, " Thanks be to God ! " and so, in the comfortable persuasion that the service had been properly performed, would tumble back to bed.

But so far as the troubadour was concerned it was too late now for this kind of existence, and the rascal set his wits at work to find some avenue of escape. Naturally enough their labor ended in a poem.

One day, sang the poet, he found himself in Paradise, and very happy, too ; for the Lord of heaven and earth received him lovingly and said : " What brings you here, Monk ? and how is Montaudon, where you have more people [than I have in heaven] ? "

" Lord, I 've been on my knees in the cloister for a year or two, and the result is that by loving and serving you I 've lost the friendship of the barons, and I believe in my heart that the lord of Paris misses me."

" Monk, I don't thank you for shutting yourself up in

a cloister when you might be out and about, fighting and lampooning and wrangling with your neighbors ; for I love a song and a laugh ; they do the world good, and Montaudon has the benefit."

" Lord, I 'm in fear of sinning if I make verses and songs, for the man that lies knowingly forfeits your love ; so I 've stopped the business. The world hates me not, but I 've gone back to the reading-lesson and given up trips to Spain."

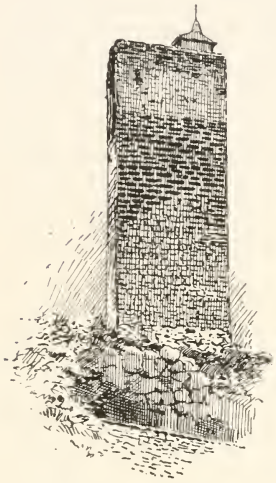
" Monk, you 've done very wrong. You ought to have hastened gladly to the court of King Richard, who was so good a friend to you. I warrant you he would drive that idea out of your head. Ah, how many a good mark sterling he has lost in presents to you ! And it was he that got you up from the mire."

" Lord, I surely would have gone to him if it had n't been for you. It is your fault,—his getting into prison. You don't seem to consider what the Saracen fleet is doing. If it reaches Acre the base Turk is going to win again. Oh, the man is a fool that follows you into a scrape ! "[5]

Richard was, indeed, in captivity just then, but there was another good fellow still on a throne. So one day the Monk trudged over to Orlac once more, recounted to the abbot all the benefits his wandering minstrelsy had brought the monastery, recited this poem, I dare say, and begged a transfer to another superior. " And who is he ? " cried the abbot. " King Amfos," answered the wag.[6] The prayer granted, he hastened to Barcelona. Fancy the drollery in his face as he knelt for the commands of his new abbot. The commands were prompt : he should eat meat, court the ladies, make verses, and sing.

The Monk, you have discovered, was on a very easy footing in heaven,—or, to put it seriously, his irreverence

is shocking. And yet we must not condemn him without reflection. It was a curious mark of the time that while authority and lordship were profoundly respected in fact, there was no little freedom of manner toward the rulers. The household of a baron were most dutifully obedient. His will was absolute and unresisted; and yet he tolerated an easy and even amusing familiarity such as a master of to-day would not permit. Probably the very consciousness of fidelity made his people feel that laxness in trifles was no more than fair and the lord's consciousness of power enabled him to endure and perhaps enjoy it. The same principle appears to have held in religion. The Mysteries and Miracle Plays, for example, were serious and even pious works, and yet they display what seems at first like irreverence and outrage.



KEEP OF ST. ETIENNE.

Reassured by these considerations we follow the Monk again to heaven. What do you suppose he finds engaging attention there? You cannot guess; the Supreme Judge has brought the fair sex before his tribunal on the charge —of painting their faces.'

Devices to conceal ugliness are about as ancient, no doubt, as the wish to appear beautiful; and in the age of the troubadours, especially as the thirteenth century approached, the oversights of nature and the ravages of time were met with a courage and perseverance not surpassed in our own day. If the women painted, the men quite as faithfully dyed their hair. Tooth-powders, perfumes,

cosmetics, pomades, depilatories, unguents for the lips, dyes, and various other contrivances were eagerly used, and the ladies understood quite well that a long skirt or a pile of hair would ameliorate shortness of stature.

The natural consequence was a disposition to ridicule these innocent devices.

One day a magistrate saw the paint thick and still moist on the face of a lady near him, and making a hole in a cushion he blew the feathers against her cheek. She felt them sticking there and attempted to brush them away. Alas for her pride! As the narrator gleefully concludes, she soon looked "like a patched image."

If a woman undertook to pile the hair too high upon her crown, some one would very likely repeat this tale: "Once there was a certain holy man who gained the reputation of working miracles, and after much urging he undertook to help a young lady greatly afflicted with headaches. No sooner did he see the stately edifice of her coiffure than he divined the cause of the trouble. 'Promise me first, madam, to remove all these vain ornaments, all this lofty scaffolding that surmounts your head, and then I will pray for you with the greatest confidence.' But the sacrifice was too great and she refused. Before long, however, the pain returned and became more terrible than ever. The holy man was recalled; and the sufferer—casting before him the false hair, the gilded bands, and the rest—swore never to put on the like again. The worker of miracles then set himself to pray, and—the miracle was wrought."

Another tale was not less popular. "Ha, ha, ha!" the Devil was heard roaring with laughter one day. "What are you laughing at, pray?" asked one who stood by. "Laughing at? Why, one of my imps has been riding about this long while on a lady's train; and just now, when she lifted it at a muddy spot in the road, he fell off

and got covered with mire. Ha, ha, ha!" The pleasure of wearing a train was notably diminished by hearing this jest behind one's back.[8]

But it is in heaven that we find ourselves now, spectators in the supreme tribunal of the universe. Or, rather, it is the Monk telling us what he saw there. With what a gusto he launches forth in the very rhythm of Burns's *Address to the De'il*—so far as Provençal prosody allowed—and with just the same contempt for elegance.

The accusers are the painted images of the churches, for the ladies daub their faces, it is charged, until the images are put out of countenance. Painting was invented for them, and the ladies have no business with it. But the accused are not slow to reply. Painting was theirs a hundred years before there was an image in the world, big or little, they say, "and that 's the truth." Then one sharp tongue, unawed by the hosts of heaven, speaks up alone: "How do I injure you, I 'd like to know, if I do paint out the wrinkle under my eye, so that I can still hold up my head among folks?"

"Come, images," says the Judge amiably, "if it 's agreeable to you, let every woman paint for twenty years after she 's twenty-five."

"Not by any manner of means," they cry out all together, "but to please you, we 'll give them ten years; only understand they must let us alone after that."

It looks like trouble, but happily St. Peire and St. Laurent intervene and arrange a compromise: the ladies are given fifteen years.

But it was all a waste of time, says our poet, for none of them kept the agreement. With white and vermilion they covered chin and face. Saffron and quicksilver were mixed and laid on. Nor were these by any means their only cosmetics.

Mare's milk they thicken, as you see,
With beans, (on which so often we
Poor monks would sup,)
And then declare 't was charity
That used them up.

So many unguents they prepare—
Believe me, for 't is true, I swear,—
That each could show
Three hundred boxes tied with care,
As boxes go.

They 've made the price of saffron rise;
'T were better spent in seasoning pies;
If they must use it,
Armed let them sail to find the prize,
And fight or lose it.[9]

Still again the troubadour ascends to the heavenly court, and once more the heinous crime of painting is the issue on trial. On this occasion he takes the side of the ladies, and observes:

"Lord, you must make some allowance for them; it is a part of their nature to love adornment."

"Monk," answers God, "you reason ill:
'T is not true that any creature
May improve its form or feature
Unless that be my own good will;
For all the race from Adam sprung
Must age each day,—'t is my decree;
And ladies would my equals be
If they could make themselves grow young."[10]

But the Monk is not silenced, and he drily observes that the Lord speaks roundly because he feels himself in authority; but all the same, if he would prevent the ladies from painting, he must either abolish the art entirely or make beauty endure as long as life.

The Monk of Montaudon was one of those men who

divide all things into two classes : those they like and those they hate, and he did not hesitate about recording his opinions. Those he liked were,—well, just what you would suppose : a frank, well-bred lady, good at repartee, a big salmon at dinner-time, a rich man disposed to be amiable, a good sleep while it stormed, and in summer to sit with a friendly dame beside a fountain or stream where the grass was green, the flowers bright, and the birds tuneful.

The things he hated were not so few : much talk and poor service, much water in little wine, much pot and little meat, a long table with a short cloth, a bearded monk, a lady poor and proud, a husband over-fond of his wife, a base man wearing dignities, a lying priest, a bad fiddler at a good court, a dog that bites before he barks, discord among friends, a lord who shaves badly, a young fellow in love with the turn of his leg, to gallop over ice, to ride in a storm without a cape, to wait in port for the weather to clear, to hear ill spoken of dice, a number of things not mentionable in good society, and—most annoying of all—a lord who cannot go to sleep when he is sleepy, but insists—I suppose he means—on being entertained by his weary guest, our poet.

Seven centuries ago, and yet how personal, how real, how vivid this is ! Not history to be sure ; all trivial, every-day, commonplace ; and yet it gives us the feeling that human beings wore the bliaut, swung the sword, and played the viol in that distant age. It may not be history, but it is—life.

At Le Puy in southern Auvergne (Velay) there was held for many years an annual assembly of lords, poets, ladies, knights, musicians, and the public in general, at which trials of talent and skill took place and prizes were awarded. The expenses of the festival were considerable, and each year they were borne by some baron eager to

distinguish himself as a liberal and cultured gentleman. The form of undertaking this burden was curious and in harmony with the time : a sparrow-hawk was presented before the assembly, and the generous volunteer came forward and unfastened the bird from its perch. Four judges or lords directed and controlled this assembly, known far and near as the Court of Le Puy.

Who could preside more fitly over such an affair than the Monk of Montaudon ? As a hearty liver, he possessed the something that endears Mine Host. As a poet, he could pass upon verse. As a man familiar with courts, he could regulate the forms. Withal a churchman, he could if need be assume the air and perform the office of a priest. Very naturally then he became a Judge in the Court of Le Puy, and it was he that had charge of the sparrow-hawk.

For many years, we read, he occupied this post,—in fact until the assemblies came to an end. Then he betook himself once more to Spain, and in all the Spanish kingdoms enjoyed the favor of barons and princes. Finally the abbot of Orlac set him over a priory at Villafranca in that region, and after making the brotherhood strong and rich he was finally laid at rest there.

A man of energy was the Monk of Montaudon, a man of power, a Shakespearean character whom the company of the troubadours could ill spare ; yet as you have noted he was a troubadour apart. No mention has been made of his love-songs, and that for a good reason : he made none worthy of remark.

Being a poet he was required by usage to pay homage to Love, and as titular ladies of his affections he addressed poems to Maria de Ventadorn and one of her sisters. They were wholly formal, however.[1] His expressions were either far-fetched, commonplace, or borrowed. They were like portraits painted from lay-figures,—the real man was not in them, and that was precisely because the

real man had not sufficient elevation of sentiment for love. I have kept out of sight the shadows of his character, but as I said in the beginning they were profound. He was a bad man, positively and thoroughly vicious. The taverns knew him well, and so did places worse than taverns; and some of his poems would send him to the state-prison today, I suppose. Not without reason did some one add to his piece on the troubadours this characterization of himself: "The false Monk of Montaudon who quarrels and wrangles with everybody. He has forsaken God for a side of bacon, and ought to be hung up in the wind [on a gibbet] for meddling with poetry." [12]

Apparently he felt that love, if he could only attain to it, might be the salvation of him. Francesco da Barberino recorded this remark of his: "If I follow thee, Love, it is that thou mayest be a curb for me against vice, and a delightful path to the virtues, and not that I hope by thine aid to acquire glory"; but he was only able to follow afar off, and that, as we see, but fitfully and coldly. The dewy mornings of innocent Vic, the fresh breezes of the valley, and the mountain thyme bruised by his young feet had left something in his veins; but it was only a trace, only a wandering perfume. This monk, this prior, moral enough to be a churchman, was not moral enough to be a poet of love. Like a knife this keen truth cleaves the age. We see on one side its piety and on the other we see that in terms of human nature, theology apart, its poetry was better. To speak more accurately, we see that poetry exacted a higher morality than priesthood.

Certainly the troubadours lived in an age still very rude; certainly they were not saints; but their office and mission did require a tension of mind, an aspiration of desire, a loftiness of sentiment, and a devotion of will wholly incompatible with base living. We can appreciate now the morality—the essential virtue—of Arnaut de Maruelh,

of Raimbaut de Vaqueiras, of Guilhem de Cabestaing. They shine out like angels of light against the background of brutishness. Their gallantry was an immense advance, —the advance from animalism to humanity, from appetite to passion, from sense to sentiment.

And yet there is a word more for the Monk. Catholicism undertook to deal with life as a whole. It assumed to embrace all the faculties and powers of human nature. "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord," it commanded,—the good and the bad, the clean and the unclean. Not only beauty but ugliness was to serve God, and so gargoyles were put on the churches. Singular applications of the principle were inevitable. Many a slave has felt at liberty to steal from his master, because unconsciously he perceived the almost algebraic axiom that things belonging to the same thing belong to each other. In a similar way, more or less consciously, the Monk and his kind reflected once in a while—perhaps below consciousness—that since they were God's and God wished every faculty of his worshippers to praise him, it could not be wrong to let their appetites also be heard from at intervals. If the Monk and the stoup of wine were both worshipping God, they might as well worship together now and then, and a ribald song would add the incense of carnal but honest piety.

Besides, as we have tried to bear in mind, the Monk was not by any means all hard and rough. The very poem in which he lampooned Arnaut Daniel, Vidal, and Miraval contained a stanza on Arnaut de Maruelh, and of him the satirist only remarked gently that his lady should pity the lover who wept as he sang.

Again, it was he that said: "A base beginning displeases me as much as a shameful end." And again, he labored for his Order.[13]

He was not all bad: *Requiescat in pace!* [14]

XXV

EN ROUTE, USSEL

Gui d'Uissel

THE greatest, boldest, and sweetest of the troubadours are still awaiting us, but we have now bidden farewell to the region commonly thought of as their home.

"Region," I have said, not "country"; for the troubadours had no country. Their fatherland was never a political unit and it never possessed a name.

Draw a line from La Rochelle where the Three Guardsmen performed such prodigies, carry it along to the north of Poitiers and the south of Lyons, and continue it eastward to the Alps[1]; France below this line, Catalonia in Spain, and in a sense the north of Italy, form the land of the troubadours.

But southern France was of course distinctively the troubadour region, and we are now about in the centre of it. Far to the southeast beyond the Rhone lay Provence, politically attached in the days of the troubadours to both Spain and the Holy Roman Empire, but not at all to France. Directly south of us extend the wide, rich plains of Languedoc, vaguely tributary then to the king of Paris, though portions along the Mediterranean owed allegiance to Aragon. Westward, bordering the sea, was Aquitaine, with Gascony in the south and Poitou in the north, a vast region that passed with Eleanor in the middle of the twelfth century (1152) to the king of England. Nearer, to the northwest, lay the small but very import-

ant province of Limousin, tributary to the duchy of Aquitaine ; and in the northeast rose the mountains of Auvergne,[2] for a long time disputed ground between France and England.

Of all these territories Provence is the one that seems most isolated, most like a corner, and it is interesting to know why we speak of the troubadours as Provençal poets and of their land as Provence.

Provence means of course *provincia*. The Romans turned the common into a proper noun, for they had then but a single province, and applied the name to a strip of territory along the Mediterranean, which extended—narrowing as it went—from the Alps to the south of Narbonne (Narbo). In the course of time the name experienced a singular change,—it grew smaller and it also grew larger. On the one hand it was restricted to the territory east of the Rhone ; on the other hand it avenged this indignity with true meridional irrepressibility by vaguely imposing itself on a far wider area, so that often now, like the constitution of the Félibrige, " by Provence we mean the whole of southern France." [3]

This usage began at least as early as the troubadour age. At the opening of the twelfth century Albert of Aix placed Le Puy in " Provence." Not long afterward Robert of Torigni referred in the same fashion to Montpellier. Etienne de Bourbon spoke in a similar way early in the thirteenth century of the country about Albi. Raimon d'Aiguille and the monk Robert of St. Remy de Reims used the term *Provinciales* as a general distinction for the people of southern France. It was a title without real foundation, and in some respects an unfortunate usage ; but it was employed chiefly because there was no better, and for precisely that reason we employ it still.

In today's journey we pass from south to north, from east to west, from Provence and Languedoc to Auvergne,

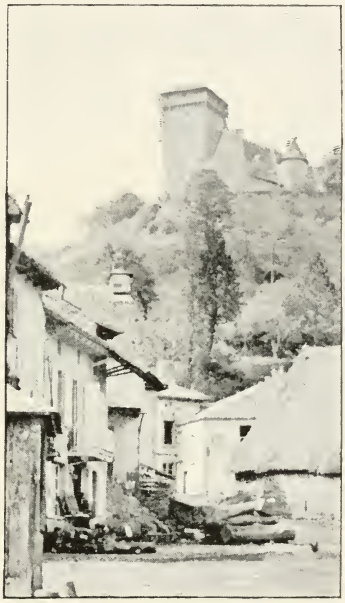
Limousin, and Aquitaine; and the route is a worthy pivot for the two halves of troubadour France. Here is the finest and I suppose the least visited region of the Midi. Artists, bring your sketch-books here; poets, bring weariness here, and go back with joy. The scenery is delightful, superb, and romantic ; but that is only the beginning.

NAJAC.

There is fine scenery —almost as fine as this — in New England. But this is a book filled with tales and poetry of a long historic past, and New England is only the fair cover of a book. Nowhere do we feel ourselves closer than here to a strong and picturesque "middle age." Less devastated by wars than other parts of France, because remote, mountainous, and in comparison poor, this district long preserved the monuments of its past ; and at present not only far more is left than elsewhere, but the ruins have been adorned by time rather than mutilated by human violence.

Such is the panorama all the way from Gaillac. Toward the right the dark valley of the Tarn leads up to Albi, its history, and its cathedral. Here is Cahuzac, with three old castles ; and here pretty Cordes against the sky, its walls and houses a text-book of mediæval architecture. Now the bold valley of the Aveyron opens to the left, and we might go down toward Agen, if we chose, through a serial story of thrilling history illustrated on every page with donjons and ramparts frowning from the crags. Here is Najac astride its moun-

tain, so mighty a fortress, as Professor Monteils has reminded us, that a revolutionary army which had sworn to destroy it found gunpowder unequal to the task. A little farther, and through the valley on the right—its crimson soil checkered with vineyards and grain-fields—we might revisit the home of Brunenc, the seat of the counts of Rodez. Crossing and recrossing the river by nine bridges, and plunging nine times through the mountains, we arrive at Capdenac —where Sully lived—with its Roman relics, its broken walls, its rusty fetters, and its vociferous geese. The river bathing the slopes is the poetic Lot, and we can hardly refrain from pursuing it down to St. Cirq, Cahors — the birthplace of Gambetta — P e n n e, and Villeneuve, but we press on for still better things. Two more tunnels and we are at Figeac, its ancient houses antithesized with most contemporary vegetation clinging to their stones. On the left is the road to wonderful Rocamadour—a delight in store for us—while we turn to the right for another of the towns in *-ac*,—as countless here as the towns in *-bourg* on the upper Saône. More gorges, more castles, more bridges, and more tunnels bring us to Aurillac, and the familiar name helps us get our breath at last.



POLMINHAC.

Here opens the valley of the Cère, and we New Englanders find ourselves greeted with a homelike welcome. For the first time we see the maidenly white birches of our own woods. As at home the fields are divided with fences ; as at home cows graze in the pastures or wait at the bars. But there is always a surplusage of history and picturesqueness here. Roofs of thatch begin to suggest not only the chill but the coziness of winter, and even little Polminhac, so out-of-the-world a village, has its castle on the hill, looking down upon the random cottages and reminding us of past centuries full of courage and adventure.

It is perfectly certain that when the troubadours journeyed to and fro along this route many a keen saying and many a laugh went round, and though we travel now by the rail, humor is not impossible. At one of our halting-places I observed on the gate of the Hôtel-de-Ville a sign : " Closed for repairs." An honest laborer was at work near by, and I remarked, " Pretty early for repairs, is it not ? The building seems almost new." The honest laborer straightened his back slowly, and then glancing first at me and afterward all around him answered with an indescribable air: " The town-hall is well enough, that is true ; what needs repairs is the town council."

At another place we entered a *cabaret* for something to refresh us, and found a couple of workingmen in blouses sipping absinthe in deep meditation. After a while Jacques unpursed a corner of his mouth :

" A new ministry, I hear, Louis, up there in Paris."

" Ah, is that so ? "

They sipped a few minutes more in silence.

" Jacques," cried Louis impatiently, " I 'm tired of that new ministry. It 's no better than the last one. Down with it, say I."

" I, too," replied Jacques.

The halt over, we clambered into the coaches, the guard for once presented himself at the door, and it came the turn of a little old woman, loaded with baskets, to show her ticket.

"*Mais, madame,*" said the guard, "you 've got into a first-class carriage with a ticket for the third."

"*Tiens, tiens,*" she cried, "I thought it was a second!" confessing in her excitement the little stratagem she had carefully planned.

From Aurillac to Vic the valley widens, but the mountains are only gathering their power for a supreme effort. We have now confronting us the dark volcanic peaks of the Cantal. The line passes through the midst of them between the two highest, and rises to an elevation of about four thousand feet. We wonder by turns at the grand bulwarks of rock and the triumphant skill of the engineers. The views are alpine. Deep valleys, set with a few cottages in the green spots, where once ran streams of molten basalt, precipitous mountains in Titanic groups, small rivers winding among the crags, cascades, dainty vales, bridges, tunnels, airy viaducts, torrents roaring suddenly out in the darkness, abysses opening their jaws upon us when least expected,—it is all a wonderful drama, swift, startling, and beautiful, till finally we see the colossal statue of the Virgin on the crag above Murat. Then, regretful though satisfied, we say good-by to dramatic poetry for the good plain prose of a fair landscape.

After a while a sharp turn, and we see the ruins of two more castles. To the left beyond the hills is the famous monastery of La Chaise Dieu, where Richelieu and Mazarin were abbots in their pious days, while on the right, gathered about the great old church of St. Julien, lie the dark roofs of Brioude. And here we must pause a moment, for in that very church officiated a troubadour, Gui d'Uissel, a canon of Brioude and Montferrand.

Ussel, as the place of his birth is now called, lies halfway across country toward Limoges. Very quaint and cozy it looks in the distance, capping a low hill, a few of the grey old houses peering out from the trees, and a grey old steeple rising above them. Cozy still and still more quaint it seems when we are there. The houses of the older part seem to have been arranged by shaking them out of a dice-box, but one forgives all these eccentricities for the sake of the lofty peaks, the odd chimneys jostling each other as if each had been a new idea, the half-towers with odd slouchy caps on their heads, and the pointed doorways crowned with bits of carving. It seems to matter little if a few panes of glass are wanting, or a whole window is closed with storm-worn boards, or one leaf of a door is taller than the other. The old town looks at you with severe dignity: "Oh yes, of course if this were America we should have to be trim and fresh. But we are an old family, you know. Our position is assured. We can afford to be careless about some trifles: nobody will criticise what *we* do."

AT USSEL.

For Ussel really is old. Down in the little square at the foot of the hill you will discover under the trees an eagle of stone, which saw around it once a Roman camp, and now looks upon modern degeneracy with a surprised

and mournful air. Poor bird, one thing has not changed : your Italians are almost as hateful to the French of today as they were to the Gauls of centuries ago.

Canon Gui shared with two brothers and a cousin the ownership of Uissel [4] and many castles besides, but for all that would appear to have been less affluent than he wished. Happily the whole family were gifted. It is said of the cousin, Elias, that his castle of Caslutz was poorly stocked with corn and wine, but in place of banqueting he knew how to please his guests with courteous manners, amusements, and songs. Very naturally the four concluded to make their talents profitable; and forming themselves into a company, as others had already done, they made a profession of giving entertainments. Gui, his cousin, and one of his brothers composed verses, each in a style of his own, and the third brother sang their pieces.[5] It is a pleasant picture to hang on the wall of just seven hundred years ago—this group of young nobles, one of them an ecclesiastic besides, journeying from castle to castle, and entertaining the households and the guests of wealthy barons with original poetry sung to original music.

Gui had several affairs of the heart. One of his ladies was close by,—the countess of Montferrand and the wife of a certain dalfin of Auvergne shortly to appear. Another was the Viscountess Margarida,[6] whose castle crowned a high sugar-loaf hill in a rugged valley and looked down upon the little town of Aubusson, founded by Saracen fugitives after the battle of Tours, and still preserving evidences of its alien race. A third love affair, if we may believe a late manuscript, is more interesting to us though less happy for Gui.

In the diocese of Béziers there lived a young lady named Gidas, a niece of Count Guilhem VIII. of Montpellier, and so a cousin to his daughter Maria, the wife of King

Peire of Aragon. Less than six of the troubadours addressed themselves to unmarried ladies, but Sordel and Miraval were exceptions, as we have seen, and Gui d'Uissel is another, for Lady Gidas won his heart. "For a long time he loved and served her, and made many a good song about her, and gained her great repute and great praise. And when he besought her she said to him: 'Gui d'Uissel, you are a man of good family, though you are a canon, and you stand high in favor and esteem, and so well disposed toward you am I that I cannot resist my inclination to do whatever will please you. I am a rich lady and I wish to marry. So I tell you that you may have me as you prefer,—as mistress or as wife. Consider which it shall be.' Gui was exceedingly happy then, and he asked advice of his cousin Elias in a tenso," as was done so commonly.

Elias held that marriage was better than love without marriage, but Gui argued and so persuaded himself that a lover was more blessèd than a husband. He announced his decision to Lady Gidas, and thereupon she cuttingly dismissed him, and bestowed her person and her wealth upon a knight of Catalonia.[7]

The blow struck home, and for a long while our poet gave up his art and went about in deep despondency. But one day, as it chanced, he found himself at the castle of Maria de Ventadorn,[8] and she, to draw him from a state of gloom that all regretted, challenged him to a tenso. She had been discussing a point of courtly love with her particular friend, and as they could not agree she demanded Gui's opinion: should mistress do as much for lover, as lover should for mistress? Yes, replied Gui, in friendship there should be strict equality. But, she rejoined, lovers present themselves on their knees, palms together, in the posture of suppliants; and if they offer

themselves as servants and then claim equality they are no less than traitors.

But Gui was smarting just enough from his wounds to enjoy speaking his mind. "Lady," he declared, "it is truly a shameful plea, quite after a woman's fashion, that he who has made one heart of two is not to be regarded as an equal. Either you will say—what will not become you—that the man is to love more sincerely [than the woman], or you will say that they are equal; for the man owes nothing except from love." [9]

Such a speech betrays a heretical bent, and this in the end made trouble for the noble company of entertainers. They sang against the tyranny of princes, it appears, and the abuses of the Church. This was attacking the foundations of things, and a legate of the pope constrained them to abandon their pursuit and even bound them with an oath to sing no more. Consoled with an abundance of fame and of riches they retired from public life, went home to their castles, and spent the rest of their days, we may assume, in elegant leisure.

Meanwhile, Gui's Brioude has been left behind. We are now traversing the far highlands of troubadour-land, Auvergne,—speeding toward ancient Le Puy, where the Monk of Montaudon was a lord of the Court. On either side are broad and fertile fields, but little by little the country becomes hilly and then mountainous, and far away, though grand in spite of distance, there appears a solitary tower on a vast pedestal of rock.

"Polignac," says an obliging fellow-traveller.

We are now in a gorge. Near at hand we pass a sightly castle.

"St. Vidal, the most exposed yet best preserved of all the castles in the region."

Here are three banks, one above another, of basalt prisms, that look like organ pipes.

"Les Orgues [the organ] they are called."

Suddenly our interest becomes astonishment.

"Espaly."

Then the gorge is flung open all at once like the gates of a palace courtyard. The line of the road sweeps around a mighty semicircle, and in the midst of a vast amphitheatre of hills and mountains appear St. Michel and Le Puy.

XXVI

LE PUY, ST. MICHEL, AND ESPALY

Peire Cardinal

POSITIVELY, we were startled. Le Puy, St. Michel, and Espaly—well, come and see them. Of course geologists have their dull theory, but nobody listens to them ; it was all the achievement of some bold volcanoes out for a frolic. Man has taken the hint and the epilogue is his ; but the drama—however sensational—is nature's own.[1]

But let us confine ourselves to Le Puy.

A city leading up to a cathedral ; a cathedral leading up to a mountain ; a mountain leading up to a colossal statue of the Mother of God : this is Le Puy,—and at night the Mother of God leading up to the stars. Is the expression over-bold ? Unless it were, it would not be bold enough.

In all ways Le Puy is a most surprising place. Everything is odd and many-cornered, and even the most ordinary affairs are twisted into exciting shapes.

Hark, what is that frightful noise,—thunder ? There was no lightning.

Hailstones as big as butternuts on the roofs ? There is no sound of breaking glass.

Half-a-dozen houses falling into their cellars ? There are no screams.

Ah, it is merely a parcel of schoolboys in their wooden

shoes, rattling down over the cobblestones of the steep street around the corner ; the noise of their feet and their throats, resounding from archways, reverberating from dark passages, doubled and redoubled in the echoes of tall houses and narrow streets, becomes like the roar of

LE PUY.

a terrible dragon gnashing five hundred iron teeth and shaking five thousand brazen scales.

No two persons agree in Le Puy as to the way one should go. This man says, "To the right"; but another man overhears him and calls out, "No, monsieur, to the left." We conclude there are two ways and both right, but later find there are many ways and all wrong. "Straight ahead ; you can't possibly miss it," signifies ten steps forward, a circuit of one hundred and eighty degrees, a dive at right angles under half-a-dozen archways, a series of zigzags through blind alleys, and finally a stiff climb up the path of a corkscrew.

But what a view when we are out of the cork !

We are now on the top of the Rock Corneille, on the summit of Mount Anis, at an elevation of two thousand five hundred feet. Seventy-two feet above us towers the figure of the Virgin, Notre Dame de France, cast from over two hundred Russian cannon taken at Sebastopol. And around us—if we do not see the whole earth, it is only because the horizon is filled with mountains, hills, and castles.

"Nothing," said George Sand, "can give an idea of the picturesque beauty of this basin of Le Puy; not Switzerland, for it is less terrible; not Italy, for it is more beautiful; it is middle France with all its volcanoes extinguished, and clothed with a splendid verdure."

For this was in fact a region of volcanoes. Their broken craters now shape the landscape, and the cool green meadows are spread upon lava. "The walnut strikes its root into the clefts of the basalt, and wheat springs up out of the pumice-stone." "Auvergne," says De Pradt, "is a vast, extinguished conflagration." Everywhere the teeth of flame have left their marks; and as one looks at the rich valleys and blooming slopes one thinks of the lion that David slew, which became a hiving-place for bees: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

At our feet is the cathedral. On the right in the faubourg stands the little Temple of Diana, as it is called, where the catechumens of the Knights Templar worshipped,—a reminder that the great Order was born here within the cast of a stone. Near by, in a venerable church just outside the Porte Pannessac, is the tomb where Du Guesclin, the terrible scourge of the English armies, was laid, and a little way off rises the strange Needle of St. Michel,[2] crowned with an oval church begun (862) while the early Saxon kings reigned in England.

Follow now the river Borne which flows hard by the

Needle. About half a mile from Le Puy lies the village of St. Marcel, and with our glass we can make out the women sitting at their doors and gossiping. But it is not idleness: they are deftly weaving lace. Thirty thousand

THE ROCK OF ESPALY.

lace-makers are said to be at work in this region, and every year their lot is harder, for the machines at Calais weave more swiftly than they can and eat less than they must. It is Andromeda and the dragon once more, but no Perseus yet in sight.

Andromeda? Yes, and there, just across the Borne, is a cliff high enough for all the Andromedas, the great Rock of Espaly. A church crowns the top now, and above it is St. Joseph, looking over to Our Lady of France on the Rocher Corneille; but enough remains of the old walls to recall the past. Once a redoubtable fortress occupied the height, and in the hall of the castle a beaten and well-nigh disheartened prince was raised on a shield by his followers, and proclaimed "Charles the Seventh, King of France." From that rock dates the story of Jeanne d'Arc, and Reims completed the ceremony begun at Espaly.

Now take one more sweep of valley, hills, and mountains, pausing long at the mighty donjon of Polignac, and then let us go down to the cathedral.

Notre Dame du Puy, how shall I describe it? It is not to be described.

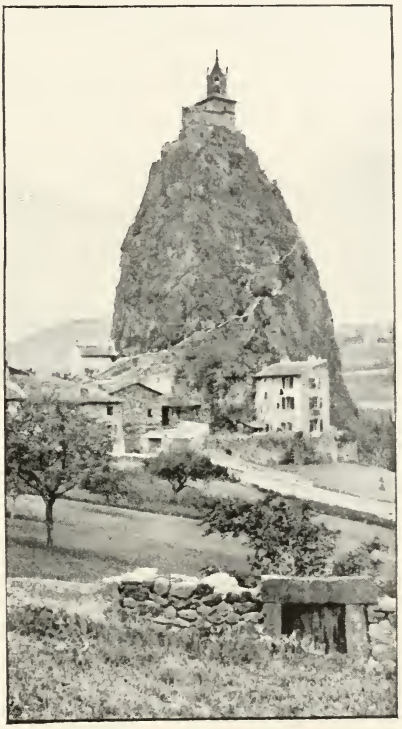
Centuries planned and generations built this maze of architecture. As an edifice it might be criticised; as a personality it is beyond criticism. The one hundred and thirty-four steps by which the nave is approached, the great vaulted porch, the six Byzantine domes, the lofty transitional tower in seven stages, the cupolas, the singular apse, the shrines, the statue of the Virgin, the double chapels, the votive offerings hanging on the pillars, the ancient baptistry, the chapter-house, the cloister, the fragment of an ancient castle, the stone itself in alternate bands of dark and light,—all these are only integuments. Like Solomon's Temple and St. Mark's of Venice, Notre Dame du Puy is not an edifice: it is a creed, a faith, a hope. It is a religion "clothed upon" with art, the soul of a people fitly housed. Into it have been wrought the zeal of pilgrims and crusaders, the glory of kings and popes, the wonder of miracles, the ecstasy of martyrdom. Analysis is no more in place than criticism. This is the body of a mystery, and mysterious it should be.[3]

Many a city has built a cathedral, but here the cathedral has built a city. This has always been a sacred spot. Upon it stood a Celtic dolmen, says the local tradition, and after that came a temple dedicated to Gallic and Roman divinities, and possibly also to Isis. The earliest Christian sanctuary is said to have been erected about the sixth century, or even—as others hold—early in the fifth. A part of it is pointed out still in the cathedral, and the stags' heads around the balustrade of one of the cupolas recall the legend that a wild deer marked out the first enclosure in the snow.

The pilgrimage to Mt. Anis became famous throughout Christendom. Charlemagne was seen here twice, and at least eight kings followed in his footsteps. Here Pope Urban paused when he came to proclaim the first crusade, and many a pope has been here since. But for the inconvenience of the locality, the council of Clermont would have met here. Aimar, the bishop and count of Le Puy,[4] was appointed by Urban his representative in the crusading host ; and, as Tasso recites, four hundred of his townsmen took arms and followed him. St. Louis returning from his crusade brought here a black image of the Virgin which received the adoration of pilgrims until it was burned during the Revolution ; when Jeanne d'Arc set out on her patriotic mission she sent her mother here on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the black Virgin, and while the mother was entering Le Puy the daughter entered Orléans.

In the midst of these antiquities and reminders we cannot avoid picturing a festival of the Madonna about the middle, say, of the thirteenth century. It is the great day of the year for the town and the region. Everybody in the neighborhood is to be seen here, and thousands of strangers have come from all parts of the Midi, from northern France, from Spain and Italy, and even from

still remoter countries. The nave of the wonderful cathedral is open at the front, so that worshippers massed for almost a quarter of a mile in the steep street below can see at least the glimmer of candles on the high altar. Piety is at white heat. Every inch of space is not only used but almost fought for. The crush is terrific. Curses mingle with prayers as some one finds himself overborne ; and now and then screams are heard and a fierce commotion follows, for the breath has been pressed out of some feebler body and sympathetic bystanders make a rush to save the unfortunate's life.



THE NEEDLE OF ST. MICHEL.

Very different are the scenes enacted a little way off. The Court of Le Puy, formerly held at this time, was discontinued years ago, and we miss the hearty Monk of Montaudon. But informal contests of knights, of joglars, and of poets are still going on. Here it is a tourney, there a group of comical joglars in a ring, and yonder a galaxy

of rhymesters singing their pieces one after another. Half a dozen fairs—great and little—are in progress. Every catchpenny is on hand with his particular device and his particular cry. Pilgrims come and go—singly and in bands—and with them and all the rest of the crowd mingle bishop and baron, the priest and the lady of degree.

But who is this musing patriarch, footing it slowly along with a lute slung behind his shoulder? He is a man of rather less than average height, but straight and sturdy. It is not the figure of a suppliant or a weakling, but of one who could "suffer and be strong." The smallish eyes appear to be fixed in their orbits. When his brows knit they seem cast in bronze, and you wonder how such furrows could be cut in flesh. Dark veins run across his parched forehead to meet hair—tawny where it is not white—that is brushed straight back. His ears are almost as colorless as the locks that flow over them, and the lips —once full and wide, perhaps—are pinched and grey. There are caverns in the cheeks, caverns under the eyes, caverns above the eyes; yet the eyes have fire behind them still, there is boldness in the lines of the eagle nose, and the voice though slow is vibrant.[5]

The traveller's costume is by no means the newest, and as he speaks to this one and that one his long beard opens and closes a little at the point like the jaws of an animal. The children are amused, and begin to tease the stranger; but their fathers call out, "Be still!" and their mothers add, "Hush, don't you know that that is Peire Cardinal?"

So we picture the famous troubadour in his old age, for he lived to be nearly a hundred, and when we glance at his life and work it will be easy to understand his remarkable appearance and the remarkable respect accorded him.

Born in Le Puy and of good family—his father was a knight and his mother a lady—Cardinal was educated to

be a canon of the cathedral here. But the idleness and the vices of the priesthood had no attraction for him ; and besides, " he felt himself gay, handsome, and young," says the biographer, and " the vanity of this world " attracted him. So, for he knew how to sing, make a poem, and compose a tune, he left the Church, and with a faithful joglar to render his pieces lived the roaming life of a troubadour. Success attended him. The son of our unfortunate Peire II. was among his patrons, and many " honored barons " entertained him.

But his lot was not cast in a happy time. The vanities of life soon dissolved before his eyes, and left him face to face with realities that he could not blink. He saw the country devastated by the Albigensian wars ; bands of ex-crusaders establishing themselves as licensed revellers ; monks passing their time in comparing vintages ; whole monasteries sallying forth at night to fight and rob, and before morning storm a nunnery [6] ; troops of free-lances taking advantage of the disorder to levy upon the people at their will ; the great lords imitating instead of repressing their lawlessness ; and the Church, prouder than ever, enriched beyond measure by the donations of crusaders, building fortresses and equipping armies to garrison its vast domains. Against the worst and the haughtiest of them all, Peire Cardinal lifted up his voice,—one solitary, unprotected man against walls and towers, against lust and crime, against fanaticism and greed, organized and triumphant :

> I ever hate all falsehood and deceit,
> And right and truth my footsteps ever guide,
> And whether this bring triumph or defeat,
> I fret me not, content whate'er betide. [7]

How noble a profession of faith ! Cardinal was the typical, the foremost moral poet among the troubadours,

the chief artificer of the moral sirvente [8]; and this appears to be the sincere epitome of his feeling and activity. Though poet and artist he did not, like many a satirist, scourge for applause. The zeal and frankness of his denunciations bear the stamp of devotion ; and the originality, the variety, the force, and the pointedness of his literary style, no less than the strength and sustained elevation of his ideas, and his deep sense of justice and truth, show us the real man throwing himself bodily into his work. His nature was generous, high, and capable of indignation ; and, as he became acquainted with the world, its corruptions filled him with amazement and horror.

Debauchery
To such a height now rises
That falsity
The law of truth revises ;
Cupidity
Wins more and more the prizes ;
Improbity
Is in the place of worth ;
True piety
An open door surprises,
And charity
Cries out against the earth ;
Approved is he
That God and Christ despises,—
To bow the knee
To them, provokes but mirth.[9]

Cardinal, as we have seen already, was an ardent partisan of the count of Toulouse, and for every reason he was not slow to express himself upon the character of the priesthood.

Kite nor vulture scents a beast
That is dead and rots, as well
As the preacher and the priest,

Where the money is, can smell ;
Quickly they 're the rich man's friends,
And, when dreaded death impends,
Such donations are besought
That his family have naught.[10]

After the churchmen, false and rapacious nobles were the favorite theme of this Juvenal of the Middle Ages.

Full many lords full many castles keep
Who are as false as glass set in a ring,
And men cannot distinguish wolves from sheep,
Who count them true and to their promise cling ;
For they regard not equity nor law :
They 're spurious coin, if spurious e'er I saw,—
The cross is there with flowers twined around,
But when you melt it silver is not found.[11]

Most of Cardinal's invectives were in general terms,—more general than we could wish, though plain enough to those familiar with all that he denounced ; but when the occasion demanded he could be specific, and the danger of speaking out did not bridle his tongue. There was a certain lord, Esteve de Belmont, who became distinguished among cruel and bloody men for his audacious crimes. When dining one day with his godfather he cut the feast short by murdering the old man on one side and a child on the other. Then he put the servants to death, got his accomplices into confinement, and ravaged the property with none to oppose and none to share. Law and justice did nothing, but Peire Cardinal recounted the crime, called the criminal by name, and smote without fear.

If Cain hath seed in this our generation
Esteve, I think, must be of his creation ;
Such threefold treason as we see him do
Nor Ganelon nor Judas carried through.[12]

And then, to brand the criminal with contempt as well as

condemnation, he called him " terrible only to his friends, his servants, and his pigs."

We marvel that so frank and stinging a satirist was allowed to go and come in safety. Probably there was a certain respect, almost reverence, for the poet who dared assume so lofty and so righteous a tone, for the ancient bards, the moral censors of their day, had been sacred personages, and here is another sign that in a vague, unconscious way this tradition or this instinct existed still, both in poets and in people. But that is not the only thing to be said.

The age was doubtless better than Cardinal painted it. We must never fully believe either the panegyrist or the denunciator of his times, or rather we must believe both, for each sees and records the facts akin to his feeling. Somewhat in the rear, somewhat below the surface, there was no doubt a vast deal of goodness, for in the bad age it is usually not so much that people change as it is that a different set of actors come upon the stage. Cardinal himself, a spirit of righteousness brooding upon the chaos, was an evidence of better things ; and the mere fact that so rigid a preacher was " highly honored and favored," speaks to the same effect.

Yet the stones must have flown thick about his head sometimes, and often he must have been marked for the silent arrow. With the soul of a prophet he scorned the peril, but like the prophet he wearied and cried out now and then, " I only am left alone."

A storm once drenched a certain town
And gave the place a strange renown,
For every person went insane
On whom there fell one drop of rain.
In concert all the people raved
Except a fellow that was saved
Because, unlike the other men,

He lay asleep at home just then.
The nap concluded, he arose,
And, as the storm was over, chose
To have a look about the town :
Behold, he found it upside down !
Men clothed, men naked, met his eye,
And some were spitting at the sky ;
Here stones, and yonder cudgels flew ;
Some ripped their tunics,—whole and new ;
One struck and fought like anything,
Another thought himself a king
And swept along with regal air,
While some jumped benches here and there ;
One threatened and another cursed,
One swore, another wellnigh burst
With laughter ; some made faces, or
Declaimed, yet could not say what for.
The man that had retained his wits—
Dumbfounded by such crazy fits,
But soon convinced his friends were mad—
Looked up and down for man or lad
By hopeless mania not undone,
But looked in vain,—there was not one.
He stood and marvelled, dumb and grim ;
And they—they marvelled more at him
Because his mind was not deranged ;
For they supposed that he had changed,
Because he did not act as they.
To all the mob 't is clear as day
That all of them are sound and wise,
But he is daft in all their eyes.
They strike him on the neck and nose ;
Despite his efforts down he goes ;
They rush and hustle him about,
While he tries only to get out ;
He 's up, he 's down ; one shoves, one hauls ,
One tears him, and another mauls;
Now up, now down,—by springs and strides
He reaches home at last and hides,
Muddy and bruised, but glad to escape
E'en half alive from such a scrape.

This fable doth the world portray
And all the people of today.
This generation is the town
Where madmen riot up and down,
For they the path of reason trod
Who loved and feared Almighty God,
And ever chose to do His will :
Do men display such reason still ?
The rain hath fallen on mankind,—
Cupidity ; and now we find
That pride and wickedness disgrace
Without exception all the race.
If God a single one restrain,
The rest all take him for insane,
And count him as of cheap alloy
Because he loves what they destroy ;
For heavenly thoughts they cannot bear,
And he that loves God, everywhere
Perceives that now the world is mad,
Though godly reason once it had ;
And they think he has lost his mind,
Because he puts the world behind.[13]

Love, you will readily believe, was little to the taste of such a poet ; but you would expect a troubadour in the age of chivalry to pay homage to the grand passion, unless like Folquet he preferred to renounce the world entirely. Once more Cardinal takes our breath away.

" Triflers and fools," I can but cry,
When men to Love surrender,
For they who most on Love rely
Get least from that pretender ;
We 're burned when but for warmth we sigh ;
The bliss of love is late and shy,—
Fresh ills each day engender ;
To dastards, fools, and such as lie
Her smile is warm and tender :
So, Love, good-by.[14]

The truth is, of course, that a special temperament was

required to enjoy gallantry, and while the troubadours could hardly be thought philosophers, they were able in a way to feel out a practical philosophy of love. Any sort of costume seems beautiful if beautiful women put it on, and so the misery of languishing was delightful to them from its associations, its hopes, and perhaps its memories. But Cardinal was of another temper, and his keenly thoughtful intellect, piercing this cloudy region of sentiments, hopes, memories, and illusions, emerged after a brief experience into the clear light of reason, and from its vantage-ground viewed the hardships of gallantry with a cool complacency not unmixed with scorn. Turning his back then upon the ladies, he devoted himself to his art and his mission, and boldly declared that he was perfectly satisfied.

No longer was he compelled to bear heat and cold, he proclaimed,[15] to sigh and wait, to mourn and rage, to hire messengers, to deceive and be deceived, to pay silly homage, to dread the hatred of jealous husbands, and undergo a varied catalogue of other ills. No longer was it needful to swear that he was languishing for a peerless beauty, that he was dying for the fairest of earth, that he was the slave of Love, that he had been robbed of his heart ; and for his part he was glad indeed to escape from it all.

> To lose oneself is little gain,
> But losing that which causes pain
> Is something to o'erjoy me ;
> And why desire to wear a chain
> For one that would destroy me
> Is far from plain.[16]

Could a Dantesque independence go farther ? Could a troubadour venture more than to set at naught the social and literary axiom of his day,—the supremacy and the necessity of love ? One more step was possible, and Car-

dinal took it. Recall everything you have read of the blind superstition of the Middle Ages, and then give ear to this :

A new sirvente I have resolved to make,
Which I will offer at the Judgment-Day
To Him that formed me of the lifeless clay,
If, when I come, His anger should awake;
And if He wish to send me to perdition,
"So be it not," I 'll say with all submission,
"An evil world I 've had to undergo,
So shelter me, I pray, from endless woe."

The court of heaven shall marvel and shall quake
To hear the pleas that I shall then array,
For I declare God doth His own betray
If He destroy them in the burning lake;
To lose what He could gain is an admission
That He should lack, since that is His ambition,
For He should sweetly make His heaven grow
By taking all whom death permits to go.

To close the door would be a sad mistake,
And how 't would shame Lord Peter to obey
(For Peter keeps the gate) and turn away
A single guest that would God's cheer partake;
For every court is open to suspicion
If some fare ill, while some have glad fruition;
And though God be a mighty king, we know,
If closed His portal, we shall cry "What, ho!"

Despoil the devils and their prisons break—
That should He do, and souls would be His pay;
No man would blame Him, and He then could pray
Himself for pardon, for His own sweet sake;
He might destroy them,—I would give permission:
He could absolve Himself, if 't were sedition;
"O fair Lord God, I pray You strip the foe
That sore besets us, hurrying to and fro.

" My trust in You no doubt shall ever shake,
My goodly hope on You I ever stay ;
Save, then, my body and my soul for aye,
And when I die do not my side forsake ;
And this fine choice I offer in addition,—
To put me back in my unborn condition,
Or else forgiveness for my sins bestow :
Had I not lived I had no sins to show.

" To damn me now for this fair proposition
Were wrong and wicked,—such is my contrition !
And I could well return You blow for blow :
With each small good a thousand ills You strow ! " [17]

Is this blasphemy ? No, it is only the desperation of a righteous heart in a strangely perverse and sinful generation, and the concluding stanza sets before us the poet's real feeling.

" O blessèd Mary, pity is your mission :
To heaven guide us through all opposition ;
Fathers and children, do not one forego,
But where St. John is, make our joys o'erflow." [17]

Truly, Peire Cardinal belongs just where we find him, with the rocky fortress of Espaly, the spire-pointed Needle of St. Michel, pious, paradoxical Le Puy, and the colossal figure of the Virgin fashioned of molten cannon and enshrined upon a mountain-top.[18]

XXVII

POLIGNAC

Guilhem de Sain Leidier

THE storm beat furiously on the towers of Polonhac,[1] and the viscountess, reclining on a divan richly covered with Persian tapestry, listened without interest while her attendant repeated once more the tale of Floris and Blancaflor.

At length the roar of the wind subsided. The hangings no longer swayed in gusts that forced an entrance, and the rain no longer dashed wildly at the casement. Sadly wearied and lonely, the mistress of the castle began to think of retiring, when a very different sound made its way into her chamber. It was the sound of a lute, and presently the voice of a singer was mingled with it.

Save me alone, all creatures have permission
To find their share, whatever their condition ;
But I know not where I shall e'er win favor
Though my true love would ne'er be false or waver ;
None loves the fair whose kiss love's joy presages
As I love her that war unceasing wages ;
Am I at fault—my heart despite me ceding?
Think how I 'd love her were there hope of speeding ! [2]

The voice was robust but skilfully modulated, the air was graceful and sweet, and the plaintive rhymes of the song —they were all what are termed " feminine "—enhanced the tenderness of the words.

The lady listened intently, and then, rising, placed herself with care at the window, throwing her figure and head against the pale glimmering of the sky,—a tall Juno, still and haughty, not indeed with black hair to make one shiver and black eyes to make one burn—for her tresses were blonde [3]—but none the less with keen lights in her grey-blue eyes and keener fires in her passionate heart, a woman of ideal mould, a romantic figure altogether, capable of infinite sweetness and capable also of infinite and eternal hate.

The moon began to cast fitful gleams through the torn and rushing clouds. The air had grown sharp, and every now and then a rough blast flung a long handful of snow across the pavement,—a menace of winter more chilling than winter itself, for it touched the imagination instead of the senses. Far below was the little village, and two or three lights could still be made out. Taking all this in with a glance, the lady looked carefully abroad. She had been expecting every moment a wild clatter of hoofs upon the road, a rush into the courtyard, a tumult of calls, greetings, oaths, and laughter, the groans of wounded men, torches hurrying here and there, and then upon her shoulder the mailed hand of her lord still spotted with the life-blood of an enemy. She studied the fields of light shifting across the plain, but there was no sign of the viscount and his rough men-at-arms ; she listened, but she could hear only the singer at the foot of the tower.

She still inspires more love and more submission
Each day that comes, but grants yet less fruition ;
And still more hard will grow my hard enslaver,
And love, I fear, acquire yet harsher flavor ;
'T is but the worse if scorned affection rages,—
What course to take, in vain my thought engages ;
If war defeat, and peace help not my pleading,
Nothing but magic will ensure succeeding.[2]

"Yes, it is Guilhem ; and he dares much," the lady might have been heard to say as the music ceased.

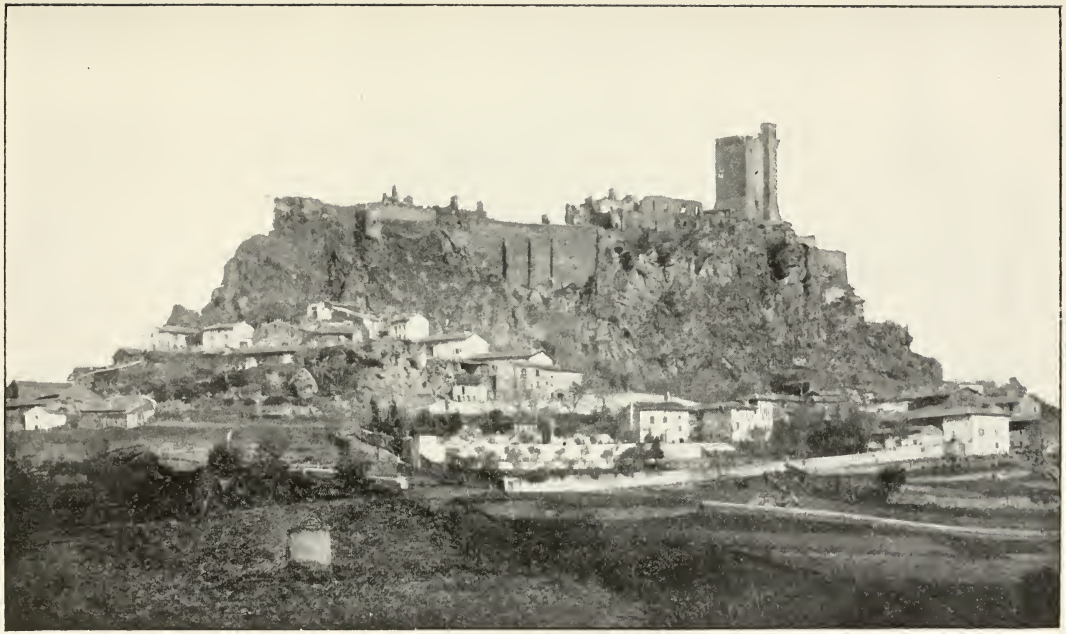
Her attendant had slipped out meanwhile ; and presently, pushing the curtain at the door slowly aside, the serenader appeared. The viscountess had not been mistaken : it was Guilhem de Sain Leidier. Covered with a mantle of black silk, he wore a long dagger sheathed in his belt ; and a coat of mail, clinking softly beneath it, showed that he, too, understood the peril of his enterprise. But no hint of that appeared in his face, and lightly throwing back the pointed hood of his mantle he advanced with eyes cast down, and fell on one knee before the viscountess.

I need not say that she looked gently down upon the daring troubadour. But she was the mistress of Polonhac ; and her lord, though he could not gain her heart, commanded her duty and had overawed her will. "Sir Guilhem," she said, "unless the viscount my husband commanded and besought me, I would not accept you as my knight and servitor."

Without a word Sain Leidier rose, made a low obeisance, and withdrew, for he felt that whatever tenderness might lie behind it, the answer could not have been more hopeless ; and so will you think when you know what manner of man the viscount was.

The tremendous rock of Polignac looks like the base of a pillar set up to prop the sky. Wherever you go the hills are forever opening before it as if in awe. Like a lion in the way, that black mass is perpetually rearing itself up before you. A dozen similes of grandeur and power would only suggest its impressiveness. George Sand wrote of the castle : "A city of giants on a rock of hell."

From the earliest ages it has been a notable spot on earth, and in the days of Sain Leidier as now it was more



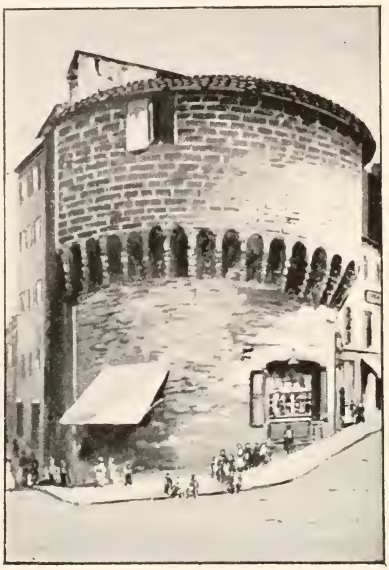
POLIGNAC.

impressive—yes, more terrible—for the stories of an ancient past, legends in part and in part history, that have gathered round its dark sides and bristling top. Reaching down at least forty feet into the rock is the "Abyss," as it is called : the living water at the bottom is said to have supplied a Roman camp, and earlier still a Gallic town. Not far away is the "Well of the Oracle," in later days a cistern and perhaps the entrance to a subterranean passage, but anciently—according to tradition—the trysting-place of supernatural powers. The Emperor Claudius came here for auguries, it has been thought, and one may see both the colossal mask of a bearded god and a Latin inscription to the emperor. In short, mediæval, Roman, and Gallic associations, at least in the popular belief, have attested the antiquity and the sacredness of Polignac.[4]

The family that bore this title has not been unworthy of an abode so august. "If," cried that matter-of-fact English squire, Arthur Young, "If, with the name, it belonged to me, I would scarcely sell it for a province." Running back perhaps beyond the fourth century of our era, we know from the chronicle of Bishop Norbert that in the time of Alfred the Great (880) it had become a power in the land. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries its influence grew to be national. It was a Polignac whom Voltaire hailed in one of his poems as "the Oracle of France." Then came the Revolution, most fatal to the highest. The head of the house left France never to return, and the castle paid his penalty. The family, to be sure, survived : a Prince de Polignac was the prime minister of Charles X. and caused the outbreak (1830) that overthrew his king. But the castle perished forever with the feudalism it represented. To-day Birs Nimroud is hardly more desolate ; and the traveller gazes amid silence and loneliness on remnants

of walls, a round tower, and the magnificent donjon, scarred but not broken by the violence of men and the fire of heaven.

In the days of the troubadours the scene was very different. The whole plateau bristled then with fortifications, built from time to time as the need for them appeared. Double and triple walls fringed the precipice. For every block of stone that we now see there stood a tower then, and for every blade of grass there stood a spear. Sentries watched in the turrets by night and by day. Day and night six hundred [5] fearless Deloraines feasted or slept in the great halls. A look from the viscount, and they flung themselves into their saddles; a word, and they rushed off to scour the roads, ambush the passes, or dash across the swell and lay their bodies gayly down at the Porte Pannessac of Le Puy, in the standing quarrel between Polonhac and the bishops.[6]



PORTE PANNESSAC, LE PUY.

Indeed they were busy men, those troopers. Bertran de Lamanon, in one of his songs, cried out against lawyers and bailiffs,—the nuisance of such fellows meddling in the business of a noble. But as yet there was no such thing, and the viscounts of Polonhac took every advantage of

the situation. In a word, they deserved the very sharpest of Cardinal's philippics. Whatever strength and audacity could attempt, they did. Their fierce horsemen were the terror of the region. Fields were stripped, barns and folds plundered, merchants lightened, and pilgrims eased. Such was their authority that they coined their own money. They established castles on every highway, the better to levy taxes on all who passed. They leagued themselves with others of their kind, and harried the country far and wide. One of them plundered the church and abbey of Brioude: "It is an insupportable abuse," he declared, "that monks should be as rich as princes." Their name was a terror even in the court of Rome. When beaten by the king, for they despised all others and defied even him, they would merely disgorge a few castles, sure of regaining them at will, or pay a round fine at the expense of another abbey.

The wildest and perhaps the worst of all these viscounts was a certain Heraclius,[7] who passed off the stage as Cardinal went on. It was his destiny to walk barefoot through Brioude clad in sackcloth and reciting penitential prayers, with a rope around his neck and a candle in his hand, to kneel on the pavement in the porch of the cathedral and receive a flagellation, and then humbly to confess his crimes and swear to make amends.

But nothing in his earlier career suggested such an outcome. "The King of the Mountains," as he loved to be called, he revelled in pillage, arson, perjury, and cruel murder. With his father he led in the sack of Brioude. He even dared to attack the great abbey of La Chaise Dieu, and when the enormous ransom of his prisoners had been paid, he ordered some of them shot through by his archers and others bound to the tails of wild horses,—laughing at them for trusting his word. He taught his troopers to amuse themselves by hanging peasants on

their own trees, and called this "the administration of justice." Only a combination of the pope and the king was able to break him, and that not easily nor soon.

Imagine a troubadour asking such a man for the love of his wife,—for it was the wife of this Heraclius whom Guilhem de Sain Leidier loved. Down in some cranny of the precipice, kites would presently have had the picking of his bones.

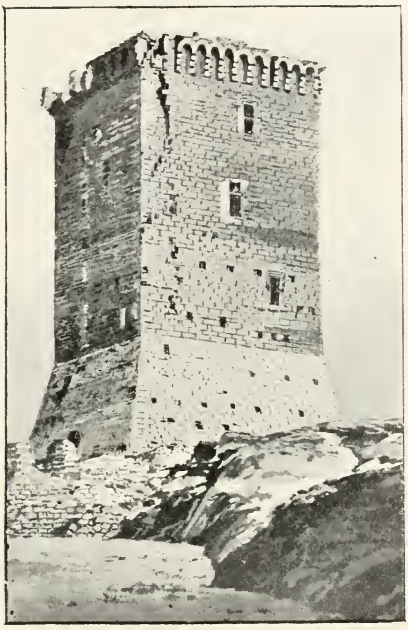
But Guilhem was not one to give up. Danger did not unnerve him, for he was a soldier; and we must not forget that one of the prime attractions of courtly love was its appeal to the fondness of the age for perilous adventures. He was, moreover, an approved gallant, as the old biography takes the utmost pains to declare, and it would never do to give up a heart that seemed already won.

Luckily for him he was on excellent terms with the viscount—but it was not luck either, for he was a man whom no one could help admiring and liking. His intrepidity was hidden with good humor, and his resolute purposes were masked in urbanity, while his manners and even his dress conciliated and pleased.

The troubadour Marsan [8] drew the portrait of a perfect gentleman, and Sain Leidier seems to have anticipated his rules by fifty years or more. To begin with he took pains to be clothed in a correct and handsome style. He was rich enough to afford the best, but whatever he chose to put on, his shirt was always of fine white linen. Shoes, hose, breeches, and bliaut—especially the sleeves—were so trim and close-fitting that all who saw them felt envious. His robe was always a little short rather than long. He dressed his neck in such a way that no matter how he exerted himself his body would not be exposed—a point that many overlooked. His mantle was usually of the same stuff as his robe, with a becoming clasp; and he never forgot that as the mantle was distinctively the

noble's garment, a graceful and elegant manner of wearing it was the most signal mark of courtly breeding so far as dress was concerned.

His beard and moustaches were kept rather close, and his hair, beautified by frequent washings, was not allowed to grow over-long. Eyes and hands were held under strict reserve: if he saw anything that interested him he never took it from another, and the loveliest face never drew a stare. At home he saw that all things needful for the household were provided a day in advance, so that everything could be done seasonably. His castle was open to everybody and he was always gracious. Even at breakfast he would not allow himself to eat alone, but sat down with his guests and did the honors of the table. All his servants were carefully trained, and in particular were never allowed to come and whisper in his ear at the table, for that would look as if something had fallen short or else as if some scheme were afoot. Two esquires were always in attendance, and they were sure to be no ordinary fellows, but polite and fair-spoken lads, for did not



THE DONJON, POLIGNAC.

people say, " Like lord, like household " ? Whenever he opened his purse he spent freely. In gaming he made it a point of honor to play high, take his losses pleasantly even though he suspected that the dice were loaded—as they were occasionally in those days, too—and quit the table last. And at the tourney he sat his charger firmly but gracefully, and struck with all his might.[9] In short Sain Leidier was the typical gentleman of polite society[10]; and when we add to his agreeable traits that he was a musician, a wit, and a poet, we are not surprised that even the wild viscount enjoyed his company.

Sure then of the lord's confidence and the lady's inclination, Sain Leidier planned with all his faculties. When he had planned enough he composed a new song ; and when he was master of the singing, he climbed the steep and narrow road of Polonhac one day, passed through the four mighty gateways, and smilingly greeted the lord of the castle.

" How now, Sir Guilhem ? " cried Heraclius. " You seem in right good humor today. Some fair dame has been smiling on you but recently, I trow."

" Ah, my lord, it is you who carry all before you. As for me I win my way slowly and at the hardest. Will you believe it, my mistress will have none of me save on one condition : her own husband must ask it."

" Ha, ha! " roared the viscount, " good enough for you at last, Guilhem. Better console yourself elsewhere ; that 's my advice. Ha, ha, ha, Guilhem de Sain Leidier beaten ! "

" But, Sir Viscount, I am not beaten. I have made a song, and the husband is going to sing it to his wife. She will take it he knows all and consents. Pray, what think you of that, Lord Heraclius ? "

" A good stroke, by 'r Lady, Guilhem. But here : a merry song that must needs be, methinks. Teach it me.

It is an age since you have given me a new song, and you know I love to sing. Come now, a bargain ! That roan of yours is getting on : he breathed hard as you rode into the court but now. Teach me that song, and take home the best charger in the stables, next my own. There,— run, boy, and fetch my viol." [11]

The viscount's throat was best fitted to drown the din of battle with his war-cry, " Polonhac ! " but he sang well, too, says the narrative. His deep voice gave pleasure to himself, he liked applause, and especially—for he knew that she loved music—he sang to the viscountess, just as Polyphemus may have sung to Galatea. So after supper, well flushed with wine, while the great hall still echoed with rough plaudits, he sought his wife's apartments, and tried his talent upon her more critical taste. And this is what he sang :

Fair lady, I am sent to you—
'T will all be plain ere I am done—
To greet you in behalf of one
Whom love for you supports and cheers ;
And, lady, you need have no fears :
False messenger between you two
He ne'er will be that sings here now.

Whatever knight may plead and woo,
All other loves I pray you shun ;
Each day he shines the more, and none
Seem worth a thought when he appears;
So when toward love your fancy veers
Love him, I beg, and warmly, too,—
No lady should reject his vow.[12]

" So he 's quite ready to toss me over to a comrade, is he ? " mused the lady. " Why should I not be happy when my lord commands it ? What does he care for, anyhow, save to increase his troop and kill his enemies ?— a man of iron."

By this fair knight—I know not who—
Refuse no longer to be won ;
For my sake be not such a nun,
But gain the love that perseveres
In peace and concord through the years ;
What I advise 't is best you do :
Fear not, I order and allow.[12]

" Ah, so he has let Guilhem dupe him," thought the lady then. " He is only a simpleton, and he has drunk too much wine. Well, my word has been pledged to Guilhem, and I have no excuse to give him now."

So it was that Sain Leidier became the knight of the viscountess. Their love continued a long while and made them happy; and society, we are told, was no less pleased, for many acts of grace and gallantry and many sweet songs were the fruit. But the viscount saw nothing, for there was but one confidant, Ugo Marescalc, Sain Leidier's most intimate friend, and as all three took the same name, " Bertran," the songs gave no clue. But in the end all their happiness was ruined; and this came about through jealousy.

There lived at that time a beautiful and witty lady near Vienne on the Rhone, and like the rest of the gentlemen Sain Leidier went often to visit her.[13] So graciously received were his attentions, too, that everybody thought him the lady's accepted lover, though, says the manuscript, his heart was in reality still faithful to its mistress. After a time kind friends reported at Polonhac what was being said, and the viscountess felt satisfied of its truth, for in fact the troubadour had been less often at her castle of late.

Jealousy never had a braver conquest than the grand lady in the tower. To pine away was her last thought. " Revenge!" was her purpose, and it neither slumbered nor slept.

But what could she do ?

She sent for Ugo Marescalc and told him all her grievance, all her bitterness, and how she must avenge herself on the false lover. And she said: "Sir Ugo, I wish now to make you my knight; for I know you well, and I could find no one who would suit me better, or cause Sir Guilhem so much grief and anger." And then—she told him something more, as we shall see. And when Sir Ugo heard this he marvelled exceedingly and said: "My lady, the love of which you speak is great indeed; here am I to do all your bidding."

So the viscountess gave out that she was going on a pilgrimage,[14] apparelled herself in her best and fairest, and summoned her attendants.

In what a fever of impatience did she hurry off the cavalcade! The resolution taken, she had no use for thought,— she would not think. To do, to act!

"Come, girl, how can you loiter so? Quick, my wimple, my mantle, my gloves! . . . Here with you all! . . ."

Her confidential maid approached and whispered something very earnestly in her ear; but her mistress only replied in a high, loud voice, "Go? I 'd go if I knew the ground would open . . . Where is my palfrey, boy? . . . What snails they all are! Will you go or stay, which? . . . Now the gates! . . . I will go first, guard." And they set out.[15]

Some hours later a noble lady and her attendants, bound on a pilgrimage, craved hospitality at the gate of Sain Leidier. Guilhem was not at home,—never mind, his castle was there, his chamber, *his bed*. Ugo de Marescalc was there, too. As an honored guest, the viscountess of Polonhac was free to act her pleasure in all things. She was not one to flinch. Drunk with jealousy, blind with rage, reckless of herself, mad to gratify her passion of hate and make both love and lover a mockery and a jest—she took the fatal plunge. . . .

Ugo Marescalc, says tradition, was driven forth and peasants killed him.

Sain Leidier, the gentleman, proved true to his courtly principles. The lover must not credit even his own eyes against his mistress ; much less could he believe his servants, and he merely said at the end of a song :

> Bertran, Bertran, my wrath I could not smother,
> Were but the falsehood true and told me of another. [16]

Publicly he denied everything, but privately he yielded to the fair lady by the Rhone.

And the viscountess ?

It has been suggested that she lived to be the wife of another husband. But this is probably a mistaken idea, and an old manuscript records a different story : " At the right of the third gate of the castle of Polignac is a tower, circular and rather high, upon the level top of the rock. Within, there extended across the tower [in 1779] an enormous beam, blackened by time and dampness, for only narrow slits admitted the light of day. From the middle of the beam hung a weighty chain ending in a girdle of iron, shut with heavy locks. This tower was the prison of a viscountess of Polignac, who had had for lover a troubadour whose verses may be found in Paris in the library of the king. The poor lady was cruelly punished. She was kept in this gloomy dungeon, in these frightful chains, until she died." [17]

Again music found its way to her ear by night,—but it was only the wail of the north wind. Through the hurrying clouds came now and then a pale and fitful glimmer of moonlight. And once or twice invisible crystals of snow, falling upon her cheek, burned there an instant like sparks from a furnace.

XXVIII

CHAPTEUIL AND MERCŒUR

Pons de Capduelh

WE had no pleasanter excursion from Le Puy than our trip to Chapteuil.

It was first a drive of ten short miles toward the morning sun through the green hills of Velay. The fields were bright and fresh. Barley and wheat were tall and already beginning to head. The lentils were pushing on. *Luzerne* and the red *trèfle* warmed the verdant slopes. Beside the road stood lines of horse-chestnuts, elms, and poplars ; while pines, queerly gnarled and twisted, writhed in painless terrors at the edge of many a ravine.

It was a fête-day and very few of the people were at work. Groups of men, clad in their holiday best of solemn black, stood here and there gossiping by the roadside, or rolling tenpins on the greensward. The women, who had been to mass in the stone church by the bridge or in that on the hill, were going home. They, too, were in black ; but their plain ruddy faces were framed with bonnets of white muslin, patterned like an old-fashioned nightcap, and kept in place with a broad ribbon around the head.

At St. Julien-Chapteuil the carriage stopped but we did not. Out of the hills and ravines there rose above us a dark mountain, carrying the pines up with it. Above the pines and beyond the pastures we found some little fields,

and after the fields a few stone houses, some with thatched and some with slated roofs. A rude cross of mossy stone answered to a figure of the Madonna niched in the wall of a primitive chapel. This was Chapteuil, and it had taken a climb of just about a mile by a rough and arduous path to reach it.

Still ascending we came to a ruined gateway built of natural crystals of basalt, as black as coal, and supported by fragments of wall on either side. In the midst of scattered blocks a staunch though storm-beaten evergreen seemed nature's banner set up on the vanquished castle. Farther on we found the remains of a donjon and a tower ; and above all rose the peak of the mountain, curling up into a huge wisp of the hexagonal prisms.

There is a curious tradition attaching to these ruins. While the castle stood, it was the lord's custom to warn the peasants of a storm or an enemy by sounding a cowherd's horn from the wall. So efficient was this guardianship that in time the simple folk attributed a magical power to the castle and the horn ; and long after the towers and the walls had fallen they gathered here and blew a cowherd's trumpet whenever any danger appeared to threaten them.

What an assurance we find, in such a tradition, of a long succession of kind and faithful lords keeping watch and ward for their defenceless people ! Such lords there were, and I would gladly see in this present such governing as Bartholomew described in his encyclopædia in the days of Cardinal and Peguilha : " A rightful lord by way of rightful law heareth and determineth causes, pleas, and strifes that be between his subjects, and ordaineth that every man have his own, and draweth his sword against malice, and putteth forth his shield of righteousness to defend the innocent against evil-doers, and delivereth small children and such as be fatherless and motherless

and widows from them that overset them. And he pursueth robbers and reivers, thieves, and other evil-doers. . . . Also this name 'lord' is a name of peace and surety. For a good lord ceaseth war, battle, and fighting, and accordeth them that be in strife. And so under a

THE RUINS OF CAPDUELH.

good, a strong, and a peaceable lord, men of the country be secure and safe."

Such we may infer were the lords of Capduelh, but for one of them we may affirm still more and affirm it with assurance. Certain ancient manuscripts relate to him,

and from them emerges a noble figure, like an Apollo long buried in the earth. When we think of the ideal we seem like those who dream ; but the ideal knight existed, his name was Pons de Capduelh, and he rode often out and in through this very gateway.

For once a man combined all orders and kinds of merit. Tall and handsome, as we learn from his biography, he was endowed with all the graces that ladies admired and the powers that men respected. He was an intrepid soldier, and at the same time a thorough gentleman,—hospitable, eloquent, and gallant. In the tilting-ground he was remarkable for his address in arms, and in the hall he excelled in singing, playing the viol, and composing songs. He was rich but neither extravagant nor mean, high in rank but free from the faults of his class, a knight without fear, a troubadour without frivolity, a man without reproach.[1]

It is the romantic drama of such a life that we are permitted now to sketch.

The romantic drama rides the magic steed of Firouz Schah and makes long journeys in a twinkling : we are no longer at Chapteuil now, but approaching Mercœur, —some fifty miles west, as the hawk would measure it, across the mountains of Auvergne. We are at Ardes, the nearest village, about a dozen miles from Le Breuil and the railroad. It is a market-day and the hour for lunch ; and entering the inn we seat ourselves among the farmers and teamsters.

The Auvergnats, lineal descendants of the ancient Gauls, are looked upon as the Bœotians of France, and it is supposed to require a juggler of no mean city to introduce an idea into one of their honest heads. But all rules have their exceptions.

" What 's potluck [*plat du jour*] today ? " demands a

burly fellow in a frock, leaning back with his big fists on the edge of the table, and his knife and fork sticking up out of them like stems out of red apples.

"Boiled beef with carrots, monsieur," says the girl.

"Is that all?" he growls.

"Oh no, monsieur," she answers pleasantly; "we have also boiled beef without carrots."

In taking our place among the teamsters we have obeyed the Scripture, and, receiving presently the call to go up higher, we are conducted through the dim and smoky kitchen, and seated in a rear room at a large table covered with a cloth, where important guests are served by her landladyship in person. Here is the old lawyer, tall, grey, and thin, with a black coat and a black portfolio, mingling dignity and affability with as much nicety as a toper of the old school mixed the precious elements of his toddy. Here, too, is the young lawyer, with another black coat and another black portfolio; he will get on, we see that plainly enough, though as yet he is a trifle too brisk, a trifle too bland, a trifle too much of everything to command our entire confidence.

But the figure of the party is an old woman taking light refreshments at the opposite end of the table. She wears a venerable black dress, a plain cape of the same color, and a muslin nightcap edged with lace. Her entertainer is a good-looking young farmer who desires to renew his lease on terms a little more favorable. She has had coffee and a cordial at his charge, she listens contentedly to all his blandishments, but she says not a word of committal. An older farmer comes to the young fellow's aid. He flatters the woman and praises the man,—"the likeliest young chap in all the region, the most faithful, the most deserving." But that Medicean face in the nightcap is inscrutable still; it nods and it blinks; it smooths its wrinkles a bit and gathers them up; the hands explain,

expostulate, deny ; the eyes question, concur, assent, promise ; the shoulders even grow enthusiastic ; but at last the play is over, the last drop of cordial is gone, and the tongue has agreed to nothing. That old woman, with her round, leathery, furrowed face, her twinkling eyes, her fitful moonlight smile, and her dumb show of conversation will always dwell in my memory as a picture of diplomacy.

Upon this homely background opens our scene.

A DISTANT VIEW OF MERCŒUR.

Two or three miles distant from Ardes there stands in clear view against the western sky a short black line on the brow of a mountain, which marks the ruined castle of Mercœur. There lived Alazais whom Pons de Capduelh loved.

We have time to think of them both as we traverse the hills and scramble up the mountain. In their day as in ours the slopes were doubtless covered with a wild ver-

dure. The oak and the holly, the pines and the stunted firs, brushed here and there the knight's horse, and the brilliant yellow of the juniper flowers lighted up the rider's thoughts. Perhaps there were grain-fields then as now, and cornflowers and coquelicots among the wheat. The mountain road, too, was just as steep ; but the castle—that was different. It is now but a heap. At one end we find a bit of low wall, at the other stands the lofty fragment of a corner,—the corner toward Chapteuil, and this is all.

There seems to be an affinity between the two sites. The home of Pons was a mountain seen far and wide; the home of Alazais was no less conspicuous. Standing on the ruins we find ourselves at the end of a sharp ridge. We look down almost straight some fifteen hundred feet into the dark gorge of the Couse, and then we gaze around over a landscape of hills and mountains, not craggy, but smooth and green. Not less than a dozen villages may be counted, some deep in the valleys, some clinging to the slopes, and some balanced on the hilltops. Really it seems a little strange and eerie,—the romance between these two castles in the sky, a little like a love affair between the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn. And indeed the Alps are not more lofty nor their snows whiter than were the thoughts and hearts of Lord Pons and Lady Alazais.

For Alazais, like Pons, appears before us as a noble character, and we may look upon her as the ideal woman and lady of her day. She was beautiful, but her qualities of mind and of heart were her greatest attraction. To be sure her stock of book learning was not large, and of "mental training," according to our standard, she was destitute. Yet neither was she ignorant. When but a child, dressing and undressing her doll just as little girls do now, she began to learn prayers by rote, and as time went on she committed large portions of the Psalter to

memory. While still at home, with an alphabet hung at her girdle, her ivory tablets in her soft fingers, and a very serious look in her gay blue eyes, she learned to read and write her mother tongue, and at the convent she acquired the elements of reading and writing Latin, and the art of keeping accounts. She was acquainted with several of the Roman classics and many of the histories, poems, and romances current in Provençal, and on starry nights it gave her pleasure to call by name the principal constellations.

Homelier accomplishments, but no less prized, were a housewifely skill in caring for the chambers, and a butler's knowledge of table-service. She knew how to sew, spin, and weave, and could cut and make a garment, if need be, for herself or for Count Ozil, her husband; but—as was natural—embroidery was more to her liking, and she did it with taste and originality. As a child she was quick at rackets and battledore and a respectable antagonist at chess, and before she was fairly a young lady she could ride boldly and hunt her falcon with the best. Laughingly, yet in earnest, she learned as a girl something of drugs and more of medicinal herbs and more yet of nursing. The sight of blood, if it meant the hurt of a loved one, might cause a momentary faintness ; but she would rally quickly,

A LADY HOLDING A FALCON.
XIII. CENTURY.

and if the injury were not serious was able to dress the wound herself.

Her great delight was music.[2] She could play both harp and viol and sing enchantingly ; and—to her credit be it said—she never, even as a young lady, hung back with pretended shyness and required many urgings, like not a few girls of that day, when invited to sing or play for the entertainment of a company.

In essential womanliness and in the graceful arts of social intercourse we may think of her as the equal of any lady we have met. Her ideal was the woman sketched in her own time by Garin lo Brun [3] and minutely pictured a hundred years later by Francesco da Barberino : within, a virtue proof against every danger and impelling to every good act ; without, a soft and winning manner, always gracious and always tactful.

Her daily life was, indeed, so complete an illustration of Garin's maxims that he might have drawn them all from observing her.

To begin with little things, every requirement of her toilet, from the bathing of her face to the braiding of her blonde hair, was faithfully regarded, and every item of dress from her closely fitting shoes to the brooch at her neck was comely and well adjusted. In particular she was very careful that her mantle should always hang evenly before and behind. All her waiting-maids were trained to courtesy and strict propriety, especially those who assisted at her toilet ; and even if some one mentioned the choicest bit of gossip in their presence they did not seem to hear it. When she went to church she took care to have enough people with her so that whoever might be met on the way she would be in no danger of an unpleasant experience. Thus guarded she proceeded straight on,—slowly and with short steps if afoot, or gracefully and on a suitable palfrey if she rode ; and on entering the

sacred portal she at once veiled her face or drew a corner of her mantle over it.

At home as abroad she displayed with all her gayety Shakespeare's "modesty of nature," a composure that was never depressed and never exuberant. She took pains to receive all politely and pleasantly, but she carefully studied her guests and made a clear distinction in her mind between the good and the bad, the noble and the base. She understood well that many a man, if she showed him anything more than simple courtesy, would go away and boast that her cordiality meant love. And even with a visitor whom she had reason to count good and noble, she confined herself at first within the lines of strict politeness, merely giving him a seat near her and inviting him to remain that day at her castle.

Of words she was indeed always chary, for though sprightly and fond of conversation, she knew that one who spoke little was heard the more attentively. Most of all she was on her guard against criticising and misjudging others. Courtliness was her abiding principle, the true courtliness, which—as Garin explains—consisted in sweet manners, in graceful speech, in avoiding all that could annoy others, and in doing and saying everything that could make one loved ; and with all this she maintained no less carefully that shade of reserve—of hauteur, one may fairly say—which repels the unworthy and makes kind words and acts appear still more gracious.[4]

As for the attachment that grew up between her and Pons, we seem justified in looking upon it as an ideal love. Beginning with mutual respect and admiration, their acquaintance throve along the lines of increasing familiarity, fastened itself upon mutual confidence, ripened into a sincere and rational friendship, and little by little—penetrated by the fire of two ardent natures—came to be love ; as the rich flow of the grape, changing its quality insen-

sibly, acquires in time the sparkle, the bouquet, and the passion that make it wine. There was nothing absurd in their love, for there was nothing ignorant and nothing feigned. Alazais answered perfectly to the nature of Pons. "Before I set eyes upon her I saw her in my heart daily," he sang once, and the thought of her warmed all the sources of his life.[5]

How glad a cheer within me sings,
There 's none could say, there 's none could think,
For I can see the winter shrink,
The blithesome season blithely springs ;
Yet merry bird and opening rose
Cause not the joy my songs disclose,
But, lady, you ; for you have given me gleams
Of such a hope, I 'm king of joy, meseems.[6]

Alazais merited such a love by her sincerity and truth. Though she came from stony Anduze, she had no kinship of heart with Clara. She was not one to keep a man just beyond the line of content, but just within that of usefulness ; so near that she could ask anything, yet so far that he could be sure of nothing. She fenced with her knight, but her true love, not coquetry, was the reason. She maintained the straitest reserve ; but it commanded entire respect, for it was entirely sincere.

Just there mutual devotion found its limit. The lovers met but now and then, and almost always in public. Their manner toward each other was formal and studied, with few exceptions, for it is the most ardent feeling that welcomes the strictest rule. Yet beneath all this reserve each was blessed with a profound satisfaction. Alazais would seem perhaps to have gained the more. Not only did the troubadour sound her praise in his poems, but he gave many tournaments in her honor, and no doubt appeared in many others as her knight. Wherever he could serve and honor, she was served and honored.

But he, too, was a gainer. Her mere appearance at the tournament brought him no slight reward. A sentiment that has played a vital part in men's happiness for centuries came into being in its new and special sense at just this time and in just this way. The advent of woman in man's world during the second half of the twelfth century —a world fitly represented by the tournament—gave him a new basis of distinction and a new source of happiness,— the sentiment of personal honor, something distinct from

MERCŒUR.

the honor of his rank or class ; and when Pons rode out of the lists bearing his lady's glove in triumph, he felt a joy quite fresh in the experience of mankind. More than this : his capacity for the unselfish and enthusiastic devotion of such a love enabled him to receive the vocation of true knighthood, and enjoy the satisfaction of obey-

ing laws which, as Gautier and Ste. Palaye have agreed, "might have been arranged by the wisest legislators and most virtuous philosophers of all nations and all times"—in short, the laws of chivalry: to believe, obey, and protect the Church, to love one's country, to defend the weak of every sort, to be brave, true, faithful, and liberal, and always to stand for the right.

Neither did he lack rewards more direct. Whenever Alazais could bestow a wreath and speak a word of praise, they were his. The sense of mutual admiration, confidence, esteem, and enthusiastic affection made it a constant pleasure to strive for her approval and live for her sake. Her mere presence gave him a delight that a baser nature could never have; and sometimes—though there was nothing voluptuous in her bearing—when she passed him with a grace and a power due at once to her perfection of form and the strength of her unspent love, he felt presently as if she had given him a caress,—only the exquisite pleasure seemed flowing from the heart into the senses, not creeping feebly inward through the dull periphery of his life.

And yet these lovers, so admirable themselves, and so admirably mated, became estranged.

Lord Pons was not ignorant how other troubadours had fared. Almost every one had been shown a "semblance of love" by some fair dame who only wished her praises sung. He could not help feeling, now and then, what a silly fellow he was,—filling the region with songs to his Alazais and constantly risking his life in the tourney for her sake, if she were only using him for a mirror to enjoy the effect of her charms. The more in earnest he knew he was, the more he felt the need of assurance that he was not beating the air. Often he reproached himself. "Only a fool believes all that his eyes see," he once declared; and in this case nothing had even been seen to arouse a

doubt. But his anxiety was below the reach of argument. The thought grew, and finally something had to be done. Just what he wished, he could not have told,—certainly nothing contrary to the rule of delicacy and honor. But he felt he must come nearer, near enough to find out whether his lady's heart was really keeping time with his.

And she? In her heart of hearts, where she allowed herself to look only at rare and precious moments, she found every wish that she read in her lover's. But she knew the danger, and she kept her eye on the duty of both. . . .

He made his attempt, and she repelled it,—so gently that he saw nothing till he began to think the matter over. Even then he was not sure . . .

He tried again, and this time there was no doubt: she had repulsed him.

All his fears were confirmed, he thought; but, as the manuscript tells us, he resolved upon another and a different proof: he would go away and see whether he was missed. So he went down to Provence, and paid his court to a viscountess of Marseille.

It is true, as Napolski says, that we do not positively know who this lady was, for there were several viscounts of Marseille at that time. But of course he wished his change of fealty to be conspicuous; so why not pay his homage to the reigning beauty? Besides, how came he to journey so far, unless he sought a mistress whose fame had gone abroad? There was a lady at Marseille who answers exactly to the conditions, Barral's wife, the theme of Peire Vidal and young Folquet, and I believe like Diez that it was no other than she to whom this third troubadour paid his addresses.[7]

All the while he was praying for a recall to Mercœur; but it did not come. He hoped to find out that his lady loved and missed him; but he did not. Her womanly

composure was unruffled ; she never mentioned his name, and if any one spoke of him she paid no attention, busying herself, say the manuscripts, with her domestic and social life. But he did find out one thing : he learned that he could not possibly live without the friendship and affection of Lady Alazais, and he returned to his real love.

But he found an abyss where he had left only a vale. He had feared that she was untrue ; she was sure that he was false. With virtue she had the fault of virtue, uncharity. Conscious of her love, she could see no reason for his proving it ; conscious of her fidelity, she could see no excuse for his waywardness. In the hope of pardon he besieged her with messages and letters and songs of penitence.

> If e'er I failed in homage due,
> If act or word was proud and ill,
> If I transgressed your wish or will,
> With loyal heart sincere and true,
> Sweet friend, I yield me up,—denouncing
> My fault, my other liege renouncing ;
> Content, whatever be your mind,
> To bear your sentence, harsh or kind.[8]

For a long time his efforts were all in vain : she would have none of him. But at last he succeeded, and some of the manuscripts explain how. Enlisting the aid of Maria de Ventadorn, the viscountess of Aubusson, and the countess of Montferrand[9] he brought them to Mercœur, and through their intercession he at last received forgiveness.

The reconciliation was celebrated, we may be sure, with a grand tournament, and after that a grand ball, at Capduelh.

Many an hour of my life would I give to have been present at the ball. The best joglars in all the region composed the orchestra. They were not remarkably well

disciplined, I must confess. Their instruments were of many kinds, and as there was no conductor each played away as loudly as he could, with little thought of the general effect and none too great regard for the time.[10]

But there was no disorder about the dancing, no sus-

CHAPTEUIL.

picion of "romping" there. The step was a sort of quadrille for six couples, which originated in the north of France, and became so popular that we find it appearing as the *treialtrei* in the poems of the minnesingers. Danced

by persons only half alive the movement would seem uninteresting perhaps, but it was not so there. As the strict style of the Italian renaissance emphasizes the richness of its vitality, the formal measures of this quadrille only brought into relief the power and life of knights and ladies. Forms instinct with strength and faces eloquent with feeling only gained in effect from the dignity of the movement. It was beauty controlling power ; it was music directing impulse. Lordly force joined hands with invincible grace, and they revolved together in shining orbits governed by melody and measure.[11]

Still none had eyes for any but Pons and Alazais.

Alazais, poor lady, had passed several tedious hours in her chamber, though no trace of them remained. For a long while she and her maids could not decide what she should put on, and the question of the girdle alone occupied half an hour. Finally she selected for her bliaut not the loose garment similar to a man's which we saw the countess of Burlatz wear, but one of the more elaborate kind consisting of a corsage with sleeves, a middle-piece, and skirts,—three separate parts cut and sewn so as to fit the person perfectly. The corsage opened in front—that is, it *could* open—down to the middle-piece, and the edges were trimmed with a sort of lace ; the middle-piece opened behind and was brought together with cords ; the skirt also was parted behind from top to bottom, and occasionally permitted one to see the robe; and the sleeves, enlarging enormously at the wrist, had ends that almost reached the floor.

The material of her bliaut was an écru silk from Damascus, almost exactly a *crêpe de Chine*, wonderfully light and fine, embroidered with conventional flower patterns in violet silk over the bosom, cut around the bottom of the skirts into *girons*, and edged with violet embroidery set with gems. The fabric was almost diaphanous, and through it one got

the effect of her samite robe, a Tyrian purple trimmed with ermine. At her neck and wrists there was just visible the edge of a chemise of the whitest and finest linen, worked with gold thread. Her girdle—object of so much solicitude though of no real use, for it was adjusted a little below the hips and served only to hide the seam between middle-piece and skirts—was a heavy braided cord of pale blue silk, thickly studded with pearls, and adorned with a large carbuncle in each of the ends. Her mantle, thrown aside of course when dancing began, was a dark blue brocade, edged with sable and lined with a delicate flame-colored silk, so lustrous that it seemed to possess light rather than color.[12]

Her blonde hair was done up so skilfully that the two heavy braids tied at the ends with ribbons did not look stiff in the least. Each individual hair in her eyebrows was put in order, and every one of the countless little folds of the bliaut was arranged with jealous care. Then, as fresh as a May morning, although the closeness of her garments had made it impossible to sit down once during the operations of dressing, Alazais took up her chief treasure,—a fan of Italian make, formed of a half circle of ostrich-tips in a finely wrought handle of gold, with a splendid ruby in the end of the handle ; next, to keep her hair in place, her maids adjusted a light circlet of gold beaten into the form of eglantines with a diamond at the centre of each, and then—she was ready.

Her person was worthy of its adornment, for she was the recognized type of womanly beauty. The close garments revealed almost as much as they hid a perfectly moulded but not heavy figure, and a bust that was well developed but not full. Her head was small rather than large, her neck long and round, and of a whiteness that many ladies found it necessary to obtain by artificial means, and her chin rather prominent. Her teeth were small, regular,

and as white as teeth can possibly be ; and her lips turned over enough to suggest an opening flower. Her eyebrows were well separated, and that by the favor of nature, not art, again ; and her fingers were long, straight, and smooth.

To these typical beauties she added charms distinctively her own. There was something about her face that made one feel it could never cease to be beautiful, no matter how old ; and behind the " fresh complexion, beautiful lips, and clear, laughing eyes " extolled by her lover, there shone a heart full of truth, nobility, honor, and affection, flashing upon every grace a touch of spiritual beauty.

Lord Pons was a becoming partner. His dress, too, had been carefully selected. He stood in crimson shoes with long points, decorated with small plaques of enamel and on the fore-part an embroidered flower. His stockings were of white silk from Africa, worked with conventional roses in their true colors ; and they fitted him, to use an expression of the day, " as if he had been born with them on." Over his breeches of silk hung a robe of garnet-colored samite, visible through a bliaut of pale green silk, woven in open-work of stars, cut into " teeth " around the edge, and adorned at the neck, wrists, and bottom with strips of heavy gold embroidery. The bliaut was fastened with a button of pure gold curiously wrought, while under its fold there was a belt of crimson leather with a buckle of enamelled silver. His mantle—of the style called Phrygian—was of dark green brocade lined with a taffeta of a color between straw and orange, and edged with light grey fur from the belly of the Siberian squirrel.

Judged by our own intensely practical sense these garments were too brilliant for a man, but the form they clothed banished all suggestions of effeminacy. It was a

large and muscular figure, the type of a knight's person, as that of Alazais was the type of a lady's. Large shoulders and large square hands—there was a gold ring on the left hand—bespoke the swordsman, while wide hips and legs bent outward a little indicated a cavalier who could meet the shock of battle without being unhorsed. A slender waist and a broad chest added to the expression of power. His eyes were *vair*,[13]—that is, the irises were vari-colored, full of points and lines, and so—as all agreed—most brilliant and most penetrating. Above his high, broad forehead the locks were cut short and parted in the middle, while they grew long behind. A plain circlet of gold kept them in place ; and they were so beautiful and so blonde and so full of wavy light that—as Amanieu de Sescas would have said—his fair head seemed " gilded."

But Pons, too, was better than a type,—he was himself. As one looked at him one thought less and less of his beautiful person and more and more of his noble air. What one saw was the true knight, the true poet, the true lover. One's thoughts recalled that saying of his own : " The loyal friend made glad by love must be gay and joyous, liberal, straightforward, bold, and warm-hearted " ; and as knight and lady joined hands to begin the dance, this one and that one of the company, touched with a sense of more than earthly beauty, repeated to themselves with a new meaning the superlative compliment of the time : " Never were so fair a couple seen before, save the sun and the moon."

Experience is powerless to prevent us : when we think of such a concord of hearts and wills, such a harmony of truth and beauty, we think of it as eternal. So felt Pons and Alazais that day ; so felt all those present. Something final had been achieved ; it had come, and it must endure.

But the two lovers were parted again, and this time no interceding friends could help them. Out of the dim

centuries the troubadour's grief still echoes, and the heart of time thrills in sympathy with it.

Of all the wretched I am he that bears
The greatest pain, and feels the greatest woe ;
I fain would die ; 't were sweet with one good blow
To end my life, for now my heart despairs ;
For me to live is only grief and dread,
For my dear lady, Alazais, is dead,
And all my thoughts are full of dole and pain ,
O traitress, Death, 't is true past all denying :
The best of earth was yours when she lay dying.

How blest were I, how saved from grievous cares,
Had I been first, by God's good-will, to go ;
Alas for me ! Yet I will not be slow
To follow her ; King Jesus, hear my prayers :
Great God, the true, the just, absolve her ; Head
Of all the glad, oh save her, Christ that bled ;
St. Peter and St. John, her soul sustain ;
For all that 's good was hers beyond decrying,
And naught that 's wrong, as all are testifying.

'T is meet, O Lord, the grief this world now wears,—
Who else on earth such loveliness could show,
And who will live so sweetly here below ?
Of what avail are grace and merit ? Where 's
The worth of honor, judgment ne'er misled,
Beauty and wit, and courtly thoughts that wed
True speech with deeds that noble fame attain ?
My heart, sad world, is 'gainst you loudly crying ;
How slight your worth,—to praise you more were lying!

God hath her now, and every angel shares
A brighter joy that she hath gone, we know ;
For oft we say and eke we read it so :
" What God approves, the praise of men declares ";
Within the palace was she quickly led,
Where lily, rose, and gladiole are spread ;
The angels praise her in their gladdest strain,
And high o'er all God thrones her, signifying
That she was true, the truest far outvying.

Oh what a loss—how great cannot be said!
The path of gladness I no more can tread;
And song, farewell!—my Alazais is slain;
With grief and tears, with mourning and with sighing,
Her woeful death my heart is crucifying.

New thoughts, Andreu, my mind are occupying;
To love again—you ne'er will see me trying.[14]

Other thoughts were indeed in his mind,—thoughts of the heavenly palace and of the surest way to reach it. His gift of poetry was consecrated to the service of the crusade, and he sang only of winning eternal joys.

If toward his God a man be false and dastard,
'T will not avail him to be rich and proud;
For Alexander all the world o'ermastered,
Yet when he left it carried but a shroud.[15]

And then, after he had borne witness, he donned his armor once more, and sailed away to Palestine in the host of the third crusade.

"There he died,"—in so brief a record are the only tidings of his after life that come to us.

Yet these few words tell enough. The crusader's one desire was gratified, his life was rounded out, and noble Pons de Capduelh—knight, poet, lover, and soldier of the cross—took his merited place among the few ideal characters of history.[16]

XXIX

VODABLE AND PEIROL

The Dalfin. Perdigo. Peirol

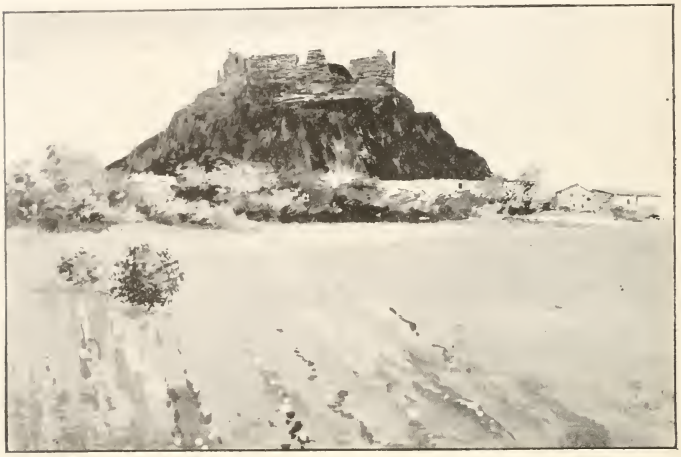
THOUGH we must say farewell to the wonderful region of Le Puy and the moving histories associated with it, we shall not lack for striking scenery and interesting troubadours.

The once volcanic mountains of Auvergne are now grassy and luxuriant, but there are still craters to be seen : the riven walls of castles crowning the dark peaks. Here is Buron, for instance, hanging like a thunder-cloud athwart the sky, if a castle may be said to do such a thing. Topping a vast rock of black and crystalline basalt, it looks indeed like a volcano's mouth, the gateway of smoke, flame, and destruction, and one can easily imagine a stream of lava pouring down through the little village, across the mile of slope clothed with vineyards and wheat-fields, to choke the pleasant Allier meandering so amiably through its green meadows in the distance. In fact, exactly this occurred at one time or another, for the cone of basalt was actually a volcano and the ruined castle occupies its crater,—dead feudalism riding the dead earthquake.

In troubadour times nothing worse came down the rock, however, than mail-clad knights and fair ladies, for this was a stronghold of the counts of Auvergne. Not far to the north lies their ancient capital, Vic-le-Comte, with

commanding fragments of its ancient defences ; and a little below the castle of Buron in the ruined Abbey of the Shining Vale the shadows of the trees dance upon their mouldering tombs in utter disregard of mundane pride.

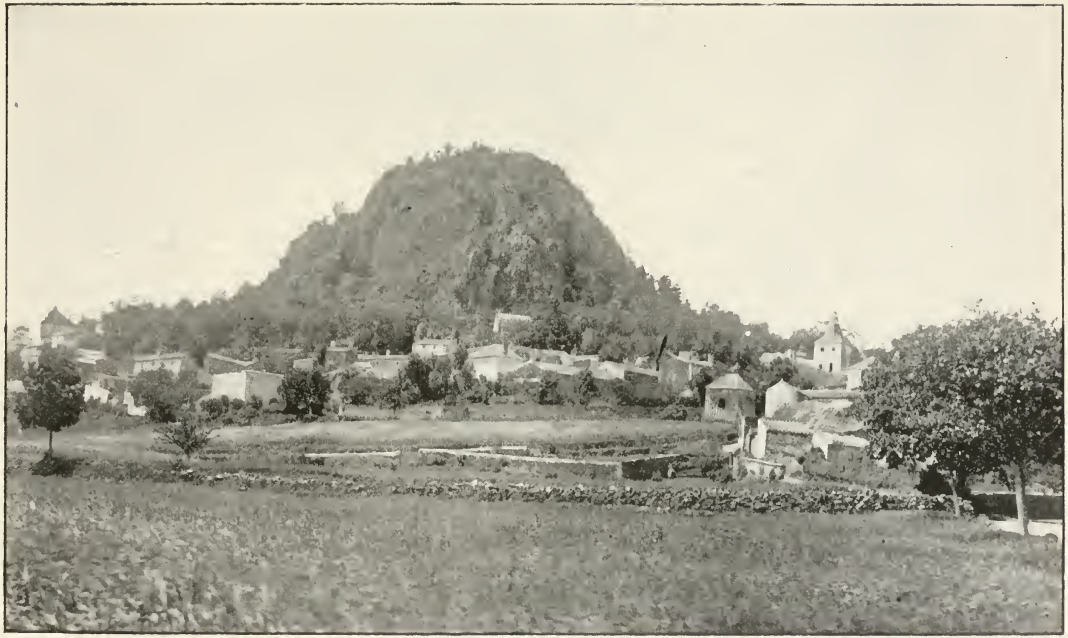
But it is on the other side of the Allier that we are chiefly interested. A certain count of Auvergne, succeeding to the fief while young, was unceremoniously robbed of his patrimony and title by an able but wicked uncle.



BURON.

After a time he recovered a small part of his territory, and adapting himself to the circumstances took the title of "dalfin" (dauphin). One of his daughters was the viscountess of Polignac, whom Guilhem de Sain Leidier celebrated, and his heir, known in history as Dauphin Robert I. but in Provençal annals only as the Dalfin, was long a prominent figure among the troubadours.

Leaving—quite willingly—the stuffy town of Issoire and its famous but dingy old church of St. Paul, we turn to the southeast, pass the castle of Malbattu and the village of



VODABLE.

Solignat, and after a drive of some five or six miles arrive at a group of houses planted like a horseshoe around the base of a conical peak of basalt. At the summit of the peak we find only a bit of masonry, the merest vestige of a wall; but there, until Richelieu destroyed it, stood a "*beau, petit château,*" and in this castle, the capitol of his little dominion, Robert the Dalfin sang, feasted, and entertained the poets for two entire generations (1169–1234).[1]

Hardly a spot in the Midi is more sacred in the cult of the troubadours than Vodable. Here, we may be sure, came Pons de Capduelh and Guilhem de Sain Leidier. Occasionally, in the Dalfin's early years, Peire Rogier and Peire d'Alvernhe must have ridden up from Clermont. Gui d'Uissel came here often to pay his addresses to the Dalfin's wife, and Brunenc of Rodez clattered into the courtyard every now and then on his good bay stallion,[2] for he was a favorite of the Dalfin's. Nor were these by any means all. Ugo de la Bacalairia, Gaucelm Faidit, and Guiraut de Borneil, the "Master of the Troubadours," were evidently acquainted with Robert and probably shared his hospitality; and Sain Circ, we know, visited here. All these, however, we pass by—as well as others who might be named—and come finally to Perdigo and Peirol, who were not merely sojourners at the Dalfin's castle, but regular protégés living upon his bounty.

Of Perdigo, the ambassador to Rome[3] (1208), we have already heard.

Though but a fisher-lad, he was bright and gifted, and he made such good use of his talents in singing, playing the viol, and composing airs and verses, as to win the regard of all. The Dalfin befriended him, made him one of his knights, equipped him, and gave him lands and revenues; and Peire, the king of Aragon, loaded him with presents. The prince of Orange, too, was one of his patrons, and Ugo del Bauz, the son-in-law of Barral, who

cared for Peire Vidal after that mishap befell his tongue, was among his particular friends.

His own disloyalty and ingratitude changed all this good fortune, however, into bad. Not only did he join the side of Montfort, but after the battle of Muret (1213) he sang exultingly of Peire's overthrow. None of his old patrons could forgive him such ingratitude. The Dalfin revoked his gifts; and when a few years later Montfort and the prince of Orange perished, Perdigo begged the privilege of hiding himself in a Cistercian monastery, and there he died.[1]

Peirol, the Dalfin's other protégé, came from a place that bore his name,—across the hills near Rochefort-Montagne, and thereby hangs—an excursion.

My heart—or something very near my heart—sank within me, as I stepped from the train at Miouze-Rochefort. It seemed like trifling with Providence to risk the valuable mechanism of a human physique for twenty-four hours in such a wilderness, for the place consisted of a railroad station, two or three little "country stores" for the farmer-folk, and a couple of inns to match. It was clear that I should have nothing to eat, and probably a hay-loft would be my lodging.

Selecting the least unpromising of the inns, I entered. There was one room for all guests. The floor was of earth *au naturel;* the ceiling, of boards well smoked. Here were shelves loaded with plates, there a stove, there a closet, and yonder a cupboard; and peasants with their caps on sat drinking at tables dyed by generations of wine-cups. Ah, travel has its martyrs, too!

Nothing of the sort. The day when Smollett found all the hotels of the Midi bad was long ago; now all are good, —except at Pamiers. Even in this little tavern everything was clean; and when dinner-time arrived I had this bill of fare,—or more exactly this fare without the bill:

Soupe du ménage.
Truites frites.
Biftek au beurre.
Canard sauvage à la chasseur.
Asperges à l'huile.
Fromage.
Pommes.
Biscuits.

And the cloth was fresh and white. And the wine made red spots upon it. And the trout had scarcely got over sparkling. And the beefsteak showed marks of the broiler. And the duck had shot-holes enough in his pectoral muscle to explain why he was there. And then, to pass the night in, I was given a clean bed, soft and well made.

But stop ! I have put the later first. Before dining I had to earn the dinner by a drive of twenty miles, and it was not a barouche and pair this time. Perched on a seat without a back, in a high, two-wheeled oscillating engine called a farm-wagon, I was quickly shaken down into a mere feature of the landscape, and that a very small one. Beside me sat a stolid, monosyllabic teamster in a blue blouse, who filled out the type of a conventional Auvergnat to perfection. The road was uneventful. The occasional women, trudging along with very short skirts, were far from pretty. Nothing saved my faculties from coma but the horse. The sleek beast was evidently studying—and it had been the study of a long life, apparently—how to attain the minimum of speed and still perform the motions of a trot. He had discovered that so long as his feet shuffled through a certain kind of dance his Bœotian driver would not observe the snail's pace. Driver and steed were content, and I was of no account. Impatience was in vain ; and after a time I settled down into a Remus-like sympathy to study and admire the cleverness of that rascally horse.

But after a while I started. A new figure had appeared, —a shepherdess in woollen socks and wooden shoes, and skirts that reached not far below her knees. On her head there was a white lace cap, and over that, shading a comely face, rose a black straw bonnet, patterned after one of the earliest forms of Roman helmets. In that attire she strode calmly and not ungracefully along with her flock, —knitting the while, and wholly unmindful of a certain stranger travelling in those parts.

"*Tiens*," I exclaimed to myself, "there is Marcabru's prudent shepherdess!" And as I called to my own mind the pastoral that recounts her prudence, it is perhaps fitting that I call it also to yours.

It is Marcabru, the troubadour, who speaks:

The other day beside a hedge
I found a half-breed shepherdess
Chock-full of merriment and sense;
The lassie was a peasant maid,
Well clothed in cape and fur-lined robe,
Chemise of ticking, homely gown,
Stockings of wool, and sturdy shoes.

I crossed the field and went to her;
"My lass," quoth I, "you pretty thing,
I'm very sorry 't is so cold."
"My lord," replied the peasant maid,
"Thanks to the Lord and my good nurse
The wind may bluster,—I care not;
I'm light of heart, robust, and well."

"My lass," quoth I, "my gentle soul,
I've put myself a good deal out
To come and keep you company,
For no such pretty peasant maid
Can tend a flock as large as this,
In such a lonely sort of place,
Without the right companionship."

"Good sir," said she, "whate'er I am
I know good sense from folly well;
Let your 'companionship' remain,
My lord," so spoke the peasant maid,
"In circles more befitting it;
For one like me 't were impudence
To try monopolizing you."

"My lass, your pretty manners prove
Your father was a courtly knight
Who gave your mother love and you,—
So fair he thought the peasant maid;
Each look finds more to praise in you,
And I would warm me in your joy,
Were you but human in the least."

"Good sir, my family and stock
Have dealt, however far I look,
With nothing but the spade and plow,
My lord," so spoke the peasant maid;
"And many a fellow plays the knight
Who ought to do the same as they
For six good days in every seven."

"My lass," quoth I, "some gentle fay
Bestowed upon you at your birth
A beauty of the rarest sort,
Vouchsafed no other peasant maid;
And I engage, if you 'll be mine,
The world shall have another such,—
A lovely duplicate of you."

"My lord, you 've flattered me so much
I 'm really tired and bored to death;
But since you 've so enhanced my worth,
My lord," replied the peasant maid,
"For that I 'll give you when you go
The old refrain, 'Gape, ninny, gape!'
Meanwhile be satisfied to hope!"

"My lass, a shy and cruel heart
Is made by training tame and mild;

And well I know that for a day
With such as you, a peasant maid,
One can enjoy sweet comradeship
In warm affection of the heart,
And neither be a whit deceived."

"Good sir, the man whom folly prompts,
Will vow and swear and promise troth;
If only you would marry me,
My lord,—" replied the peasant maid;
"But just to go one half the way
I'll not give up my maidenhood
And sell a good name for a bad."

"My lass, all creatures here on earth
Are bound to act their nature out;
And 't is our duty, yours and mine,
To make a match, my peasant maid;
The fields will give us a retreat,
And more secure you could not be
To entertain sweet company."

"True, true, good sir; and so 't is right
The fool his trifling should pursue,
His courtly venture the gallant,
The peasant swain the peasant maid;
Good sense too often is forgot
When people lose their self-control,—
At least, that 's what the old folks tell."

"My fair one, I have never seen
A more beguiling face than yours,
Nor found a more deceitful heart."

"Sir, [go away! that 's not so sure;]
But you—like him in the picture—gape
For manna that another gets." [5]

Poor Marcabru! Perhaps if his eyes had not been so full of shadows—but of that in the next chapter.

My shepherdess proved a good omen at all events, for

her flock was not yet out of sight when we crossed a brook, climbed an easy slope lighted up with yellow broom, and entered a village. To be sure it was only a poor little hamlet, about a dozen low cottages of stone with high thatched roofs drowsing in the shade of beeches and firs ; but present insignificance did not matter,—Peirol was born there.

If the indifference of the shepherdess had touched my vanity, amends were made here, for the entire population gathered around my carriage and through the medium of my driver—for they spoke only a patois—spread before me their store of information with a generosity that atoned for its meagreness.

" Ruins ? "

No, there were no ruins, but they could show me where the castle had stood.

I was not surprised to find no walls or towers, for Peirol was only a poor knight, and his castle—if, indeed, he owned the castle in which he first saw the light—was doubtless even less of an affair than Miraval's. So, thankful even for a tradition and escorted by the mass-meeting of young men and maidens, old men and children, I moved on to a place at the edge of the village where the ground rose a little. The spot is occupied now by a shallow pond full of geese ; but there, I was assured, a castle had anciently stood.

Here Peirol, the troubadour, began life, but very wisely he did not stay here. His own lord was the verse-loving Robert ; so to Vodable he flew, as early as his wings would bear him, with this agreeable message : " I give you good and pleasant counsel : sing oft and love ! " Talented, " courteous, and well-favored," he was quickly made welcome. Lodging, " raiment, and arms " were freely given him, and thus encouraged he made haste and fell in love with the Dalfin's sister.

Neither can we blame him for that, for she was no ordinary woman : only a remarkably clever person could elude as long as she did all the telescopes and spyglasses of the Romance investigators.

This is worth elucidating. The lady got herself into history under the name of Sail de Claustra. To explain so odd a form as " Sail," scholars called it " a violent contraction " of Assalide. To be sure there is no evidence

AT PEIROL.

that she was called Assalide, but certainly she might have been ; and millions of people have slept well o' nights because they thought the earth rested on a turtle, and that on nothing, while they would never have closed an eye had it been supposed to rest on simply nothing at all. Then Claustra : the region has been scoured for a place of that name and without success ; it had " disappeared." Only a little while since was the truth discovered. " Sail de Claustra " is merely a nickname, and it signifies

"Escaped from the Cloister." Like a fly caught by the amber in the very act of buzzing, the Dalfin's lively sister was fixed for all time scrambling over a convent wall, and by this girlish prank she literally "made a name" for herself that has quite eclipsed the one her father chose.[6]

To Sail the troubadour devoted his talents, and the biographer tells us that the Dalfin was mightily pleased with his verses; which was very natural, too, for they were decidedly clever.

When by love invited,
I sing,—
More, far more, delighted
Than with flowers in spring;
Though by sorrow blighted
I cling
Still where I am slighted
And my homage bring;
Loss and pain
Will turn to gain;
I 'll bear the transient sting:
To and fro the world doth swing!

Heart and will, unseated,
Belong
Now to her; defeated,
Still my hope is strong
That I 'll not be cheated,
For long
Have her words repeated
Thoughts that prompt my song;
Though I 'm slain
I 'll not complain
Of any present wrong:
Joys are coming in a throng.[7]

Songs like these could not fail to please the lady, too. It was delightful to hear the poet sing his pretty canzones in her sunny hall, to look charmingly unconscious, and all

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the while to understand perfectly that every woman present was dying with envy ; and besides, if Restori is not mistaken, Lady Sail found pleasure in singing the canzones herself.

But then : she was a great lady. Her husband was a rich baron, Lord Beraut of Mercœur, some connection doubtless of Oizil whom Lady Alazais married ; her sister was the mistress of Polonhac ; her brother was the Dalfin, and her fathers had been the counts of Auvergne. How could she love a poor knight like Peirol ?

The difficulties of his position made the troubadour desperate, as they did many another in a similar place. No doubt he felt deeply smitten, and he could well declare that love penetrated him by his " whole body, as water does the sponge." He could not recover from his passion, and lamented often that " a kindled fire is hard to put out." His affection could not even vary ; it would ever remain constant whether fortunate or not, " like the flower they tell of, which keeps turning all the day toward the sun." And yet, with all this consuming passion within him, he dared not crave a return of his love, for he said himself : " If I asked her for aught, she would be on her guard against me after that." Must he, then, be silent, and keep on waiting, as he once expressed it, for a " beautiful nothing " ? No, he was a poet and he could sing ; and though no word in his poems should even hint his lady's name, he was quite sure she would understand.

Like the swan when death is nigh,
Dying I will sing ;
'T will be comeliest so to die,
Least will be the sting ;
For Love hath caught me in his net,
And many woes my heart beset ;
But this I gain : that o'er and o'er
I 've learned I never loved before.

Ceaselessly to plead and sigh
Ends by wearying,—
From my looks, when she is by,
Silent prayers shall spring ;
Whate'er she wills I then shall get,
And joy and love are sweeter yet
When heart, come nigh to heart, doth pour,
Unasked, what each would fain implore.

Song, to greet my fair one fly,
Asking not a thing,
Yet with prudent sighs tell why
I am languishing ;
Beseech her never to forget
My loyal heart on her is set ;
Her vassal, I will e'er adore,—
Or die, if that would please her more.[8]

Still there was no answering look, and the poet found himself at the last extremity.

Good lady, feign some little sign of favor,—
'T will cheer my heart, 't will seem a taste of rapture,
For well you know you cannot lose your capture ;
With kindly look but kiss the pain I feel,
For that will keep me ever true and leal ;
And of the heart I 've given give back a little ![9]

At last the Dalfin interceded for Peirol, meaning of course that his sister should go only as far as the proprieties allowed. But he argued the case too well, and before long a full-fledged scandal was a-wing, for Peirol's prayer had been answered and his joy and exultation could not keep the secret. The brother was very angry then, and without compunction banished the lover from Vodable. So ended the troubadour's one great love-affair.

Still we do not feel greatly cast down ; why should we ? —probably he did not.

Peirol was a man of quick wit, lively fancy, and mobile

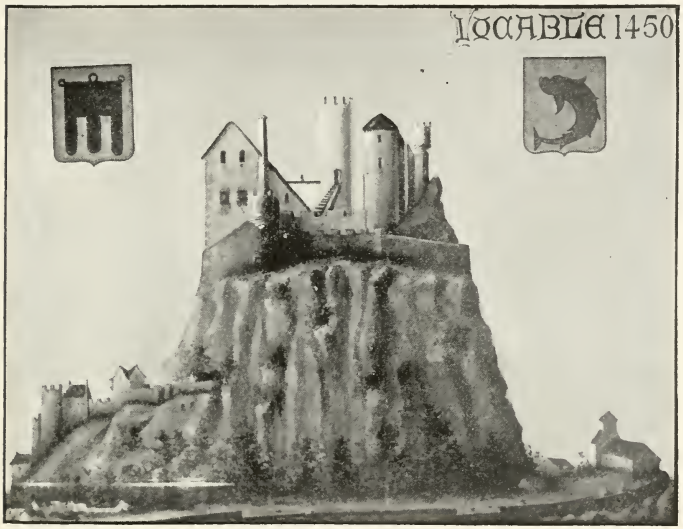
sensibilities. Had he been a composer in our own time, he might have written *Oh Promise Me*. Yet in spite of his talent we can see in him only a gay, shallow, and light adventurer. After hoping and begging for a while to be recalled, he contented himself with humbler sweethearts, and even, it would seem, with companionship of a lower order yet. The rest of his career was every way pitched upon a humbler key. No longer supported by the Dalfin he could not maintain the dignity of a knight, and moved about the country from town to town and castle to castle as a common joglar. His poetical style was marred—so the Monk of Montaudon suggests—by living in low society at Clermont ; and according to the same authority he became " drier than fire-wood," and for thirty years could not afford a new coat.

Still there was a loftier side to his nature, as there often is in very frivolous characters. While still at Vodable he thought very earnestly of going on the crusade, and had a tenso with Love on the project. Love told him plainly that the Turks were not going to be driven out of Jerusalem by warriors like him, and he would better be faithful to love and poetry. Apparently he followed this advice. But in his later and humbler days he visited the Holy Land as a pilgrim, and wrote a song of devout gratitude and pious enthusiasm that was worthy of a greater man.[10]

His later career is mainly a series of interrogation-marks. Blacatz befriended him, he probably visited Toulouse, and possibly he lived for a time at the court of Monferrat after Raimbaut de Vaqueiras had gone to Constantinople. Finally he betook himself to Montpellier, married, " settled down," and there died.[11]

Exit Peirol, but the Dalfin remains ; and he, if not a remarkable poet, was a remarkable man. He wrote verses, indeed, but not love-songs ; and, preferring the dignity of patron and *arbiter elegantiarum*, he gained the

respect of the foremost poets of the time as a discerning critic. Etienne de Bourbon spoke of him as a man of the most acute intelligence. For forty years he devoted himself to collecting books upon theological subjects, reading for himself those in the popular tongue, and—it is thought—having those in Latin translated for him. In his last years he enjoyed a great reputation for piety, and was even



THE CASTLE OF VODABLE.

said to possess, long before he died, those mysterious reproductions of the Saviour's wounds called the stigmata.

But Robert had a long career, with time for many things before piety, and it was only by experience that he learned to prize *mesura*, moderation, as "the thing most useful to men in this life." At the outset he nearly sank his patrimony in liberalities, and then he recovered himself by a closeness that has left amusing traces in history.

At one time he was in love with Lady Comtor, a

daughter of the viscount of Turenne and a niece of Maria de Ventadorn, and occasionally when visiting her found that he had not put money enough in his purse. The viscount's bailiff, Peire Pelissier, was a courteous man and readily accommodated the Dalfin with funds in such emergencies; but when he suggested repayment, his debtor preferred to think of the loans as presents, and rather than venture within the bailiff's reach abandoned the lady. Upon this Pelissier, who was a poet, did not shrink from expressing his opinion on the matter in some verses [12]; and as talent, like noble birth, was a patent of equality, the Dalfin answered him rhyme for rhyme, but only to announce flatly that he would never let him have a denier.

At another time our shrewd prince was paying his addresses to Lady Maurina, who lived not far away in one of his own castles. She was not, it appears, a very sagacious housewife—or, on second thought, perhaps she was—and, finding one day that she had nothing to fry her eggs with, she sent to the Dalfin's bailiff, asking "Would he kindly—"; whereupon the bailiff, cutting a side of bacon in two, sent her one of the halves. Maurina seems to have been disappointed at receiving so little, and to have said as much to some one; and a restless cousin [13] of the Dalfin's, the bishop of Clermont, a scheming, grasping, and pleasure-loving fellow, thought it a good opportunity for a thrust; for in that day if a baron did anything that his neighbors disapproved, he was at once assailed with satirical verses. So he came out in a little poem, declaring that if a servant of his did so mean a thing he would make an end of him, but—the Dalfin's bailiff "knew what his master's wish would be." The Dalfin was not backward in retorting with something pointed about a love-affair of the bishop's. The prelate rejoined, and the Dalfin then closed the discussion by remarking: "Were

I to say of him what I know, he would lose his bishopric and I my good breeding."

Yes, the lord of Vodable was a mixture of qualities and we are the more convinced of it when we find that he accumulated his library of religious books by robbing the monasteries of the neighborhood, and only a threat of excommunication from the pope himself could moderate his appetite for inexpensive theology.

I, for one, enjoy these homely tales, for they carry us back to the hearth, and even to the buttery of another age ; but perhaps my reader would prefer a battle of wits on a loftier plane. Very well, here it is.

Auvergne was disputed ground—both France and England asserted claims to it—and King Philippe employed a leisure while in seizing the Dalfin's town of Issoire, and a castle belonging to Count Guion, his cousin. The injured lords, relying upon the promises of England, retaliated ; but the promised support failed, and they were compelled to make peace with France as best they could. Not long afterwards the two countries found themselves at war, and the English king summoned the princes of Auvergne to his aid ; but naturally enough they felt that he had forfeited his claim upon them, and gave him no help. Then a sirvente journeyed across the mountains from the west :

" Dalfin, I am going to take you to task, you and Count Guion. Not long since you pretended to be a good fighter. You made an oath of loyalty to me, and you keep faith like the wolf with the fox, even as your fawn-colored hair is like his.

" You refuse me help because you have been paid to do so, because you think that I have neither gold nor silver at Chinon, and because you wish for your ally a warlike and powerful king ; for I am stingy and a coward. That is why you have gone over.

"One question I will send up to Issoire for you: do you feel happy about losing that place? What are you going to do up there,—hire troops and take vengeance? One thing I will promise, even though you have broken your word: you shall find me an active foe, banner in hand. . . .

"What matters it, though, if a boy does break his word? One cannot count on an esquire; but let him look out that he does not get himself into further trouble." [14]

It was a bitter draught for the Dalfin, and we can easily imagine him climbing to the top of the highest parapet of lofty Vodable and shaking his mailed fist a hundred times toward the mountains of the west. But England was too mighty to defy, and rage could only appeal to wit.

"King, since you have been singing about me, you must listen to my singing; but you frighten me so much that I shall have to go back to your side and answer you sweetly. Still, there is one thing I must say: if you throw away your fief you cannot bid me recover mine [Issoire]. For I am not a crowned king, nor am I so mighty a vassal that I can defend my patrimony even against my suzerain; but you, who struck terror into the Turks, allow the king of France to keep one of your cities, Gisors, though you are count, duke, and king. . . . Mighty and honored lord, you dealt liberally with me once, and had you not changed, I should have joined you now. But I shall recover my city, and that easily, for my king—who is yours also—has promised it, and I have his letter. . . .

"King, you will find me brave, for I am encouraged to valor by a lady to whom I am so devoted that whatever she bids I am prepared to do." [15]

Reflect a moment! In that "dark and brutal" age we find a king and a lord fighting a duel with poems!

And the name of this king—was Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

XXX

CLERMONT-FERRAND

Marcabru

THE way to approach Clermont-Ferrand is from the west. Outflanking the lordly Puy de Dôme and leaving Pontgibeaud and its castle, we soon begin to have glimpses of a vast basin among the volcanic mountains. Before long the basin is fully in view ; and far below us on a low hill in the centre of it we see the town, like a round shield on the grass, with its cathedral for boss and spike.

No silversmith ever displayed a piece of his work so skilfully. As we approach, the shield is turned this way and that. Now the apse of the cathedral is presented, now a transept ; now it is the façade, now the other transept ; while the spires appear to be revolving about each other all the while in the mystic dance of a double star. Yonder, only about three miles distant from the city, rises the dark plateau of Gergovia, where Julius Cæsar received the hardest buffeting of his life, while heroic Vercingetorix doomed the town to death by linking with its name a Roman defeat.[1]

Insensibly we descend, and presently the city is about us, and the purple mountains from which we came look very far away.

Although so quiet, even dull, its houses of dark lava-stone just saved by the bright spots of aërial gardening,

Clermont-Ferrand is not without a history, and the history not without a witness. Founded (586) nine years before Augustine and his forty monks began their missionary work among the "angels" of Britain, the church of Notre Dame du Port still shows a little of the original stone. Three times it has looked on while

THE PUY DE DÔME.

the town was ravaged and destroyed : first by Pepin, next by the Normans, and then by Danes and Normans together. Once it served as a fortress. Twice burned and twice rebuilt it has remained substantially as we see it now since the earliest of the troubadours began to sing.[2]

Delille, Massillon, and Pascal often crossed its threshold. A dozen kings have gone in and out. In 1175 the grand entry of Henry II. and his luckless boy, Enric[3] of the Short Mantle, marked the high tide of England's power in Europe ; for Clermont is farther east than Paris, and nearer Lake Léman than the Atlantic. Here came

Thomas à Becket (1164) while Raimbaut de Vaqueiras and Arnaut de Maruelh were boys; and within these walls he meditated the designs which brought his face to the pavement at Canterbury a few years later. Here came that unstable monarch Louis (VII.) the Young; here came St. Bernard, and here came the troubadours.

Gui d'Uissel was canon of Montferrand, then a town by itself but long since married to Clermont. Peire Rogier[4] was canon of Clermont (Clarmon) and went from Notre Dame du Port to the castle of Narbonne. More famous than either, Peire d'Alvernhe—whom we met at Puivert—was born in this diocese, and must have entered the stripèd church of Our Lady many a time.

But none of these is the most remarkable association of the troubadour age that we come upon at Clermont.

In the last days of bleak November, 1095, Babel seemed re-enacted here, for the city was overwhelmed with a seething crowd that had come from all corners of Christendom, opening a passage through hostile countries ignorant of their speech by holding up their fingers and crossing them. There was brave Raimon of St. Gilles, the rich count of Toulouse. There was the mighty troubadour-duke, Guilhem of Aquitaine, whom we shall meet at Poitiers. And there, too, was a potentate greater than princes.

The throng opens reverently, and we see passing by us a repulsive, almost hideous man. His dwarfish and ungainly form is clad in a robe and mantle of coarse drugget. His feet and his head are bare. His face is "pinched and starved like a death's-head"; and deep in their sockets roll those two "wild, gleaming eyes" which long haunted Gregory of Terracina. He is a walking nightmare, but the princes and the kings of Europe are just now as potter's vessels before him; for the hideous dwarf is Peter the Hermit.[5]

Now Pope Urban ascends a lofty scaffolding in the

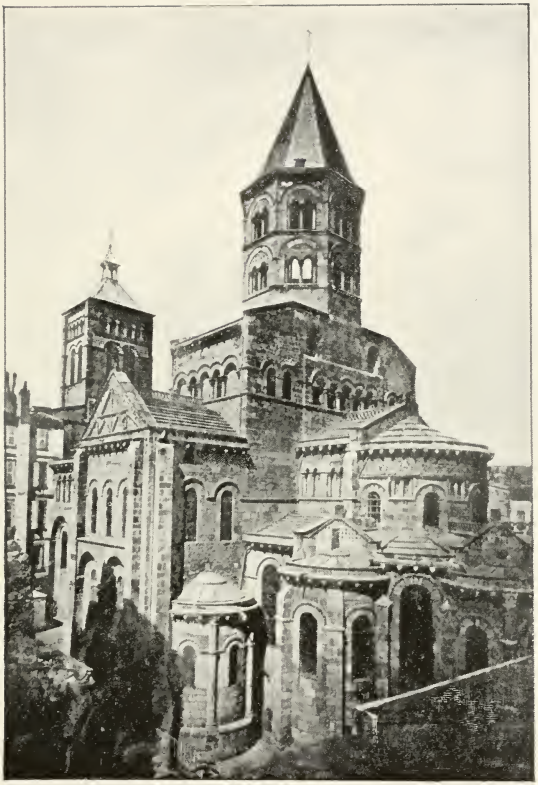
Square, hard by Notre Dame du Port, and begins to preach. After long deliberation he believes that all the wealth and power of Europe may be drawn with one sweep into the service of the Church, and here is the place, the moment. "Up to the present," he cries, "you have been making unjust wars. . . . Now we propose to you wars that carry the glorious recompense of the martyr, and shall be forever praised. . . . If you have a rich patrimony here, a better patrimony awaits you in the Holy Land. They who die will enter the mansions of heaven, while the living shall pay their vows before the sepulchre of their Lord. Blessed are they, who—taking this vow upon them—shall obtain such a recompense; happy they who are led to such a conflict, that they may share in such rewards."

"God wills it! God wills it!" cry the multitude. The pope fastens a rude cross of red cloth on the breast of Aimar, the bishop of Le Puy, and at once thousands upon thousands of the frenzied throng assume the badge, until no more cloth can be had. Branding-irons are quickly fashioned, and men and even women eagerly burn the sacred emblem upon their flesh. Christendom is now pitted against Islam, West against East; and while Aimar kneels in Notre Dame du Port, the tremendous movement of the crusades takes form. "In Italy," as Voltaire says, "they had wept; in France they flew to arms."

And what were the crusades?

They developed commerce, extended knowledge, stimulated the industries, opened the way to discoveries, elevated the serfs, undermined feudalism and the Church,—in short, they transformed society, moved its centre of gravity, and did almost everything except what they undertook to do. But what were they?

They were personal psychology thrown on a mammoth screen and magnified a million times.



NOTRE DAME DU PORT.

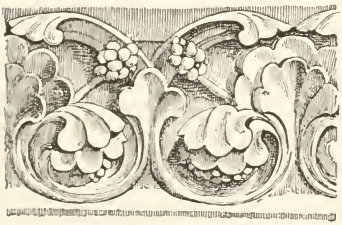
Why do the salmon hurry up the rivers? Because each individual salmon feels a new craving that nothing else will satisfy. Why did the chivalry of Europe rush to the sandy shores of Palestine? Was it because Urban preached and Peter the Hermit wept? No; but because a new spirit, a new life, had sprung up in millions of individuals, and it found satisfaction in the idea of the crusade.

In studying the times of Sordel, we saw how the modern world was adumbrated in that age. But the beginnings of the change were earlier. It was in the eleventh century that the mind of Europe began to awake. The years 1000 and 1033, each anticipated as the end of the world, came and went, and mankind passed from a horrible dread of universal death to an intoxication of life and gladness. The commotions produced by migrating peoples and clashing races were fast subsiding, too, and the human mind, weary of the long struggle for mere survival, reacted from brutal wars and the bestiality that accompanied them. The result was a tremendous uplifting. A full tide of energy surged up tumultuously into the faculties of emotion and of thought. Everybody had a freshet in his head, and felt so rich in life and enthusiasm that it was delightful to spend, to give, to devote himself according to his personal bent. It was like spring in the forest; the sap flowed fast, and every tree produced foliage after its kind.

Naturally the religious instinct felt the new life. Joined to the fighting spirit of the times, it expressed itself in the crusades; which, stimulated by the Church and backed by the terrible physical energy of the warrior class, became the overshadowing events of the age. But they were only one manifestation of the fresh religious life. The Franciscan order translated it into simple Gospel religion, the Dominicans into ecclesiastical religion, and the heretical sects—the Patarins of Italy, the Catharists of Germany, the Bulgarians of northern France, and the

Albigensians of the Midi—into an earnest and sincere though unenlightened piety.

No less natural was a quickening of the sense of human right and the longing for civil freedom, and this resulted in the free cities of the twelfth century, and ultimately in the building up of nationalities, for the king was found a bulwark against feudal oppressors, and the people gathered about him. The bishop was a similar protector, and so the civil and religious impulses, joining forces under the leadership of the building instinct, erected the great Gothic churches with feverish enthusiasm and with a speed never paralleled unless by the railroad construction of our own country. All the great cathedrals of France were founded and most of them erected while the troubadours were singing ; their gorgeous decorations were only "the budding shoots of early spring" grown large ; and their "aërial hymns" of buttress and pinnacle were simply an expression of religious and political springtime, scorning the monastic heaviness and conventionality of the Romanesque builders.[6] Paintings and sculptures were needed then, first for the adornment of the grand new churches, and secondly to teach the illiterate worshippers what they signified ; and in this our modern art was involved. In fact, the spirit of art was more explicitly active ; and at the opening of the thirteenth century the world was ready for the great artistic revolution that soon took place.



EARLY GOTHIC ORNAMENT.

The same young-hearted spirit appeared in the enthusiasm of the university movement, whether the students were the university as at Bologna, or the teachers as at

Paris. Nothing was too great or too small for the new life to seize upon. Dress became rich and household appointments aspired to be elegant. Even embroidery felt the influence, and the conventional flower-forms of the ladies' fancy-work took on the shapes of nature.

While every form of activity was being quickened in this way, the personal affections could not fail to respond. Sentiment was abroad ; and this, added to the martial spirit, made chivalry, while—interpreted in the forms of intellect—it produced the troubadours. To cultivate song was to develop music ; and, as we shall see, the melodies of our poets were the beginning of the modern styles. On its other side poetry opened the path of secular thought, which was destined to go on, freeing itself alike from tradition and from passion, till it culminated in the free intellectual activity of the modern world.

Arnaut de Maruelh and St. Francis of Assisi, the cathedral and the crusade, the free city and the university,—they were all cousins ; and so, starting here at Clermont with Urban and Aimar, we may go quite around the possibilities of human effort, and find everywhere the same spirit of new life in the heart and the intellect. All the higher faculties of mankind were in motion, and our troubadours played the march.

But however true and important all this is, we must leave the philosophy of history to others, and come back to the lives, the thoughts, and the feelings of individuals, our present theme. There must have been a personal antithesis to the enthusiasm of the crusades ; how shall we learn of that ? Why not from the troubadour Marcabru, who gave us a little while ago an original view of pastoral wooing, and was born expressly, it would appear, to see " the other side " of everything ?

A wonderful and pathetic figure, this twisted Marcabru; but the world has been satisfied to think of him as only a

queer, cross, crotchety old fellow, as it does of many a man who is vastly superior to the mass of us. His genius no one could question. We called Peire d'Alvernhe a pioneer and so he was, but Marcabru passed off the stage as Peire came on ; and yet in many ways he is the least ancient of all the troubadours. His poem on the prudent shepherdess is the oldest pastoral we possess, but it seems like a reaction after many generations of Phyllises. Not only modern was he by sheer force of intellect, but ultra-modern. Nature dowered him with what the French love to call "the American eye," and his vision pierced through conventionalities and accidents to the core of things. With unmatched originality he struck out new paths in every direction. He was the first of the troubadours to cross the Pyrenees. On the north, too, he passed the boundaries of the Midi, and there is reason to believe that he even visited England. Whatever he wrote bore the stamp of his individuality. He called a spade a spade or else found a shorter name. Provençal was not swift and cutting enough to suit his tongue ; and besides loading his verse with words and locutions that make three quarters of it an enigma to us,[7] he devised compounds and forms of expression that remind one of our trenchant American slang.

With so much genius went a character, if we trust appearances, that was terribly unamiable, censorious, and bitter. He once avowed that he never had loved and never had been loved. In truth love—that is to say, pretended love—was a special mark of his invective. Hunger, death, and war devise less mischief, he maintained, than love accomplishes by the aid of deceit, and though love bring a man to the bier yet her eye is not moist. If she does not bite she licks with a tongue rougher than a cat's. Whoever makes a bargain with love leagues himself with the Devil ; and after that, as senseless as one

who flays himself, he never stops to reflect that another is beating him. Then Marcabru compared love to a mare that wearies her driver, to a gnat—only that her sting is gentler and her wounds more lasting, and finally to a spark which lodges in the soot and presently bursts out into flames that consume the dwelling.

After false love came greed. In one of his poems Marcabru sets before us the picture of an enormous tree whose branches mingle with the clouds and whose roots invade the heart of the earth. To it are fastened a countless multitude of all classes from kings to beggars; for the tree is the eternal evil of the world, and avarice and covetousness bind mankind to it.

The personal vices of the times Marcabru whipped with scorpions, and even his own profession was not spared. He blamed the poets for confounding true love and false, and he reproached husbands for listening quietly while "the smooth tongues of the troubadours" proclaimed their shame by singing of their wives. The gallantries of married men were visited with scorching rebukes, and in the end the nobles of Guienne became so maddened by his invectives as to take his life.[8]

An easy explanation of this bitterness was offered by Peire d'Alvernhe, who—after reproaching "the son of a worthless creature" for marring the gladness of the world—called Marcabru by name, and then added that one ignorant of his extraction would think him crazy. Marcabru was in short a foundling. His mother was a Gascon serving-woman called Marcabruna, the Brown Marca, after whom her son finally named himself, and she left her child at a rich man's door. Dowered at once with genius and with shame, gifted with infinite longings and the intelligence to see their futility, called through the sensitive years of his boyhood only *Panperdut*, the Lost Rag, fated to beat his life out like a moth against the

lighted window-pane of life, how could Marcabru fail to be harsh and on occasion scornfully self-assertive ? [9]

But this is a superficial view,—true, but only the outside of the truth ; and a little tale of Marcabru's youth gives us, I feel sure, the keynote of his character. It was a Gascon joglar named Aldric [10] who took the foundling in, a man so destitute himself that he said to Marcabru : " You, a little child, have found me such an one that neither of us could help the other " ; and yet it appears that after the boy had obtained a start in life elsewhere [11] he chose for love of Aldric to return.

His assertion that he never had loved a woman is plainly mere bravado. There was a time when his verse and his music flowed sweetly on ; when " for love and for gladness " winter and summer were " of a piece " to him ; when he was proud to confess : " In every place I count myself your prisoner, your slave in all things " ; and when he could sing : " It is my destiny that joy and good fortune are to take away a little of the pain deep-seated in my heart." But this joy was only a dream, and the foundling soon awoke. " O true love," he once cried, " O true love, the source of goodness, that hast illumined the world ! " but upon his own existence love would cast no radiance.

With a vision cleared by tears he looked out upon life. There never has been a time, there never can be a time, when the world will not be full of injustices. Let one have a vantage-ground and he is protected ; let him be strong and hard as most of us are, and he passes on to the next man the wrongs he suffers. But Marcabru was defenceless and was naturally tender-hearted. He was a man of reflection, too,—a brooding thinker : " A good thought cheers me and a base one makes me sad ; the world is full of such sweet and bitter thoughts,"—that is his own account of it ; and more and more his mind

lingered upon the baseness and the misery of life, for as he sang once, "The tongue goes often to the aching tooth." Gall is not made but only gathered where we find it. More and more the troubadour's gentle heart, conscious of its tenderness, conscious of its truth and purity, came to be full of dismay and wrath. Then he turned his poetry into sermons; but he found his preaching vain, and cried: "I go about sowing protests on the natural rocks and see neither harvest nor blossom." Furious with indignation he pitched his voice then upon the key of denunciation; and in the end, by one of those paradoxes of life that meet us on every side, a poet fitted to love and be loved became, like Jesus cleansing the temple, a rebuke and a scourge.

So, as I said to begin with, Marcabru—who always could see the inside, the under side, the other side—is just the man to show us the opposite phase of the great crusades.[12]

Let us go with him, then, to a castle whose lord has assumed the cross. The time appointed for the general rendezvous approaches, and the baron is preparing to set forth with his men. The little army is gathered in the courtyard, stretching out through the gate and down the steep road beyond the drawbridge. In an angle of the courtyard stands little Samuel, the Jew, who has furnished ready money for the brave expedition at a fine rate of interest, and is now furtively casting up the value of his mortgage, marvelling all the while to see men throw away every good thing in life to fight for an empty tomb, and that the tomb of a Jew. But nobody thinks of Samuel now. Yesterday more than one of the party said like Peirol in his inmost heart: "Many a man must say farewell and leave his true-love in tears, who might stay at home joyfully were there no Saladin"; but all such feelings are now banished. Here are the zealous priests, the chanting monks, the rough soldiers muttering paternosters instead

of oaths, saintly women in ecstasies, old men almost cursing God that they cannot go and lay their bones in the holy ground of Palestine, the armorers giving a final blow here and there, and the captain impressing his last counsels upon wife and steward. Their holy enthusiasm gives the glittering knights a look more than mortal. One more mass is said. God seems very present. The martial vows are again repeated. The trumpet sounds ; the war-cry of the crusade is raised ; and amid chants, hosannas, farewells, and tears of joy as much as of grief, the knights mount their impatient steeds and ride grandly down the winding road across the valley.

But presently the shining cavalcade is out of sight, the courtyard is empty and silent, the loved ones are on their way to fight and to die in a far land, and the evening shadows begin to fall. Then Marcabru—not the cynic, the preacher, or the foundling, but the man and the poet—goes, full of deep thoughts, into the castle garden, and finds there—no one but himself can fitly tell us what.

Beside the fountain, in the shade
Of homelike trees, where—thickly sprayed
Mid grasses that the path invade—
Sweet blossoms cheer the green with white,
And birds their new-old songs parade,
I found—with no one by—the maid
Who gives my loving words no heed.

She was a lady passing fair,
Whose father hath a castle there ;
I thought the sweet and springlike air,
The tuneful birds, the verdure bright
Would bring her joy in place of care,
And make her listen to my prayer :
Alas, 't was not the time to plead !

Beside the fountain she had crept,
And sighing from the heart she wept :

"King Jesus,"—then I nearer stepped—
"'T is you undo me, since despite
Is done the tomb wherein you slept;
For your sake all our best are kept
Afar,—but you are pleased indeed!

"My loved one goes like all the rest,—
The fairest, sweetest, noblest, best,
And naught is left my suffering breast
But pain and longing day and night;
May Lozöic be e'er unblest,—
The preaching king, whose ill behest
Hath doomed my aching heart to bleed!"

And when I heard her thus lament,
Anear her by the stream I went,
And said: "Fair lady, tears o'erspent
Will mar your face, its color blight;
Nor should you let your heart be rent,
For God can cheer you, as He sent
New leaves to faded copse and mead."

"Ah, sir," she said, "God will allot
My part in mercy, I doubt not,
In yon eternal world, and blot
My sins like those of all contrite;
But here the thing that blessed my lot
He takes away, and hath forgot
To help me in my time of need." [13]

XXXI

EGLETONS

A Day in the World of the Troubadours

WE arrived at Egletons after nightfall, and in the morning found to our surprise that a determined rainy day was upon us. Travelling was out of the question, and we decided to fancy ourselves back in the world of the troubadours and make a day's journey there.

Setting out, then, about the end of May immediately after breakfast, my comrade and I found ourselves pursuing under the direction of our guide a none too easy bridle-path called a road. On either side lay the forest, and the tree-tops often interlaced their branches above our heads. In fact the country seemed almost a wilderness; for although the population, as Paul Meyer has estimated, was about equal to that of today,[1] life was so much simpler that a very partial cultivation of the land supported its inhabitants, and besides, the laborers dared not go far from a place of refuge.

After we had ridden a little while Aimar,[2] our guide, halted abruptly and pointed to a group of boulders a short way before us on the left.

"A lurking-place of Sicart and his band," he remarked under his breath. "Many a merchant has found it wise to lighten their dark brows with shining gold; and if the gold were not forthcoming—so much the worse for him. Look to your arms!"

At this each of us loosened his sword a little in the scabbard, settled himself in his saddle, and held his lance ready for instant use ; then with senses alert we pushed warily forward, and passed the dangerous rocks without molestation.

" In mischief somewhere else," observed Aimar, " or perhaps drunk and asleep : it matters little to us."

A mile farther on we forded a small river, for the infrequent bridges were confined to the great highways, and soon after came to a clearing. Great was our surprise to find in the midst of it the still smoking ruins of a little village with several charred bodies among the timbers.

" Sicart ? " I queried.

" No, this is the work of a bolder and stronger band than his,—the free-lances (*routiers*), no doubt.[3] I heard only the other day that a large company of hired soldiers from Brabant had served out their term with King Richard : perhaps these are the fellows ; though, God knows, there were enough such troops before."

This made us think again of our arms—useless though arms would have been against so many; but the trampled ground showed that whoever the aggressors were, they had come and gone by a road that crossed ours at the village, and so were not likely to attack us.

" How did a village happen to exist so far from the protection of a town or a castle ? " inquired my friend.

" Oh, there are many such villages," replied Aimar. " This one owed its existence to the cross-roads. A little inn was erected here first, I have heard it said. Then a few peasants, laboring in the fields hereabouts, built their cottages near it ; for they are social creatures and they feel safer in company whether they are or not. Other villages have sprung from other causes. One that I knew of grew up around the hut of a pious hermit, who settled there because he discovered a spring of sweet water at

the spot ; for a hunter lighted upon the retreat one day, and his report of the holy man and the spring brought other people to the place. Another has existed ever since the Roman age. Another that I think of was founded by Lord Gui of Monsel, because he built a mill at the falls and wished men to work it. Whatever their origin the villages live their own life between the meshes of the lord's government, paying their dues and managing their own affairs. That makes them attractive to many of the small folk."

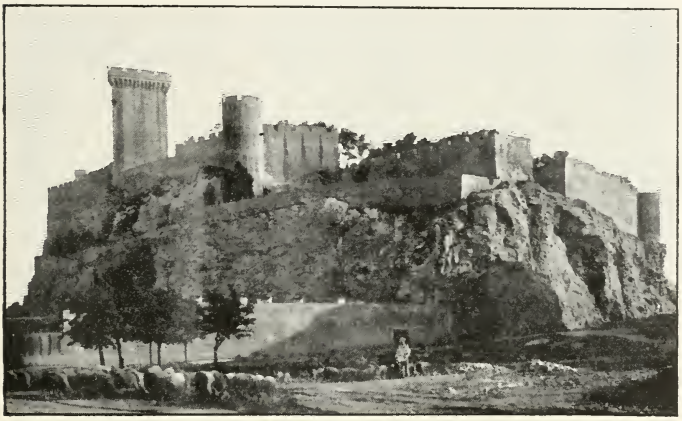
Half an hour later our bridle-path emerged upon a wide and fairly well kept highway, one of the ancient Roman roads, and we began to meet wayfarers, both mounted and afoot. Before long it was evident that a town lay a short distance before us, and after a while the city gate was at hand.

"Mark that stone," said Aimar, pointing out a low, rough cross near the side of the road. "We are now entering the limits of the town. That means a great deal, you must understand. Inside the boundary are friends and brethren, rights and protection ; outside, strangers and aliens, rivalry, and sometimes war. So you see it is needful to mark the line clearly. Perhaps a strong bowman shot four arrows from the bell-tower,— north, south, east, and west, and then such crosses were erected where these arrows fell ; perhaps the points were determined in some other way. At all events, we are now under the law of the town, and as we are strangers must beware of doing many things which we see the citizens do. But we are in luck : the fair is on."

Aimar was not mistaken. Turning from the main road we soon found ourselves in a large meadow lying between the town-wall and a willow-lined river and overlooked by a massive pile of ledges crowned with a castle.[4] Lines of great elms and plane trees afforded an agreeable

shade; among them a city of booths had been constructed; and here we saw at work the mainspring of mediæval commerce.[5]

The fair not only looked like a city, but it almost was one. All classes and conditions of men had come together here, and one condition of women that could well have been spared. The fair had its own court and its own



CASTLE OVERLOOKING THE FAIR-GROUND OF BEAUCAIRE.

officers of justice. Cities like Nismes, Avignon, and Marseille were represented by their great importing merchants, real merchant-princes, who journeyed twice a year to Alexandria and passed the rest of their time leading their little caravans—escorted by armed guards of their own—to distant fairs, each of them conducted after its own peculiar laws and customs. From Genoa and Pisa and even Venice had come their enterprising rivals. True men of the world were these, both Provençals and Italians,—dignified yet urbane, shrewd yet resolute, able to negotiate in many tongues, at home in any society, and prepared for every hazard.

Besides these great wholesalers there were of course the smaller merchants ready to cut rolls of cloth into shorter bits. More numerous yet were the buyers. Many of these were in business themselves, purchasing at the great fairs to sell at lesser and more frequent ones, travelling not with a caravan but only with one or two pack-mules from fair to fair and from castle to castle. Still others, hovering about ready to snap up odds and ends, were merely pedlars, contented to carry their goods in a bundle supported by a strap around the neck and vend them from house to house in the towns. But these were not the only purchasers : many rich barons mingled with the throng, for they, or more probably their ladies, were not satisfied to rely on local fairs or travelling merchants, and preferred to select from a larger assortment and lay in fuller supplies at wholesale rates.

Certainly the stocks before us were ample, far beyond my space for the description of them. There were choice English wools woven in Flanders, and Spanish wools more valuable still. Next them was a little cotton cloth from Syria. On the other side rose great piles of linens,—the choicest of them bearing Egyptian marks. Raw silk had come from southern Italy, Sicily, Cyprus, the Isles of Greece, and the shores of the Nile. Far more important were the woven silks. These were of many qualities, from the cheap *diaspre* of Antioch to the light *cendal* (taffeta), red *cisclatons* (brocades) probably from Moorish Spain, and the rich *samite*,—the diaspre usually white, but the dearer silks glowing in many brilliant colors ; some plain, and others figured with disks, griffins, basilisks, peacocks, eagles, pheasants, tigers and elephants, roses, palms, horses, human beings, and everything else that fact or fancy could suggest. In some of the finest silks no less than six threads [6] were used, gold and silver were interwoven, and pearls and precious stones were wrought into

the designs. Many of the beautiful fabrics had literally been brought from Alexandria to the accompaniment of music; and as even these were not gorgeous enough to satisfy the luxurious taste of the day, they were flanked with piles of embroidered and bejewelled ribbons.

GOLD-EMBROIDERED SILK.
MIDDLE OF XII. CENTURY.

It is useless to enumerate. Leather worked with arabesques at Cordova answered to pins, needles,[7] and buttons from Paris; fine goblets of Venetian glass balanced great displays of pottery,[8]—much of it French, some from Italy; while oriental tapestries met the steel of Poitou and Castile.

From the moment the proclamation and the sound of a trumpet announced the opening of the fair these and a hundred other kinds of merchandise were displayed, bought, and sold. Probably, as in Quercy at the present day, lying was so much a part of the business that nobody thought it worth confessing to his priest, and so bargaining went very nimbly on. What *did* cause trouble was the endless variety of coins and the uncertain values of coins bearing the same name[9]; for many nobles and bishops had the right of minting, and a mint was liable to adopt a new standard at any time. Gold of whatever

sort was not often seen, and even silver was scarce enough to command a high price in terms of commodities.

Leaving the fair we returned to the highway and passed through the gate into the town. How the people, young and old, were swarming on all sides! What activity, what animation! It suggested a crowded Italian city like Albano, only it was more hopeful and more purposeful. Everybody seemed to have work on hand and to be intent upon doing it; for the life of the town was its trade and still more its industries. To be sure, signs of wealth did not show themselves, and the aspect of the place was rude, sordid, and even mean; but on the other hand there was an energy which prophesied a better time.

Amid the jostling throngs of the narrow, crooked streets went the hawkers and hucksters,[10] their sharp cries riding upon the Babel of men's, women's, and children's eager voices, offering for sale almost everything imaginable: wine, fish, fowl, fresh and salted meat, honey, onions, butter, "cheese from Brie," "soap from Naples," "candles brighter than the stars," "watercresses just out of the spring," milk, pepper, straw, furniture and utensils, fire-wood, charcoal, hazelnuts, chestnuts, and a score of other things. The old-clo' men were out, and there were grimy fellows offering cash for old iron. The alleys would not hold many more people; but the begging friars edged in, and after them the begging nuns.

Suddenly, while we were crossing the public square near the great elm, a new outcry was heard. The crowd managed to open a little and two persons entirely naked —a man and a woman—got past as rapidly as they could, pursued by a man with a whip.

"What does that mean?" we cried.

"Adultery," answered Aimar. "Yes," he continued, "the towns have many curious usages. At Montpellier a man who lends money at interest cannot testify in court;

a debtor compelled by process of law to pay is fined a third as much as he owed; no alloys of gold or silver are tolerated; no 'unreasonable' agreement even in writing can stand; a woman, unless a widow, cannot marry without the consent of her parents or kin; shaking hands makes a bargain legal; none but citizens can dye woollens, or sell more of them than they can carry on their persons; in wedding processions torches and open candles cannot be displayed and there can be no music but trumpets; the bridegroom is allowed neither garments of silk nor a shirt worked with gold, silver, or pearls; wedding presents are rigidly limited, and the procession cannot include more than twenty persons besides the two households."

"At Limoges a betrothal is celebrated by the relatives with a banquet of bread, cheese, salt, pepper, and ordinary wine; and, when it is time to try on the bridal crown, the young man may invite three or four friends to the lady's home, and give at his own expense another modest banquet. This is all that may be done. The money to be spent for each part of the trousseau is fixed by law, and an outfit that disregards the rigid limits is publicly burned. At the wedding feast pastry is not allowed nor even roast meat. Neither are those who marry controlled more strictly than others; for example, a baker who cheats is hung at the end of a pivoted pole and dipped a sufficient number of times in a dirty pool."

"What was the origin of the towns, and how are they governed?" I inquired.

"Many have come from the time of the Romans, or even from that of the Gauls; some have been founded by the barons for defence or for commerce, others are simply grown-up villages, and some have gathered around a monastery or a castle. Often, as you see here, there are two very distinct parts,—one, dominated by the temporal power, around the castle on the hill; the other, dominated

by the ecclesiastical power, around the church below. The methods of governing vary like the clouds—the only rule is diversity. In general the towns of the Midi are consular, while those of the north, I am told, are communes. In one way or another the citizens choose their own magistrates [12] pretty much without interference from the lord, they have their place of assembly, with its watch-tower and bell, and they have their seal and their treasury. When the watchman sees an enemy approach, the bell sounds ; and every man, whether it be day or night, must arm and go to his appointed place on the wall. All are glad to obey the summons, for they are devoted to their town, and even the lord can seldom get anything from them by fear or by favor beyond the payments required by the agreement. And if possible the artisans are even more devoted to their guilds than to their town." [13]

In its turn the city was left behind, and soon we faced the wilderness again. Just before leaving the highway for another bridle-path, we met several people one after another whose clothing was peculiarly marked.

" A good idea," observed Aimar. " The man in a grey coat with a scarlet hat is a leper, the one with a cross sewn on each side of his breast is a heretic, and that other fellow, wearing the big circle of saffron stuff on the breast of his frock—he is a Jew." [14]

We rode on then for a time through a wide and seemingly extensive forest, but finally the clearings became frequent and we saw men at work in the fields. Some of them, we learned, were serfs,[15] and their lot—about like that of the Roman slaves—was hard though not cruel, since even a kind master saw that only stern discipline could prevent them from revolting. Other laborers were peasants,—free indeed and only paying a tribute of money, produce, or labor for the land they cultivated, yet still not so much more enviable than the serf.

The cabin of a peasant and all his furniture went into the tax-list at a valuation of only a few shillings. He was under the tyranny of numberless exactions; his fields were liable to be overrun by the lord's huntsmen at any time; he was constantly exposed to famines and pestilences; he could obtain justice in his lord's court, but had to pay for it: here, a fixed price according to the nature of his case; there, a variable price according to the nature of his lord; and while his lord intended to protect him in times of war, the enemy were pretty sure to ravage his field and kill or mutilate himself and his family if they had a chance, for he was always the hindmost for the Devil to take.

The fields and laborers belonged, we supposed, to some castle; but they were in reality under ecclesiastical rule, and the monastery that occupied the place of lord was not long in presenting itself. Water and forest were the two essentials for such an establishment, according to Orderic Vital, and this one seemed amply provided with both. It gladdened our hearts to see the towers and crosses rising above the trees in the distance, and still more to come in view of the good walls, very much as the sight of land cheers the traveller by sea.

In fact, a monastery was truly a port. Within its gate every one could claim hospitality for a day, and there he found himself under a broader shield than any secular power extended. Almost as the authority of the United States covers all our separate commonwealths, there was a great ecclesiastical empire over all the kingdoms and all the fiefs. Countless tongues were spoken in Europe; but in this kingdom there was only one language, the Latin. There were constant changes and ceaseless commotions everywhere else; but here, despite bad morals, order and stability reigned. There were numberless potentates elsewhere; but the Church recognized only

one sovereign, the pope. Other governments were ruled by violence and passion, but this was governed for the most part with intelligence, and often with profound statesmanship. Everywhere else birth gave rank; but the Church was to a large extent democratic. Very naturally, then, it seemed possible, and to a great many people seemed best, that the pope should be supreme over all other authorities.

A TAPESTRY FIGURE.
EARLY IN XIII. CENTURY.

As it happened, the abbey did not belong to the order of Citeaux; and so, while the buildings were not so many as those we saw traces of at Le Thoronet nor their uses so varied, artistic adornment was far more lavish. The columns of the cloister were beautifully chiselled, and the inner wall had a series of paintings representing the miracles of our Lord. The dining-room for guests[16] was richer still, for instead of paintings there were tapestries portraying the twenty-four Elders of the Apocalypse on the sides of the room, and hunting scenes on the ends[17]; while, cut in the stone above a hooded fireplace large enough for the roasting of two oxen, we saw Dives in torment gazing up at the felicity of Lazarus.

What a contrast was the refectory of the monks, for luxury had not yet invaded it, and while at the dinner-hour the guest-room held all sorts and conditions of men from princes to beggars, crowded together in a confusion of wealth and poverty, eating and drinking, talking,

singing, telling stories, and watching joglars do their sleight-of-hand,—a true sheet of the apostle Peter, knit at the four corners and holding all manner of creatures, the refectory was occupied by the solemn brethren eating their pulse and sipping their water in the silence of death, while a novice droned off a homily from an elevated reading desk built into the wall, such as one still sees at the abbey of Mont St. Michel.

Workers, thinkers, and fighters were the trinity of mediæval civilization ; and after organized labor represented by the town, and organized intellect and learning represented by the monastery, we began to look for what lay still nearer to our personal interest, the castle, standing for the third great force,—organized military power and wealth, the power to which the troubadours were closely attached while they despised the town and often opposed the Church.

We had not long to wait ; and if the aspect of the monastery pleased us, we found ourselves delighted still more as we gazed at the fortified gateway, the battlemented walls, and the high towers of the castle, all dominated by the mighty donjon with its watch-turret aloft, and upon that a crimson banner tossing in the wind. Evidently it was a castle of the middle class, more than a fortified manor house but less than a princely or ducal fortress ; and we soon found that its owner was neither ferocious nor sodden, but a worthy representative of the new culture.

The lowered drawbridge and open doors were a sign of that unquestioning hospitality which many lords were proud to offer ; but instead of going in, as we saw others do, we preferred to let Aimar touch with the butt of his lance a sort of brazen gong that hung on the wall beside the gateway. Almost instantly the porter appeared, and bowing very low prayed us to enter. " You arrive, sirs,"

he added, "at both a lucky and an unlucky season. This morning Sir Ugo, the eldest son of Lord Enric, has become a knight. You are happily in time for the banquet, but the castle is too full to permit such entertainment as we would fain show you."

"His lordship's hospitality will be ample, if this greeting be a foretaste of it," replied my companion; "may we crave so much of it now as an account of the ceremony that we have missed?"

"A few words will explain that matter, but it would only be a pleasure to serve you with many were they needed," replied the porter with another bow. Then he went on and said: "At dusk last evening the great hall was cleared of guests, joglars, and relatives; kettles of water were carried there, and after taking a bath Sir Ugo dressed himself in fresh and elegant clothes, all furs and silks. Then he went alone—gay, but solemn, too, as was fitting—to the church yonder, and for ten hours—quite alone and all the time either standing or kneeling—he watched the sword which his young brother had placed upon the altar. Returning this morning to the castle he breakfasted and then hurried to his chamber, where my lady had spread out his costume on the bed as if it had been a bride's, everything rich and whiter than snow.

Directly he was dressed he appeared on that platform of stone at the right of the castle gate, and stopped between the two laurel trees. Two trumpets were sounded, the joglars began to play, and amid the music he came down the steps and stationed himself on the carpet that you see still on the ground. The music ceased then, and Sir Ugo's godfather put on his armor till he came to the sword. Lord Enric presented that, while a kettleful of spices was burning to the windward, telling of the great service it had done in Palestine, for it once belonged to his valorous brother, the crusader. Then Ugo bowed his head

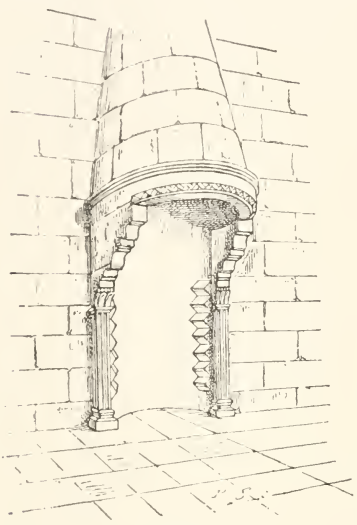
and his father gave him a staggering buffet on the neck, saying: 'Remember of what stock you are. Be brave and true; love God and protect the weak; give to the poor; and may God defend you against all your enemies.' Sir Ugo bore him up right stiffly against the buffet and answered calmly, 'May God hear you, sir. May I ever serve Him and obtain His love.'

"By this time the horse had been brought—a Spanish charger, and a noble one, he is, a present from the duke, Lord Enric's master and mine—and Sir Ugo, stepping back a little, ran and leaped into the saddle at a bound. His lance and shield were handed him; and then, followed by all the company and the joglars playing for dear life, he went down into the meadow and proved before them all how well he can manage a horse. Then he charged at a post covered with a shield and a coat of mail, and not only pierced the very centre of the shield with his lance, but even tore the post bodily from the ground,—not every one can do that, sir. Just now he is tilting against our neighbor, Sir Guilhem de Rocafolh; and after all this you will find him as light and fresh in the dance this afternoon as if he came straight from his bed." [18]

At this moment a horn sounded the call for dinner, and we proceeded to the great hall,—the first floor of the donjon, where the baron and his family resided; and there we received a most gracious and courtly welcome from both lord and lady. In a little time a numerous company were gathered about us.

The hall was a large square room—for that was the shape of the donjon [19]—divided by a row of columns and ceiled with massive beams and heavy planking well tinted with smoke from the hearth. On one side, between the two curtained windows, stood the huge fireplace beneath a conical hood painted with yellow and reddish-brown figures, and at the right of this a settle of oak extended

out into the room,—the coziest spot in the castle. At one end near the window stood an oaken table, with an impressive armchair at the head for Lord Enric, and along one side a heavy bench provided with a back, with arms dividing it into single places, and with thick cushions covered with dark green cendal. At the other end, ornamented with bright red knobs, towered a vast cupboard for clothing, arms, candles, the baron's money-box with its heavy and complicated locks, chess-boards, musical instruments, and many things besides. The lord and lady slept usually in the hall, and their bed opposite the fireplace—blessed solemnly by the priest on their wedding day—was a massive and much gilded affair, fully eight feet wide, inclined instead of level, and furnished with great pillows in embroidered cisclaton—worth fifty marks apiece—to keep the sleepers in a half-reclining posture. Curtains and a canopy enclosed it ; on the floor in front of it were the skins of two foxes killed by Lord Enric, and close by stood a candelabrum, always kept burning through the night.



A FIREPLACE.
XII. CENTURY.

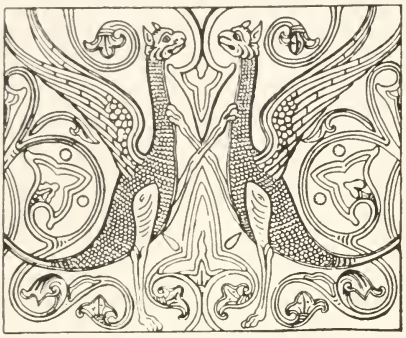
The floor of square tiles decorated with simple designs in black and brown was well covered, not with rugs and skins as in winter, but with peppermint leaves, green twigs, roses, gladioli, and lilies in honor of the occasion.

Here and there on the columns hung trophies of the chase or the battle, and over the fireplace an immense German olifant presented by the duke ; but the glory of the room —a glory that came and went with special days—was the hangings of silken embroidery worked on linen, some from Sicily, some from Poitiers, some from the Levant,—one depicting a tournament, one a hunt in full chase, another fields with trees and fat cattle and a river winding through, and the rest of them various tales from the romances. The scenes puzzled us a trifle at first, for while some of the figures were drawn with no little skill, the artist had no sense of perspective and slight regard for the real forms of things,—for example, a stick with five leaves meant a tree ; but when we became accustomed to these peculiarities we found the hangings not only rich but delightful. Still, I was curious about the wall itself ; and stealthily pushing one of the tapestries aside I found it well plastered, and painted with conventional flower patterns in yellow ochre, red, a little white, a little black, some deep blue, and scanty touches of gold.

Had the day been hot the dinner might have been served in the garden ; but as it was, more comfort could be had in the hall. About a dozen tables were brought in and set up on movable legs as we saw done at Burlatz. Each had a raised edge, a silken flounce reaching nearly to the floor, and two table-cloths,—the finer one over the coarser ; and while one side was left free for the servants, the other was occupied by a cushioned bench without back or arms. The display of dishes was really dazzling,—many plates of silver and a few of gold, ewers of brass, gilded tankards with covers and without, salt-cellars, sauce-tureens, knives of Poitou steel with gilded handles, spoons of silver and of gold—carefully counted before and after the meal, as Aimar whispered—but no forks, for the meat was cut into bits, and hands were so scrupulously

washed before and after the meal that no harm was done when they dipped into the pasties.[20]

At each place were its cup of silver or gold—many of the cups had a name and a history—and a small loaf made of sifted white flour, for at a banquet like this barley, millet, or rye would have been out of keeping ; and between each two places there stood a deep plate or bowl—some of the bowls were elegantly enamelled—to be used in common by the two neighbors. No napkins were provided, but when I called Aimar's attention to this he told me that I could use the edge of the table-cloth in a case of urgency.



A PIECE OF ENAMEL.
XIII. CENTURY.

The seneschal, a fat, bustling fellow, very quick to smile or frown, was just now the greatest man in the castle, for he it was that seated the company, and no little tact and knowledge were needed to arrange so many in the order of their degree. After considerable delay, however, and some bristling among the guests, the feat was accomplished. At the head of the first table sat Lord Enric of course, clad in a purple bliaut dotted with golden stars. Next him was placed the highest ecclesiastic,—the abbot of the monastery we had passed, and then the highest lord,—the viscount of the town. My comrade was conducted to this table, while I was given a seat at one a little way off, and Aimar went contentedly to the foot of the hall. Members of the lord's family were scat-

tered among the guests to do the honors, and here and there a lady, paired with a knight, was to dip her hand in the same bowl ; but no children under seven were admitted.

When Lord Enric seated himself, all the rest could sit ; and they were not slow either to sit or to eat. Over the lord's table was this in Latin : " When at table think first of the poor ; for when you feed him you feed God " ; but such a text has always been appreciated best on a full stomach. Happily the meats already waiting had not cooled, for they had been carefully covered ; and it only remained to fall to.

Usually the lord's dinner was quite simple, though the Provençals, while more prudent and economical, were also fonder of good eating than the French of the north : he would be served with a plate or two of meat, a fish, perhaps a dish of vegetables, and then most likely something spicy for dessert ; but a banquet was another thing, for comfort, not sumptuousness and magnificence, was the lack of these bygone centuries and especially of our period, —the climax of the Middle Ages, as Quicherat has called it.

Instead of soup and fish, venison came first,—a stag roasted whole and served in vast pieces with hot pepper-sauce, followed with wild boar and a sauce of pepper and cloves. The next four courses were peacocks, swans, chickens fried in lard, and roast capons with clove sauce, all brought and removed expeditiously by servants and handsomely dressed esquires under the direction of the seneschal.[21] Wild birds of various kinds came on then, followed with pies of deer, pigeon, and pheasant. From several of the pheasant pies, live birds escaped; and when the company wearied of their fluttering about the room, hawks were loosed and the pleasure of sport was enjoyed for a few minutes.

Fish came next. Had we been at Bordeaux we might have tasted some of its perch, famous from the time of Ausonius, or in the region of the Loire might have enjoyed the most highly prized salmon of France ; but as it was, though some of the fish had been brought at great expense from the sea, eel-pie was the only dish of this course regarded with much favor.

Cakes of many kinds, tarts, dates, figs, pomegranates, and other fruits appeared at this point, but they aroused little enthusiasm ; and then came the true delight of the banquet, the spices,—ginger, cloves, nutmegs, and even pepper ; for were they not pleasant themselves, and did they not create a rapturous thirst ? By this time indeed thirst required some urging, for the tankards had been replenished with each new course, and the wines, especially those mixed with perfumes, spices, and still more with honey and with pepper, had flowed abundantly.[22] Hands were then washed again, little mirrors were passed for the use of the ladies, the tables were cleared of everything except wine, the joglars—who had been sawing away unnoticed—began to have some attention, the noise of tongues, which had grown rather boisterous toward the close of the feast—especially at the lower end of the hall —was attuned more gently, and loud laughter was hushed again as the maxims of good breeding dictated.

At my friend's table, so he told me, the conversation had a distinctly aristocratic flavor.

" Yes," observed one, " the peasants do suffer; but they are only fit for toil, and it is best they know their place."

At this the viscount spoke up rather sharply. " I wish the rabble in my town could be made to know *their* place. Years ago there appeared—nobody knew from where—a very mean-looking child, and all agreed to call him Little Scabby. As he grew bigger he earned money by carrying meat about the town, and came to be known as Martin

Scabby. Whatever he gained he put out at interest, and gradually he rose to be Master Martin. As he grew rich he was called Sir Martin ; and at present—fat, opulent, and proud—he is greeted as Lord Martin. I have had to receive many whom I would rather have kept outside my gates, and in the end I suppose the townsmen will force *him* upon me."

" It is too bad," answered another noble. " Nobody can foresee how adventurers will get on. I heard the other day of a case at Paris. A fellow at King Philippe's court said to the king : ' Lord, I have served you many years and have asked for no reward, but now I would like a favor that will cost you nothing.' ' What is it ? ' said his master. ' Only this,' was the answer, ' to be allowed to whisper one paternoster in your ear every day in the presence of the full court.' The king wondered but consented ; and, as the fellow anticipated, every one took it that he was deep in the king's confidence, and began to load him with presents and attentions."

At my own table the conversation was in a lighter vein, chiefly about hunting, tournaments, and love affairs ; but there were some contests of wit, and I observed the truth of what Daude de Pradas once remarked : " An ill thing said adroitly gets the better of a good thing said clumsily." I was especially interested by a young lady sitting near me, who seemed to anticipate the rules of Amanieu de Sescas.[23] Evidently she had used the mirror, as he enjoined, to see that every cord and ribbon was in place ; no garment showed the least rip; her wine was plentifully mixed with water ; when a servant was not at hand she waited a little for the knight at her side to help her ; she avoided calling the attention of those about her to this and that delicacy ; plainly she understood that " a shrill, clamorous young lady is not agreeable," and especially, as her guarded manner indicated, she thought like Sescas,

"All is not gold that shines." As the rules of good breeding enjoined, she was very careful never to take large morsels or to drink before her mouth was clear [24]; like all the more elegant of the banqueters she took food only with her thumb and two fingers; and I noticed that she followed Hugues de St. Victor [25] in saying little until the dessert came on.

At Aimar's table there were several young esquires who keenly envied Sir Ugo, the new-made knight, and were so impatient for a similar entrance into real life as hardly to care for the banquet. To relieve the gloom, one of the youngest broke in: "Peire Vidal says in one of his songs, 'Doubled a thousand times as much as the reckoning of the chess-board'; what does that mean?" No one replied. "Why this: a priest in India taught a king to play chess, and for reward he asked one grain of wheat for the first square on the board, two grains for the second square, four for the third, and so on."

"That did n't signify much," growled one of the others.

"You think so!" cried the first; "Father Joan told me that it amounted to 16,384 cities, with 1024 granaries in each, and in every granary 174,762 measures, each containing 32,768 grains of wheat. What think you now?"

Finally, while the joglars played the airs, all joined in a few familiar songs; then grace was said; the guests rose; the viscount, the abbot, and some others—after thanking Lord Enric for his hospitality—took leave singly of all the ladies whom they knew, and rode home; and the rest of the party withdrew to their rooms to sleep a little "first on the right side and then on the left," for, as Bartholomew of Glanvilla taught, "when the fume of the food has entered the brain we sleep easily."

But after no long time the company was again assembled in the hall—now cleared of the tables and benches—

fresh and ready for amusement. Dancing began, now to the playing of the joglars, now to the singing of the dancers themselves. In one corner chess, and in another "*tables*"—a sort of backgammon[26]—were played, while in a third dice were thrown, most of the players, whether men or women, sitting on rugs or cushions placed upon the floor. Then one of the guests, Sir Jaufre, well known for his exploits in Palestine, was prevailed upon to tell of some of his experiences there ; and after that several of the company repeated stories.

BACKGAMMON.
EARLY IN XIII. CENTURY.

One related how, when Homer was forbidden to enter the king's palace in his mean apparel but found himself welcomed in a richer costume, he gave thanks for his reception not to the king but to his clothes. Another told of a king of Castile who was prayed by his soldiers to return home because a flock of crows met them, and replied that none of the crows were over four years old, while he had fought the Saracens for more than twenty years, and so knew more about it than they could. Another had a story of a fortune-teller, who made her son steal the cattle of a rich peasant and then recommend the peasant to his mother : the fortune-teller gained a deal of money and credit by recovering the cattle. The fourth tale was more laughable : once, when a solemn procession was passing a house, a pet monkey leaped upon the shoulders of an old lady, tore off her wig, and bore it in triumph to the eaves of the house. The fifth was the very story that instructs our school-children today : the old man, the boy, and the

ass, the question which should carry the others, and the moral that one cannot please everybody.

I kept my eye meantime on the young lady who had attracted my attention at dinner, and saw that she still followed the maxims approved by Sescas. Once a young knight pressed her very closely with protestations of love, yet she displayed no sullenness or irritation.

"Oh, Sir Raimon," she said to him as soon as he gave her an opportunity, "I 've been wishing to have your opinion. Tell me now frankly: which ladies are the more beautiful, those of Gascony or those of England?"

"Those of Gascony, beyond a doubt," answered her persecutor.

She gave him no time to resume his former topic. "Pray pardon me, sir; but I think the English ladies the fairest in the world. Lady Agnes and Sir Gui, come to my aid, if you please. We are discussing here whether the ladies of England or those of Gascony are the more beautiful, and I stand for the English. Am I not right?"

I smiled, for I knew that had the knight chosen the other side he would have found the lady preferred the Gascons; and presently, as I anticipated, she slipped quietly out of the debate, and made her way to the opposite side of the hall.

At another time, standing near one of the deep recesses made necessary by the thickness of the wall wherever there was a window, I observed Sir Jaufre and Lady Brunessen, a wealthy *châtelaine* of the neighborhood, seated on one of the ledges or projecting seats of stone usually built on the sides of these recesses. They were evidently in earnest conversation, but their manner was at first exceedingly gay and light.

"Sir, your coming has given us all great pleasure and happiness. May the land prosper from which you came,

and the king that sent you ; and most of all your lady-friend so far away ! ''

'' Yes, when I have such a friend; for I tell you truly I have none as yet.''

'' It cannot be that you, with a courage and a mind like yours, have no good lady-friend.''

'' She has me but I have not her,—not in the least.''

'' Does she know that you are hers ? ''

'' Lady, by heaven I know not ; not unless her own wit has discovered it ; I have told her nothing.''

'' Then you can find no fault with her. If you will not show your hurt, whose fault will it be if you die of it ? Not hers, but yours. Whoever needs a fire, goes to find it.''

'' True, lady ; but she is so exalted that I dare not ask her love. For her love would be an honor to any emperor, so great are her beauty, her rank, and her estates.''

'' By your leave, sir, that is but folly, for king and emperor stand no better in love than other courtly men. Good qualities count more in that matter than rank or estates ; and your worth is such that no lady, whoever she be, could refuse you her love.''

'' Your pardon, lady ; it is your kindness that makes you speak of me so. But if you will be pleased to aid me with her that rules me completely and can make me live or die, you will be my salvation.''

'' Sir, nothing that I can do shall remain undone.''

At this the knight began to sigh, and both voices became so low that I could make out nothing ; but after a little I caught these fragments : '' You are death and you are life to me. . . . You are my joy and my anguish. . . . You are she for whom I burn. . . . You are the one that holds the key of all my good, of all my ill. . . .''

By this time it was getting on toward evening, and we

all went out for a stroll, while the younger folks played tennis.[26] Returning when the watchman's horn announced the close of day, we found the tables again set up in the hall, candles and lamps placed upon them and also on iron brackets fixed in the sides of the chimney, the joglars tuning up, and supper waiting.[27] This was an ample repast, beautified with fresh roses and violets, but of course not equal to the dinner. We lingered at the tables, talking and drinking piment deliciously flavored with honey and spices, but finally the room was cleared

TENNIS.
XIII. CENTURY.

and there was more dancing. Every one began to feel tired, however, and sitting down on the rugs and cushions —a few on the flowers and leaves themselves—we listened to the tales and songs of the joglars—such of their endless repertory as they thought the company would like best, some in prose and some in verse, and either told with great liveliness or chanted to the sound of the viol, harp, or lute.

Charlemagne was one of the principal themes, for his legend, already in existence while he lived, grew afterward with astonishing vigor until finally he was canonized, and churches in Germany, Switzerland, and Navarre held services in his honor. Another was Alexander[28] the Great, the first ancient hero sung in the popular tongue,

who was transformed during the twelfth century from a Macedonian king into a feudal prince. Wise Cato, Cæsar "fearless in the storm," the worthies of the Bible and Apocrypha, Lancelot and the Round Table, the Old Man of the Mountain and his assassins, were all passed over for once. So were Æneas and Dido, Eteocles and Polynices, Dædalus and "silly Icarus," Hero and Leander, Orpheus and Eurydice, Jason and the watchful dragon; but the Trojan War and Tristan and Yseult [29] occupied a good share of the time.

A CHAIR OF STATE.
XII. CENTURY.

Finally it was the hour for sleep, and wine reappeared. Then the keys of the castle were brought Lord Enric, the watchman made his report, the household scattered, and the guests were conducted with torches, candles, or lanterns to their rooms. My place was an honorable one,—to sleep with Sir Ugo, and we mounted by the sombre staircase built in the thickness of the wall to a chamber occupying half of the third and highest floor of the donjon. The room, plastered and painted much like the hall, and spread with fir twigs, odorous rushes, and roses, contained a fireplace, a crucifix on the wall above it, three ivory statuettes of saints on a shelf, two long clothes-chests that were also seats,—one of them covered with leather and the other with painted cloth and both adorned with plaques

of iron,—one armchair, and two canopied beds to be occupied by four persons. More than two hours, I should think, we lay and chatted, as the custom was ; and Ugo told me all about his horse, hawks, and dogs, and his dreams of love and fame, as if I had been an old friend, asking my advice on this point and that with charming frankness.

Owing to the crowded state of the castle its mistress gave up her place, and went with three other ladies to the apartment under the hall and above the dungeon, which served either as a guest-room or an infirmary ; and my friend was invited to sleep with Lord Enric,—the highest honor that could be paid him. Aided by an esquire, the baron took off all his clothes and put nothing on. His drawers and shirt were placed under his pillow, and the rest of his garments hung on a bar ; freshly lighted candles were set on the candelabrum ; and, with his favorite dog already dozing under the bed, Lord Enric settled himself after less than an hour of chat for a hearty sleep, leaving his poor bedfellow, almost smothered by the avalanche of clothes, to do the same if he could.

" Dear to me is the soft breeze, the season [of spring], the month [of May], the chatter, the laughter, the gladness, the singing, and the sweet confusion [of sounds] that rises as the morning opens " : very pleasantly came these words of Guiraut de Borneil to my mind as I sat up in bed the next morning. For I was not the first who awoke ; not only the servants and many of the family and guests but Sir Ugo and the baron himself had been astir for some time.

Later my friend told me how the day began in the hall. The watchman on the turret of the donjon, after saluting the break of day with a few notes on his horn, descended to the hall, awoke Lord Enric, and made his report. The baron stretched himself well a few times, put on his shirt,

drawers, and stockings while still in bed, and according to the rule of hygiene scratched his head thoroughly to drive away the heavy vapors that had gone up there during sleep. Next, springing lightly to the floor or rather to one of the fox-skins, he washed his eyes, mouth, face, and hands in a vessel of water brought in by an esquire, and immediately prostrating himself on the floor, with his head to the east and his arms outstretched in the form of a cross, he offered a brief prayer. Next he put into his mouth a bit of gentian,[30] chewing it and passing it around his teeth to preserve them, and then aided by the esquire gayly completed his toilet. Instead of the usual electuary or the bit of sugar steeped in rose-juice, he was brought a silver cup, and presenting it first to his bedfellow he said : " Taste this wormwood fair and clear, I beg, for it is the month of May," and afterward took a liberal swallow himself. Next he perfumed his garments with the odor of the violet,[31] and proceeded in a hooded mantle to the church ; for mass was said or sung every morning, and quite commonly there was also a service before dinner and another before supper.

Piety was in fact very general in those days—at least piety of the nerves—but the kind was peculiar. The brave chevalier knelt very humbly ; but he prayed perhaps for the success of a questionable love affair, or even a marauding expedition,—in short, whatever he had at heart. Or perhaps his prayer was only a string of formulæ, taught him one day by a hermit whom he chanced upon in the forest. One of these highly valued orisons consisted of the seventy-two names of God—Hebrew, Greek, and Latin—one after another ; whoever had this in writing on his person was counted sure of making a good end. There was no discrimination in such matters, no questioning ;—anything the father had believed was good enough for the son. Side by side with an almost

childlike faith in a personal wonder-working deity there dwelt in men's minds a thoroughly pagan belief in fate, in magic, in astrology; and the *Sortes Apostolorum* [32] was venerated as a part of God's holy revelation.

Anyhow the baron prayed at considerable length, then walked about for a few minutes, and returning to his donjon talked a little while with some of his guests. We breakfasted [33] with him then on a dish of savory meat, some fine bread, and bright red wine, observing that our host ate very sparingly and took but a sip of water at the end of the meal. The time had come now for our departure, and resisting all their courtly urgings to remain for a longer sojourn or at least for another day, we returned awkwardly enough the kisses of Lord Enric and Sir Ugo, mounted, and rode away with their parting salutation in our ears: "May the King of Paradise guard and save you!"

"And what will his lordship do this forenoon?" I inquired of my companion.

"Just the question I asked him," was the answer. "First he will have a nap. Then the castle will be formally opened, and the baron will administer justice in the court-house of his domain,—that is to say, the hall of the donjon; after that he will arrange household affairs with his wife, hold a conference with his bailiff, settle disputes, direct the pursuit of criminals, plan a tournament, and perhaps decide upon a pilgrimage. Then, should the day turn out fair, he will kick off his soft shoes, pull on heavy boots of cordovan, and go a-hunting or possibly a-fishing; should it rain, he can warm himself by the hearth with an eye out the window meanwhile, play chess, throw dice, chat with visitors, or listen to a joglar newly arrived with fresh stories and fresh songs. Besides, I rather suspect he has a quarrel to muse upon, and a possible war to consider." [34]

Riding along, I began to reflect upon the world of the troubadours.

Things were marvellously complex then, for they had grown instead of being made, and they had grown under every sort of strain and stress. Arles, for example, was divided into four quarters, and each quarter had its lord, while the city as a whole was divided between two suzerains. A man might have three or even four lords : this is a suggestion of the possibilities, and about all the possibilities appear to have been realized. Then, after one has untangled the skein of secular authorities, one must begin over again with the bishops and monasteries, for Charlemagne had knitted Church and State together, and the loops multiplied.

Yet below the surface there was an astonishing simplicity. To speak roundly, there were no individuals, only organic life, groups, masses; for at that time isolation meant destruction. There were serfs, villeins, goldsmiths, dyers, knights, priests, nobles ; and of such groups the world was made up. At Montpellier, for example, a single money-changer had no ballot, but the body of money-changers had ten votes for two consuls, and gave one of its ten votes to the pepper-merchants. Man, as man, did not exist. Every person was simply a drop in some little pool or in some great lake,—in short, destitute of that personal freedom which our forefathers toiled for centuries to gain, and which corporations and labor-unions are now toiling together to destroy.

But the new era was opening : in the songs of the troubadours we catch the note of that individual life which was to have the shaping of the modern world, and this is no slight claim upon our attention.

So passed the day. As evening drew on, the storm ceased, and the level beams of the sun filled the eastern

sky with a double bow. We sallied out then for a walk, and found it easy to realize that we were just at the heart of troubadour-land. The clouds were being swiftly folded away like a mantle. Tiptoe on the dark mountain hovered pale Selene, a girlish crescent. One by one the great watch-stars came out and took post for the night. Falling drops were musical in the trees; and the soft air, shyly caressing our faces, breathed upon us the scentless perfume of unspeakable freshness.

XXXII

VENTADOUR

Bernart de Ventadorn

ABOUT a league and a half to the east of Egletons lie the church and hamlet of Moustier Ventadour.[1] The ruined castle of mediæval Ventadorn is a quarter of a mile farther on, and the way is through a lane.

Now an alley is better than a street, a road better than an alley, a lane better than a road ; and the superlative of all lanes is the lane of Ventadour. Nature more artistic than art, is its motto ; disorder more orderly than order, is its rule.

To begin with, it is never straight ; and one could not possibly guess an instant beforehand which way it would turn, whether it would go up, or whether it would go down. Neither could one guess what screen it would throw up to hide behind. Here it is properly walled in ; there it dashes boldly across the open. Here the fields are above your head ; there they fall away in slopes on either hand. Blackthorn changes off with aubepine, and that with sweetbriar. An elm hands you along to a fir-tree, a larch to an oak. The broom is forever thrusting its bright yellow blossoms among the shrubbery, and is not afraid even to confront a rose. The greenish blossoms of the hemp give us a homely greeting. Holly reminds us that once the English tongue was spoken here. A tumble-down line of big stones ends in a huge clump of

ferns, and then a wall of apple branches covered with long grey moss begins. A fence of wickerwork full of the green shoots of pushing medlars comes next. Soon a gnarled oak thrusts out a twisted branch, and the path, taking fright, darts instantly into a grove of pines and birches. Wheat up to the shoulder guards the lane next ; and then we come to stones again, upholstered with deep yellow moss. Here stands an ancient cross of oak,

AT MOUSTIER VENTADOUR.

weather-beaten to the core. The lane opens. Around a miniature common are three or four cottages of stone. The high-peaked roofs of thatch come almost down to the ground, with dormers like birds' nests perched midway. A grapevine runs around below the eaves. Lilacs bend far out over the garden walls. On one side is a patriarchal chestnut, and beneath it a stone crucifix that has marked perhaps its thousand years. And all the way along, marguerites and clover, buttercups and forget-me-nots, have

been sown with open hands, and in the trees birds have not been sparing of songs. Such is the overture to Ventadorn.

The lane ends at a short neck of open ground, only two or three rods in width. Two great fosses evidently crossed it in the olden time. Beyond is a small peninsula rising, I should think, three or four hundred feet between two sinuous and brawling streams that unite here ; and on the ridge of the peninsula stand the ruins of the castle.

At Moustier we left our carriage, and I found a man to carry my camera.

What a cute little man he was ! How his thin short legs vibrated after my long ones, as I circumnavigated the castle for points of view ! How astonished he was to see the Monsieur get up and down the ledgy ground so fast ! How he regretted putting on his Sunday clothes and the little round black hat, so close and hot ! But the scrambling was done at last, and while I climbed back to the height he provided us a lunch. It was only bread, cheese, and wine, but when did anything ever taste so good ? Good though it was we made short work of it, however, and then set ourselves to examine the ruins in detail.

They form a roughly drawn rectangle. At the northwest toward the lane was the old gateway, opening into the castle enclosure through a long arched passage, now filled with débris and guarded only by a great locust tree. The passage was only wide enough for two horsemen abreast, I should judge, and so was easily blocked in the way of an enemy. In the middle of the northeastern side is the donjon, mantled thick with the foliage and the shining black berries of the ivy. The top has long since crumbled, and in the place of battlements and banners are evergreens and white birches and a tangle of shrubbery.

On this side the wall is high still ; but on the other it is nearly gone, leaving under the pines a row of solemn

fragments, like the tombs along the Appian Way. One end of the court is filled with pines, the body-guard of a superb fir, and the other with pears and apples, holding yet a few sturdy blossoms. Here is greensward of the freshest grass, there a carpet of scented needles from the pines. Strawberries are blooming against the walls; blackberry vines have woven a maze of greenery in a corner. A dozen sorts of wild-flowers—red, white, pink, yellow, blue—and twenty kinds of elfin leaves find room between the stones and among the clover, white and red. And over every wall and every heap of ruins the ivy, moss, and shrubbery, the ferns and the roses, are holding their summer carnival.

But the tale is not done. Around the northern end of the castle is a thick grove. Pines and larches, oaks and chestnuts, have gathered there shoulder to shoulder. Some look over the wall into the court, some are almost slipping down the declivity. White birches and quivering aspens lighten the dark foliage. Turtle-doves and ring-doves and nightingales flit among the branches; swallows and a few larks are soaring in the sky above.

Is this all? By no means. Leave the court by a postern-gate on the side opposite the grove and you find yourself in the old garden, walled by sheer precipices and crumbling parapets draped with every device of shrubbery and vine. At the end of it, perched on the very brink of the rock, is a *maisonnette* or pavilion—a single room with cellar and attic—centuries old but still kept in tolerable repair, its thatch gilded with moss. The garden, shaded once, I fancy, with a lofty pine, the usual decoration of a palace court or garden, is now set with pear trees and sown with grasses and wild-flowers.

Here we rest on the low parapet among the medlars, looking down to the rivers and looking abroad upon the orchards and the groves, the rounded granite hills clothed

with forests of chestnuts, and the fields pasturing those red cattle which Michelet thought so characteristic of Limousin. The breeze, ever freshening and ever dying away, soughs in the pines and flutters in the aspens. In the stillness not the birds only but every leaf seems to have a tongue. Even a cord attached to my camera sings out richly in the wind. What beauty is lacking? Ventadorn was a great fortress once; when it fell into English hands in the later days even the terrible Du Guesclin could not recover it. But now it is better than a fortress: it is a poem,—no, a volume of poetry.

Here is the wild ballad verse of ivy, bush, and blossom. The epic of gorge and precipice, of tower and wall is here. Here is the lyric of sun and sky, the tuneful river, the breeze, the unseen chorus of nightingales, and the lark at heaven's gate. Then history has filled the volume with pictures, and romance has filled it with music; until in all the world, so far as I have been, there is no spot where so many strands of charm and interest are interwoven in so delightful a pattern. And finally, to all the mute poetry, the silent history, and the dumb romance, we must add that which speaks, that which sings; for this was the home of Bernart de Ventadorn, and the cradle of what is most really "Provençal song."

How long-ago and yet how present the story seems!

One can still make out the wide-sweeping zigzags by which the castle was approached in the time of the troubadours. There, on a day like this, at almost exactly the middle point of the twelfth century, a little cavalcade crept slowly up from the valley. Rounding the northern end of the castle it passed through the grove, entered the arched passage on the western side, and appeared in the court.

First rode the viscount of Ventadorn, Eble III. He bore perhaps a little too much of that lordly and confident

air which bridges you fifty difficulties but ends by dropping you plumply into a deeper cleft than any of them ; but he was courtly and fine-looking, with an open face and a hearty manner. One could see at a glance that he loved the pleasure and refinement of the new culture. Indeed, it could scarcely have been otherwise. His father, the second Eble, was not only a rich lord but a troubadour himself, one of the very earliest ; and his taste for poetry, even more than his wit and good-nature, had endeared him to that great duke of Aquitaine whose figure is looming up before us.

Next him rode the viscountess, one of the daughters of Turenne, a name destined to be glorious in the annals of France. Her face was beautiful but crossed by a shade of irritation, a touch of anger, for there had been words between her and the viscount.

Then came a man of average height, well filled out—in fact inclined just perceptibly to stoutness—who discreetly rode a pace or two behind her ladyship, keeping his eyes fixed upon her, and wearing a look of deep interest,—even anxiety. You would have seen nothing remarkable about him save his eyes,—large, eloquent, purposeful, too, but neither bold nor crafty. When he spoke, his voice was peculiarly pleasing,—low but perfectly clear, with rich overtones, and full of the "Mesopotamian" quality of sympathy and unction.

His name was Bernart.[2] A serving-woman was his mother, one so humble that, as Peire d'Alvernhe said, she gathered twigs to heat the oven ; and his father—by the book—helped bake the bread in times of peace, and in war fought as a common bowman. But the former viscount—the "Singer," as people called him—took a deep interest in the boy, educated him after the manner of the times—probably in a monastery school—taught him to make verse, and encouraged his young talent. He grew

VENTADOUR FROM THE EAST.

up, in fact, like a boy of quality, and now rode with the young viscount and his lady almost as an equal.[3]

Bernart and the viscountess dismounted; the attendants led their horses away to the stables; Eble turned back after a little conversation and rode slowly down the hill; Bernart disappeared; and Lady Margarida mounted to her boudoir in the second story of the donjon.[4]

It was a beautiful room, occupying one half of the space, and separated by curtains from the other half, the sleeping apartment; for the lord of Ventadorn and his lady had the most cultured taste of the day, and wealth enough to gratify it amply. The floor, not of the usual tiles, but of white marble cut in squares, was nearly covered with an exquisite rug, the finest work of Poitiers, while here and there lay the skin of a fox or a wolf. At intervals around the wall stood pillars of blue limestone with bases of marble—cut, as the workmen proudly declared, like those of Solomon—and crowned with capitals of red sardonyx. Between the pillars, plaques of enamel decorated with various patterns in colors were set here and there in the masonry; but nearly all of these were hidden with rich hangings of Palermo tapestry in which could be read the tales of Floris and Blancaflor, of Landrics and Aya, and of Tristan and Yseult.

Above the fireplace had been set a round mosaic about two and a half feet in diameter representing St. Martial, —a French design executed by Italian artists. In the centre knelt the saint clad in a blue mantle lined with red, the folds of which were marked with lines of black. His arms, raised toward heaven, showed the green and white sleeves of his bliaut. The pose of the head was rather stiff; but the shape of it and the features, done in black and red upon a white ground, were far from displeasing, especially at a little distance. About the figure lay a field of gilt glass in little squares, on which the name

of the artist was inscribed in black stones ; while around the whole ran a legend, forming a border in green, white, and black.

In one corner stood a priedieu, with a small crucifix of gilded brass on the wall above it. Upon the crucifix was inlaid the figure of the Saviour in ivory, with a loin-cloth and a nimbus of varicolored enamel; and before it burned a small hanging lamp of brass : lizards crawling up the bowl of the lamp held the chains in their mouths. On the right an oaken chest, carved at the corners, gave out a faint odor of musk : evidently it held the lady's wardrobe. On a table at the left stood a work-box brought from Constantinople,—an oblong case covered with embossed and gilded leather. Upon this had been placed her ladyship's jewel-case, a present from Guilhem, the troubadour-duke of Aquitaine, to the former viscountess. This was a casket of ivory, elaborately ornamented with engraved and gilded plates of silver, like that in the treasury of the cathedral of Bayonne—only simpler, as the work of an earlier day would be—and like that a product of Arab skill ; and beside the box were a roll of manuscript—doubtless poems—wrapped in white samite, and a goblet of chased gold wrought by the goldsmith monks of Limoges.

Light entered the room by two windows rather small and necessarily very deep. They were set with Poitou glass, rough and uneven but admirable for the time, and shaded with curtains of pale blue silk, the gauzy fabric of Mosul, embroidered around the edges. Between the windows extended a divan upholstered in pale yellow brocade. The cushions were covered with a light blue cendal that had come by the way of Alexandria and Venice from the silk looms of Persia, and around their edges ran a wide border of embroidery in gold,—a vine pattern, enclosing alternately nightingales and larks worked in violet silk.

On one of the cushions lay a bunch of ostrich feathers that served as a fan, with a crystal scent-box beside it, the lid of which was of pure gold with a large ruby in the centre ; and a harp leaned against the wall near by.[5]

The viscountess laid aside her outer garments ; and then, brushing past the palms and other green plants that partly filled the recesses of the windows, threw the casements open. Next, sitting down on the edge of the divan, she drew off her gloves of chamois worked with gold-thread, and changed her riding boots for dainty low slippers of purple brocade, embroidered by Christina, the prioress of Margate, a lady famous for her needlework, and presented to her by Bernart. There was a rose on the top of each slipper worked in colors with no little skill, though it was fifty years too early for embroidered flowers to appear in the forms of nature ; and the viscountess, leaning forward with her clasped hands resting on her knees, gazed absent-mindedly at the two little feet thrust side by side from beneath her robe, and the two roses that adorned them.

Her features, piquant and sharply accented but fine and somewhat over-delicate, revealed her character: imperious but not strong, passionate but not masterful. Her charms could not fail to inspire love, and the hauteur that pointed every grace only rendered her a more tempting conquest. The loveliness of the scene, however, would have left but very few observers cool enough to analyze the viscountess. Beauty of form, of attitude, and of expression combined to make an exquisite picture, and while she mused, the sunny breeze lifted now and then a blonde tress on her forehead that had escaped from its braid, and the birds of the grove, singing as they are singing now, wove on and on amid the stillness delightful and intricate music, like golden lace on the edge of a dark mantle.

After a few minutes the curtain at the entrance of the

boudoir was gently pushed aside, and Bernart entered. The viscountess greeted him with a look that was proud and would fain have been scornful, and he met the look with an air of the fullest deference but without a trace of timidity.

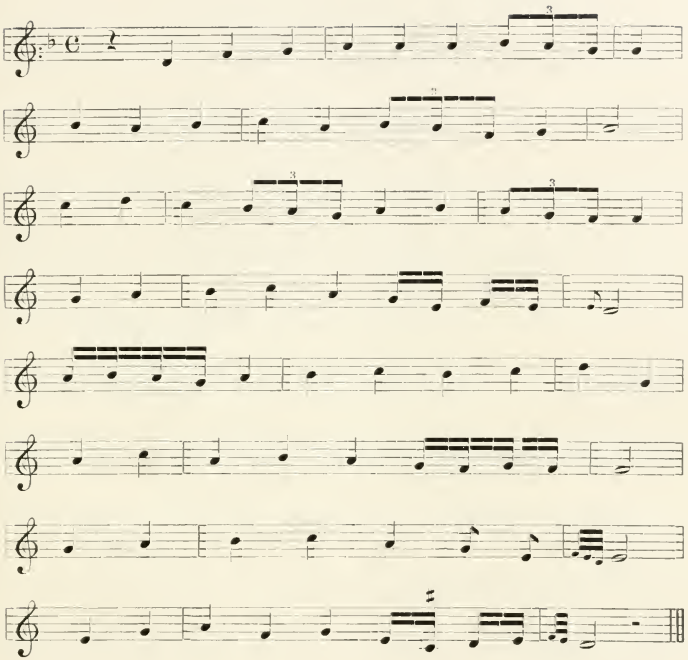
The two gazed at each other a moment in silence, and it was evident that the one had authority,—the other, power.

"Well, Bernart," she began defiantly, with a touch of petulance; but her eyes fell before his tender yet steady glance and her tone sank with them. "I understand; you have come to give me one more song."

"A song is not much to offer when I would give my life," he answered, accepting for the moment the construction of his visit that she tried to fix upon him. "Yes, a farewell song," he continued.[6] "Ever since you bade me leave you it has been haunting my thoughts: now I will be free of it"; and taking the harp from the wall he played a few notes as a prelude, and then sang:

Whene'er the lark's glad wings I see
  Beat sunward 'gainst the radiant sky
Till, lost in joy so sweet and free,
  She drops, forgetful how to fly,—
    Ah, when I view such happiness
      My bosom feels so deep an ache,
    Meseems for pain and sore distress
      My longing heart will straightway break.

Alas, I thought I held the key
  To love! How ignorant am I!
For her that ne'er will pity me
  I am not able to defy;
    My loving heart, my faithfulness,
      Myself, my world, she deigns to take,
    Then leaves me bare and comfortless
      To longing thoughts that ever wake.



THE ORIGINAL MUSIC OF "WHEN'ER THE LARK'S GLAD WINGS" IN MODERN NOTATION.

Henceforth all ladies I will flee,—
No more in hope or trust I 'll sigh ;
Oft have I been their guarantee,
But now for champion let them hie
Where'er they will ; for one could bless
My life, yet binds me to the stake ;
They 're all alike, and I profess
That all alike I now forsake.

Pity is lost! How can it be?
On that I thought I could rely.
Where shall I seek it now, for she
That owes the most hath least supply?
The wrong—ah, how shall words express,
When she who could the torment slake
Of one who craves nor more nor less,
Lets death the longing wretch o'ertake?

But since my lady hears no plea,
Scorns justice, mercy will deny,
And smiles to see me on my knee,
I plead no more,—I say good-bye ;
Good-bye to all I would possess!
She strikes : my death shall answer make ;
She bids : heart-sick I acquiesce,
And welcome exile for her sake.[1]

It was evident that voice and song had not failed entirely of effect, for Margarida's cheeks told the story hidden in her downcast eyes. Bernart studied her both tenderly and keenly for a long moment ; and then, after another short prelude on the harp, he sang with all the depth and sweetness of his voice another song, composed under very different circumstances and fraught for both their hearts with very different emotions.

It is no wonder if I sing
A better song than all the rest,
For Love is mightier in my breast,
My life a fitter offering ;

For heart and body, mind and sense
Are given to Love, and all my might,
Nor can I turn to left or right,—
The rein toward love is drawn so tense.

Dead is the heart with redolence
Of some sweet love no longer blest,
And he is but a tiresome guest
Who lives and yet of love repents;
God hate me not enough to bring
That curse on me! I 'd see the light
No more when life is dull and trite,
Nor still to longing love I cling.

'T is but the truth upon this ring:
I love the fairest and the best;
Too much I love her, as attest
The sighs that well, the tears that spring;
Yet how escape? Love ne'er relents,
But holds me still in prison tight:
Ah, Mercy's key, though small and slight—
If but it would—could save me thence.

Love smites my heart with violence
So sweet that dying I am blest
Ten times an hour with cheer and zest
That bring life back yet more intense;
So dear the pains my heart that wring,
Their loss no gladness could requite;
Oh, how love's bliss will give delight,
Since love is pleasant though it sting!

Good lady, I ask not a thing
Except to serve at your behest;
Whatever boon reward my quest
I 'll serve as vassal serves his king;
Behold! In true obedience
A gay and courtly heart I plight;
You 're neither bear nor lion—quite—
To kill me if I cease defence."

Still the viscountess did not look up nor utter a word,

and after a pause Bernart began to speak,—but slowly, very slowly at first, and with many a break.

"Lady, what are you going to do with me who love you so? . . . God help me, for I never loved anything so much! I cannot sleep morning nor evening, for at night when I go to my couch the nightingale sings and cries, and I who used to sing die with longing and heaviness. . . . Since we were both children I have loved you, and my love has kept on doubling every day of the year; and when you are old I shall still be asking you for your good-will if you do not show me love and favor before that. . . . I never was aware till I was in the midst of the fire. Never did I think that your smiling lips would betray,—for you slew me with a sweet kiss. . . . Time goes and comes and returns,—days, months, years; and I know not what to say, for my love is still strong, still strong and changeless. . . . What will become of me, what will it be worth to live, when I no longer see you at the window,—beautiful and fresh as the snow at Christmas? . . . I ask no other favor but that when none can see it you turn your spiritual eyes upon me, with a look so long that one day will seem to me like a hundred. . . . It is right that a woman grow tender toward him that has a heart to love. . . . One only do I desire, one only have I ever desired. . . . Hands joined [as when I pray to God] I come before you, lady; nevermore will I stir from your feet." [9]

Quickly laying aside the harp Bernart cast himself on his knees before his lady, took her unresponsive but unresisting hands in both of his, and pleaded with words it is not lawful to repeat. Nor did he plead with words alone. From head to foot he trembled, as once he said of himself, "trembled like a leaf in the wind." Rivers of water poured down his pallid face. Within him struggled an agony of effort. The cords of his heart seemed

breaking. His knotted will tugged and groaned: "O Love, O Love! . . ."

And the viscountess?

We know already that women were not "strong-minded" in the troubadour days. As Bernart sang, Margarida found with amazement, with consternation, that all the questions answered with infinite pain during the past few weeks were again before her. Once already she had sent him from her,[10] and at the parting "she covered her face and could not say so much as Yes or No"; but now it was even worse. All her agitations burst upon her anew and all together. The fountains of the great deep were broken up in her bosom. A tumult of emotions deafened her inner sense.

Then, little by little, she became aware of thinking. As sometimes one is not conscious in what language he is addressed, but only that he is receiving thought, so she could scarcely have told whether she heard Bernart or not. But she heard a voice, and with it there came something else. Softly, at first, and caressingly, then swiftly and more swiftly, the singing of the birds seemed to be weaving spells of enchantment in her brain. . . .

She tried to reason. She must do right. But what was the right? "Love is a great queen," she said to herself. "She requires tribute of all, and I have paid her none. If she lose the income of the fief it is an affront to her and ruin to me. A fief that pays no tribute is forfeit. And Love demands lodging, too, in my heart. It is the sovereign's right. I am bound to open the gates. If I resist I must lose my castle: beauty and youthful spirit will go forever." To and fro, round and round, the spells went on weaving.

Then came Fear. "My husband—may burn me alive. . . . Am I a coward then? . . . The world, friends, rivals?" . . . But they seemed strangely far away;

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and, though she could not hear their words, their faces looked hungry and envious. And still the spells went on weaving.

Now she knew what she heard. Bernart had put the harp aside. He knelt. He pleaded. Like the lark, she seemed to be falling in mid-air—for excess of joy. "Yes, Love," said her heart within her, "Yes, Love, I yield. The gates are open. Come in! The castle—with all it holds—is yours." Yet still she could not move nor speak.

But the spell was very swift now. The rosy cheeks were pale; the "smiling lips" were strained. Suddenly, as gold yields all at once in the furnace, the light of her eyes melted. For an instant her senses swam; and in that instant the gates lifted up their heads, and the ecstasy of surrender entered in. . . . Bernart and Love and the nightingales—had won.[11]

"All this was wrong."

No doubt; very wrong; but we are writing history, not ethics. Furthermore, as history needs to be just and a bit philosophical, too, we must add that while we may well pity two mortals who had neither principle nor wisdom enough to avoid a passion that was both impossible and prohibited, we cannot altogether blame them.

Bernart was a man wholly consecrated to love by his very nature. The proverb of the silk purse has many exceptions, but the man's temperament, his talent, and the peculiar consideration shown him in the family of Ventadorn suggest that he was a love-child.[12] Certainly he cared for nothing but love. Neither war, politics, history, morals, nor erudition occupied his thoughts, if we may judge from his poetry and his own assurances. Love was all in all; and love could mean to him—only what we have just seen. A congenial marriage was impossible. He was entirely without property and was not a soldier. The only cultivated women were those of feudal rank,

and an heiress would not have entrusted her estates to the guardianship of a poet, even if willing to marry a man of low birth ; nor would her protectors have permitted such an act. What could he do ? Forswear love ? But without love he could not be a poet in those days, and poetry was his livelihood as well as his life. There was but one alternative,—to become a monk. But for a man full of passion to enter the cloister without a profound vocation meant ruin to himself, and, as the career of Folquet shows, might bring ruin upon many others.

Neither let us condemn the viscountess, for Bernart was not a man to be resisted. Could one's eye have stripped the flesh away, as a portrait painter's can remove the garments of a sitter, it would have found beneath his fair and smiling face a powerful nose, and a broad and massive chin. He was one that could brim with life yet never be exuberant, and burn with a still fire that made no smoke. He would take your hand in the gentlest, quietest way, but you would feel the pressure long after he was gone. When you had known him a good while, it would suddenly dawn upon you that he was a man of remarkable quickness and wit. Then after another time you would perhaps discover that without seeming to try he had carried you along wherever he chose to go. What is the word,—magnetism ?

And it was impossible for him to love disinterestedly. He could not, like Arnaut de Maruelh, find solace in dreaming of his lady. He lay awake instead of dreaming ; and the morning light found him with a new plea, a new ruse, a new power. Nothing that could please the fair sex was neglected by him. Blondel has told us the three chief means to win a lady's heart : sincere love, generosity, and courtly speech ; besides these, Bernart made a constant study, as we learn from himself, of obliging service, graceful horsemanship, and elegance of dress.

With all this he was a musician and a poet. As the Monk anticipated the devil-may-care Burns, Bernart anticipated Burns the tender and the passionate. As original, as deep and sincere, as melodious and winning, and a finer artist, he must be ranked among the great poets of all time. What could not such a magician do with a fair lady's heart,—aided from without by the spirit and fashion of the day, and from within by that persuasive instinct, the universal craving to love and to be loved?

XXXIII

EGLETONS

Bernart de Ventadorn (*Concluded*)

THE hotel of Egletons is a quaint affair. A long flight of stone steps—turning twice—leads you from the yard under a luxuriant grapevine and through a door into the dim and smoke-betinted kitchen. Next comes a small room where the humbler guests and the servants take their meals, if the kitchen is not sufficiently elegant for their taste. Descending two or three steps you find yourself then in the dining-room of state, the second story of the carriage-house ; and beyond this, in the loft of the stable, are chambers for the guests.

At first the place was entirely our own ; but on returning from Ventadour we found the dinner-table pretty well filled. Most of the men—I scarcely ever saw a woman at the table of a provincial hotel—most of the men were evidently of the region, and I was very glad to see them. Here, as I have said, was the cradle of Provençal poetry; and while of course the folks about us had nothing to do with that, they could but reflect the tone and temper of the province, an influence which none who lived there could escape.

A traveller must not generalize hastily, especially seven centuries after the event, but it seemed clear to me that the people of Limousin fitted peculiarly well into the background of troubadour ideas. Intermediate between the

surrounding stocks, they seemed to me neither subtle nor dull, neither cold nor hot-tempered, but, as the Abbé Gorse has said, "simple, naïve, sincere, and open," and warm-hearted besides. Cheerful toil is the destiny of such a folk, and the people of Limousin are notably toilers. Most of them remain at home, stirring the earth of their native hills and thinking at odd moments of the *rentier*, the man who lives at ease on his income, as a sort of divinity, enviable but of another world; yet not a few journey to distant Paris, and enliven the docks and yards with crimson sashes and trousers of blue velours.

There is another reason for interest in the people of this region,—their language. For centuries the dialect of Limousin has been ridiculed. Rabelais and Molière made fun of it; and when a Limousinian member of the Parlement demanded sceptically of Jeanne d'Arc: "What language do your 'Voices' speak?" she silenced him by retorting, "A better one than yours." But this homely idiom anticipated its revenge, for it was the classic speech of the troubadours; and the patois of our dinner-table at Egletons, alone among all the dialects of the Midi, can be traced by settled phonetic principles back to that honored tongue.[1]

The name "Provençal," which we now give the "language" of the troubadours, has been adopted for the same reason as the name "Provence" for the region where they sprang up, and is equally incorrect. In the first place there was no Provençal *language*, for what we call such was only one of a vast number of idioms descended from the Latin, and hardly distinguishable from the rest[2]; and in the second place it was not *Provençal*. To the troubadours themselves their speech was "*Roman*," or "*Lengua Romana*," but that is too broad a term, for it covered all the New-Latin dialects. "Langue d'Oc" it has been called by Dante and by many since his time; but the

old notion that northern France used the language of Oïl and southern France the language of Oc was entirely too arbitrary, since the dialects merely shaded into each other.

Raimon Vidal of Bezaudun or Besalù, in the north of Catalonia, prepared a work during the first half of the thirteenth century to assist his fellow-countrymen in writing the tongue of the troubadours[3]; and he began by saying that the true fashion of speech was set by the people of Limousin and its vicinity, for all of this region were bred up to speak correctly. Others adopted the term, and the name "Limousinian" came to be long and widely used.

It was not without reason that Vidal distinguished this region so notably. For some reason its idiom was well developed and gained a reputation for elegance at a very early time, and we find the first of the troubadours employing it for his compositions, though it was not his mother tongue. A number of the earliest and most famous of his successors were natives of this region—particularly Bernart de Ventadorn—and added to its distinction[4]; and younger poets who desired praise naturally chose it as the most approved idiom. In the course of time this local dialect became the conventional tongue of literature, and there existed a difference between the literary speech and most of the spoken idioms resembling that in ancient Rome or in modern Japan and Greece. So the usage of the troubadours did for the speech of picturesque Limousin what Luther did for High German and Dante for Tuscan; and although every district had a similar idiom of its own,[5] we should often find it difficult or even impossible to decide from his compositions in what region a poet was born.

"Bastard Latin," like his loved Italian, is what Byron would have called this tongue. Its parent was the language of the Roman conquerors,[6] not those who marshalled the armies and wrote of their deeds, but the hum-

bler men who marched and fought, administered the details of local government, and carried among the people day by day the industries and the merchandise of the new civilization.

Never a very perfect language this tongue of the plebeian and unlettered Romans, the *sermo plebeius*, became in the course of centuries more imperfect still. More and more the people forgot the inflectional endings which indicated the relations of nouns, for instance, until the exact meaning of a sentence was often very uncertain. Then the endings were purposely dropped and prepositions employed in a new way to supply their place : instead of *manus* they said *de la man*, and so the language became analytic instead of synthetic. At the same time, as the endings fell away, the accent of words came to rest in general upon the last syllable. Little by little people adopted new ways of pronouncing their language, too, as we should do now if our dictionaries and other standards did not anchor us. In this way all the "Romance" tongues were formed and among them "Provençal,"—perhaps, as Hueffer calls it, the most difficult of them all, and certainly the first that had a literary quality.

Very different was it from the French that you are familiar with—that keen, *fin*, flashing instrument of the Parisian mind, artificially made of set purpose by the French Academy,—such a thing as that would never have grown up among the simple, easy folk of Limousin. Italian, "which sounds as if it should be writ on satin," resembles it more. In both we find the same lack of positiveness. Each possesses, for example, a multitude of personal words. Both the idioms are forever evading responsibility, instead of boldly proclaiming *I*, *you*, *he*, as we are accustomed to do ; and the battle of Muret has the same explanation as the centuries of Italian vassalage,—personal pronouns.

But this very lack of positiveness gave the speech of the troubadours a peculiar, an extraordinary charm. A scolding in Provençal can have left but little smart behind. Soft and easy fell the words like the drops of a fountain. And, as the very syntax of Hebrew fitted it to express the boundless, vague, and mysterious ideas of religion, the Limousinian—which we call the Provençal—naïve and liquid, gentle, melodious, and flexible, sings best of all the poetry of spring and of love.

Born of the Limousinian stock that we have just been studying, and thinking from infancy in the idiom we have tried to understand, Bernart de Ventadorn had still another gift of nature to make him the typical troubadour,—his temperament lay wholly within the circle of troubadour ideas ; and so, feeling no limitation himself, he gives his readers the impression of none. Three ideas—love, joy, and song—occupied all his powers, and these three were summed up in one,—woman.

The basis of his thought, his feeling, and his poetry was the natural world ; for, on the higher plane of humanity, he was as truly a piece of nature as the pine that shaded him, or the nightingale that sang in his ears. To be sure, as we have already seen, the world had not yet discovered the modern, sentimental power of projecting fancies and emotions into unconscious things : Wordsworth was far away. But as romantic love, the most personal of feelings, had come into human experience, the purely objective attitude of the ancients toward nature could not remain unchanged. The sympathetic tone began to be heard ; and Bernart, a pioneer in this departure, was the nearest of all the troubadours to ourselves. "Flow gently, sweet Afton," and "Ye banks and braes," while they cannot quite be equalled by poems of his, can at least be paralleled, as we see from the first of the songs

that he sang a little while ago, and the beginning of a poem that will soon appear is an example almost in the modern spirit. About one half of his pieces open with a nature-scene, and these passages were by no means, as they were with some poets, merely in obedience to a fashion. Everywhere the same temper is either visible or latent ; and though such language does not seem wonderful or surprising to us, we must remember that in its day it had the novelty of genius.

Further, as he was full of life himself and of a temper essentially happy, it was the blithe and hearty side of creation that appealed to him. "All that is," he cried, "all that is gives itself up to joy, and chants and sings aloud,—fields and parks and gardens, valley, plain, and wood." Sadness he often felt and could express with vivid figures,—the withering foliage, the cold and stormy days, the ship tossing in the waves, the fish struggling on the hook, the victim consumed by flames ; but his songs of joy and exultation were more spontaneous and more original, and in this mood his thoughts dwelt lovingly on the gentle springtime, the clear, bright weather, the soft green of the fields, the tender verdure of the boughs, the swelling buds, the blossoms opening behind the leaves, the many-colored flowers, and the gay little birds—long silent—that began to sing again in the trees.

But all this was only the background, and upon it he painted the feelings and the thoughts of the lover in hues the truest, the freshest, the most varied that a poet has ever used. Here, transmuted into thought and sentiment, we find again the color and perfume of the rose, the music of the nightingale, and the genial splendor of the May-day sky. Often he is tender, often vivacious, often passionate, sometimes despairing, sometimes impatient or complaining, but always real, and always moving. It was the axiom of his art that a song had no value unless

it were dictated by sincere emotion ; and on the other side his nature was so possessed with intuitive art that emotion always expressed itself with ingenuity, discretion, and grace. Of course he was neither a scholar nor a philosopher ; but he knew something of Latin poetry, and while sentiment was the burden of his singing, it gained shape and force from apt ideas,—neither too few nor too many, neither too elevated nor too homely. One of his most attractive qualities was an occasional mingling of earnestness and playfulness peculiar to himself ; and beneath all his other qualities we catch glimpses of a childlike simplicity and an instinctive piety that reach the deepest sympathies of our hearts.[7]

A comparison with Folquet de Marseilla will bring his qualities into relief. The one studies originality, the other has it. The one cares especially for form, the other for substance. The one prefers to excite surprise and admiration, the other to win confidence and affection. Folquet greets us with an individuality that we find laboriously constructed of conceits, scholastic subtleties, logical contradictions, and emotional affectations ; Bernart approaches with a genial openness in which on afterthought we discover profound insight, deep reflection, genuine wit, and a power of expression so easy as wellnigh to elude observation. The first seems brilliant by drying up the springs of thought ; the second, avoiding all display, supplies the world with new moulds of sentiment and new forms of thought, so truly fitted to human nature as to become the commonplaces of later generations. Folquet seeks only to get and acquire, but Bernart pours forth a wealth of real and spontaneous feeling, free, delicate, uncalculated, and full of luxuriant fancy, in which every mood of love appears before our eyes as vivid as it lived in him,—the first joy, the growing attachment, the full devotion, the ardent passion, the bitter-sweet of long-

THE COURTYARD, VENTADOUR.

ing, hope, languor, anxiety, enthusiasm, doubts and fears, joy, disappointment, grief, despair, and renunciation; and all this has the accompaniment of pictures always fresh and lifelike, of music that flows on and on,—melodious, unstudied, and responsive, and of sayings that epitomize here and there in points of light the essential nature of love itself.[8]

That such a poet, who was also man and courtier, should captivate and overpower Lady Margarida is not surprising, as I said before[9]; but even he was not able to retain his prize. For a time, indeed, Eble—with that confident air of his—went on supposing that Bernart's mistress was some lady of the neighborhood, but finally he became aware of the truth. Then, with a consideration that is amazing unless the poet had some peculiar standing at Ventadorn, he merely turned his favor away from the lover—"made himself a stranger to him"—but put the lady into close confinement, and even, as it would seem, used personal violence.

Bernart sang to cheer her captivity: "God save and keep from harm my Fair-to-See! Hers I am, whether far or near. God save my lady, my Fair-to-See! Mine is all that I have desired, and nothing else do I ask." With affectionate pleading he prayed her to be faithful: "You cannot grieve more than I do, for I know that you suffer because of me; but take care that if the jealous husband beat your body his blows reach not your heart."

Margarida, in the dungeon of the tower where we saw her so beautifully lodged above, had very different feelings. Why did not the troubadour go away and leave her? She bade him go; but he remained instead; and now see what he has done! Here is she, in disgrace and in prison; and who could tell what is to become of her? Not love but resentment occupied her thoughts; and she sent word to Bernart "that he should depart and go far away from

all that region." [10] Bernart could only obey and go. Violent joys had their violent end, as their wont is ; and the first period of the poet's life, the morning of his day of love, was over.

But if all 's well that seems to end well, there was no occasion for tears after all. Eble was dishonored, Margarida repudiated, and Bernart exiled ; but the lord married again,[11] the lady got a count instead of a viscount for a husband,[12] and the poet soon had a queen to adore in the place of a viscountess.

For a time, indeed—much longer than Margarida—Bernart seems to have been unconsoled,[13] but in three or four years we find him at the court of Normandy. It was a wonderful woman who became his "Comfort," as he called her, there. Eleanor,[14] Duchess of Aquitaine, had been married to Louis VII., the king of France, by the arrangement of her father, but found for her own part that she wished "a man, not a monk," for husband. The brilliant Henry of Anjou, Duke of Normandy, though younger than herself, was more to her mind ; and as soon as her divorce was pronounced she bestowed upon him both her person and her vast possessions. Gallantry was, however, an instinct of her family, and poetry as well. Gay, spirited, and in the height of her beauty, she easily found room in her heart for two ; Bernart, still smarting—it would seem—from his misfortune at Ventadorn, was kindly received, and before long he found in Eleanor a new theme and a new passion.[15]

But his gladness was not without clouds. The following year Henry became the king of England ; and as he understood perfectly all the wiles of lovers he took Bernart along, it is thought, when he crossed the Channel to assume his new power. But the poet carried with him a hope—even a promise—and at the peril of the king's displeasure he seems to have slipped back across the water

to the side of Eleanor. Henry tried to recall him, but in vain. He followed him then to Normandy, and this time carried away the lady instead. At Christmas (1154) Henry and Eleanor went over to be crowned and Bernart was left behind, awaiting an invitation to rejoin them, and burning meanwhile with a fever of mingled exultation and impatience.

So filled with happiness am I
  Earth wears another face ;
Rich flowers of many a brilliant dye
  For me the frost displace ;
When rains descend and tempests fly,
  My joy but gains in grace,—
They only help my song rise high,
  My glory mount apace ;
    For in my loving heart
    So sweetly joy doth start,
    Meseems the flowers make ice depart,
  To verdure snow give place.

My garments I could all unlace
  And winter's harshness dare,
For burning love my strength would brace
  Against the bitter air ;
Yet they but earn the fool's disgrace,
  Who self-control forbear,
And this is very near my case,
  And hence my grievous care ;
    The Peerless tries my heart
    Who might instead impart,
    Richer than gold in Frisian mart,
  A wealth beyond compare.

Her heart she yields me not,—my Fair,
  Yet token grants she me,
That something hath been conquered there
  As like love as could be ;
And such delightful hopes prepare
  My eyes her face to see,

That I am sure complete despair
Is not my destiny;
Toward her—so fond my heart—
My thoughts fly like a dart,
Yet love and I must dwell apart,
Since far from France is she.

So rich the hoped felicity,
Compared with what I gain,
I only rise to sink alee
Like ships upon the main;
From present woe to get me free
I seek escape in vain;
All night in anxious misery
I writhe and toss in pain;
The pangs that wring my heart
Are more than Tristan's smart,
When, forced from blonde Yseult to part,
His soul was rent in twain.

O God, were I a bird! I 'd fain
Across the earth take flight,
And ere the stars of night should wane
By her would I alight;
Your lover for your love is slain,
Fair lady, gay and bright;
No heart can long such woe contain,—
Soon mine will break outright;
Before your love my heart
Adores, and stands apart!
Alas, fair form, fresh cheeks, your art
Hath brought me grievous blight!

For nothing else can give delight,
Of nothing else I dream;
'T is bliss if one but speak or write
A word on this dear theme,—
At once my face is all alight,
Though small the word might seem,
And that I can be glad and light,
You 'd see by that quick gleam;

Such love fills up my heart
That often tears do start,
And to my sighs these tears impart
A savor more supreme.

Haste, messenger, depart ;
Go tell her peerless heart,
My woeful pain and smart
A martyr would beseem.[16]

This was the noon of Bernart's day of love. His affections, if not dewy, were still young, for he was not yet quite thirty years of age, as we reckon ; and all his faculties were keyed to their utmost, as well they might be, in the service of a brilliant woman who was also a great queen. To Eleanor were addressed the larger number of his finest songs ; and while the same qualities had already appeared at Ventadorn, in singing to her as a true poet, as a true lover, as a subject, and as a pensioner, Bernart infused into his verse a passion, a devotion, a delicacy, and a deference that shone as a great and unheard-of splendor before a half-barbarous world, and as we shall see became a beacon-light in the literary history of mankind.

But the invitation to visit England was vainly awaited, —perhaps the king forbade it. A year or two of hope deferred seems to have chilled Bernart's love, and probably (1156 or 1157) he attempted—though with no success—to rekindle the flame in Margarida's heart. Wearied by his failures, he then abandoned love and gallantry for a time. The queen meanwhile became offended ; and when we discern or think we discern the troubadour landing in an English port (1158), he seems to pause uncertain what reception will be given him. Still, he went forward apparently, and became in a sense the first poet-laureate of Britain, for he once told Henry that for his sake he became English as well as Norman. Whether Eleanor loved him still, we cannot say; but at all events he seems

to have thought longingly at times of his lost Margarida, and in the shadows of this uncertainty we find the noonday of his life already past.

Evening was upon him, and of this we know still less. Few of his poems can be assigned with confidence to this period, but it seems pretty clear that he addressed at least one song to Ermengarda of Narbonne,[17] the patroness of Peire Rogier. Toulouse and the palace of "the good count," Raimon V., became his home. There he lived in great honor, no doubt, meeting the poets who thronged the court,—Peire Rogier, Folquet, Raimon de Miraval, Peire Vidal, and many more, and from that abiding-place he probably journeyed here and there,—apparently to Spain on the south and to Provence on the east. Then after many years Raimon died (1194); and Bernart, almost threescore and ten, felt it was time to prepare for rest.

Westward a two-days' journey from Ventadour lies the vale of Dalon,[18] walled in by the low mountains of Périgord. There, in the midst of grassy meadows girt about with forests, a Cistercian abbey buried in silence—"a silence deep as that of night"—reared its peaceful and hospitable walls. Autafort, the castle of Bertran de Born, was less than two leagues distant across the hills; and much nearer, even within the reach of weary feet, the dark lake of Born slumbered amid the shadows of the wood, or woke in placid surprise as a hunted stag, plunging from the cover, broke the spell of sleep.

Here came Bernart when the day of life was closing, as the day of love had closed long before.[19] All for whom he cared had left the world, and he, too, was fain to go; yet he was not alone, for the dear forms of those he had cherished peopled a world of memory within, as the beeches around the lake were answered by softer beeches beneath its tranquil face. Dreams were still his, as in the youth

so far distant,—dreams of love as then, and with each new day they seemed more near. Each new day the joys were calmer, each new day the griefs less keen ; until after no

RUINS OF THE ABBEY, DALON.

long time joys and griefs were blended for ever in a dream that was pure content ; and the brother monks, looking upon his happiness, crossed themselves and whispered reverently, " Bernart de Ventadorn is at rest."

XXXIV

UZERCHE AND MALEMORT

Gaucelm Faidit.

THE woody mountains of Limousin, running east and west and parting the great valleys of the Loire and the Garonne, are too low to be grand but high enough to be beautiful.

Among the spurs to the north rise the steeples of Limoges, while Mareuil marks the extreme west and Ventadour the extreme east. Between these two points there is a wide and picturesque region—almost unvisited—where the hills are clothed with great forests of chestnut, and where impetuous rivers wage an unceasing warfare on haughty cliffs and headlands. It was in the midst of this district that Louis XV. found a spot beautiful enough to be the residence of Madame de Pompadour; and only six or eight miles from her castle, in a narrow loop of the dark and swift Vézère, we discovered the quaint old city of Uzerche.

"Whoever has a house at Uzerche owns a castle in Limousin," said the proverb; and as we stood beside the river and looked up at the houses on the high and precipitous hill—many of them very dark, but others of dazzling whiteness bespattered with black windows—we found enough of them crowned with towers and pointed rooflets of slate to explain the saying. It was another etching of Dürer's come to life.

The town has lately outgrown its ancient limits and the busiest part is a suburb pushing out where the tongue of rock broadens into a plateau. That is where the teamsters go ; but we, reactionaries that we are, turn sharply back at the summit of the endless incline and follow a narrow street along the ridge of the isthmus. One of the mediæval gateways has been demolished, but the other is on duty still. Passing through it, we invade the peninsula of the old town, and presently are surrounded by turreted roofs, carved doors, overhanging chambers, and stairways of stone hollowed by the feet of uncounted generations,—an epitome of domestic architecture from the twelfth century to the seventeenth. A little farther on is the Square, vacant and sonorous. A pair of nodding women drowse in the shade of a wall with baskets of cherries beside them. A girl balances her water-bucket a moment on the edge of the public fountain to gaze at us, and then rattles dreamily homeward over the cobblestones. Mediæval slumbers lie heavy on the town, but from the opposite corner of the Square a Romanesque church, dark and martial and flanked with towers, frowns upon us with sullen machicolations.[1]

UZERCHE.

One spot appears to command an outlook, and ascending to it through the lonely Hôtel-de-Ville we find ourselves on the highest ground of Uzerche, a little terrace

between the Hôtel-de-Ville and the church. On one side we overlook the Square and strong lines of turrets, roofs, and chimneys like the features of a grim old face. On the other, sitting down on the bit of parapet, we discover that the castellated mansions are now below us. Far beyond them we look down upon the eddies and islets of the Vézère, the natural moat of the stronghold, and—over against us on the other side—upon the abounding verdure of comfortable green hills.

Spring is in full tide, and the locust trees above our heads, which have grown up and flourished in spite of the trodden soil, appear fitly to represent the spirit of the season. Strange comrades they seem for the cross of rusty iron, and the weather-stained monument reared to the glories of the French Revolution. But these also stand for spring. They, too, represent life bursting through trodden soil and working on and upward through crudeness and hardness to a free, unhindered development. And, right here in Uzerche, the same principle was represented long ago in another form no easier to understand at first sight than the excesses of the Revolution.

At the time when Bernart de Ventadorn was growing old but most of the other troubadours we have met were in song (about 1174)[2] you might have seen lounging in the Square below a young fellow of eighteen, singularly attractive and singularly repellent, evidently ready to flirt with any girl that passed or throw dice with any man. The upper half of his face resembled a woman's, the lower part reminded one of a pig. His lips, thick and protruding in the middle, grew rapidly thin towards the ends, and the corners of his mouth drooped surprisingly. His nose, style François Premier, was extremely long, straight, and sharp ; but a subtle moulding at the point made it suggest the keenness of animal scent after animal pleasures far

THE GATEWAY OF UZERCHE.

more than intellectual acuteness. The pallor of his cheeks was belied by a large and vigorous physique ; but on the other hand a swaggering walk gave close observers an impression of half-conscious weakness rather than of conscious power.[3]

Delicate sensibilities bound up with indelicate propensities,—this was the legend of his person, and this we shall find the story of his life also, for the young fellow was Gaucelm Faidit, qualifying himself with vices and accomplishments for the profession of joglar. The next week, in another desperate endeavor to win back some of the money lost in gaming, he threw away the rest of the property left him by his industrious burgher father, and then perforce his career opened.

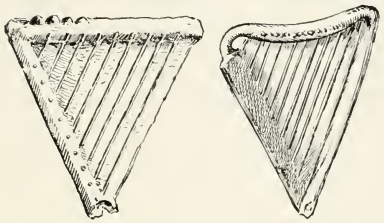
The joglars are already pretty familiar figures to us. Descended as we shall see from Roman times, they were always the popular as the troubadours were the aristocratic artists. Roving about, sometimes in bands or couples and sometimes one by one, they lived a life peculiar to themselves,—a homeless, happy-go-lucky, beggarly crew. The camp, the tavern, the city square, and the baron's kitchen were their favorite resorts. Often merry and abounding, they fell the next day into misery and even actual distress. Worse yet, such vagabonds were thought beyond the pale of law ; and in the earlier times, at least, if one were struck his only legal satisfaction was to strike a similar blow at the *shadow* of his persecutor. Of course they were disorderly, reckless, and importunate. Probably but one text of Scripture was ever found in their mouths : " It is more blessed to give than to receive," but that was repeated often enough to do for all the rest. " Which would you rather be," it was actually queried, " a joglar or a robber ? " and the answer was, " A robber." Two by two they went about,

says the troubadour Peire de la Mula,[4] crying vociferously, "Give to me, for I am a joglar." Their appearance doubtless answered to their character, and we find Vidal enjoining strictly upon one of them to dress decently, to be especially careful about his shoes and stockings, and to wear a dagger, a purse, and a pair of gloves in his belt. In a word, the old New England expression "drunken fiddler" pictures well enough the character of the ordinary joglars.

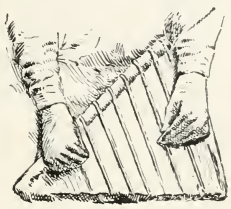
Their accomplishments were more varied, however, than a fiddler's, and anticipated pretty closely our "variety" stage. Exhibitions of trained monkeys and dogs and of marionettes, imitations of birds, dancing, tumbling, jumping through hoops, juggling, and feats of dexterity—particularly catching small apples on the points of two knives at the same time,—tricks like these won applause and deniers for those of the lower class. The joglar was often a contortionist also, and the wonder excited by feats of this kind is recorded in a Latin poem: "He folds himself and unfolds himself, and in unfolding himself he folds himself." Telling stories and singing narrative poems were the arts of another class; and the well equipped entertainer had on his tongue an incredible number of tales and poems, besides all the theories of love. Another main resource was instrumental music. As we have seen, the joglars played at dances, dinners, and festivities of every sort, each endeavoring to outdo the rest, and often creating, as at the wedding of Flamenca, an indescribable uproar. "Drunken fiddlers" that they were —most of them—they were always ready to tickle the ears of the rabble in the streets; but at the other end of the scale their musical accomplishments allied them with our courtly and fastidious troubadours.[5]

Author and publisher, playwright and actor, composer and performer, always go together. Boccaccio tells us

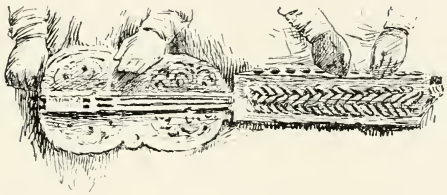
that Dante loved to associate with musicians who could write melodies for his verse ; and the famous troubadours, rarely condescending to play their own accompaniments, occasionally not gifted with agreeable voices, and at most



HARPS.



SALTERI.



THE ORGANISTRUM.

VIOLS.

reaching personally but a limited circle, needed the joglar to supplement their own efforts and make their songs more widely known ; and for this reason, though distinctly of higher caste, they found it worth their while to teach

carefully the men whom they took with them on their journeys or entrusted with their compositions, while on the other side the joglar found his trouble and patience well rewarded when he could open every castle gate by announcing a new song of Arnaut's or Vidal's. So for a double reason the two castes were intimately associated, and we find the troubadours devoting whole poems to the duties of the joglars as well as giving occasional directions in many others.[6]

That brings us to the question of troubadour music. What was it like, and how was it rendered?

This inquiry is not aside from our literary purpose, for the music of the troubadours made up fully one half of their art in the opinion of the time. More yet: their verse was in a sense only their music blossoming into speech, their melodies interpreted in words; and, as we must remember in reading Sidney Lanier's poems that he was primarily a musician, it is necessary to bear in mind that the verse of the troubadours was worked out through an exquisite sensibility to music, just as their ideas came for the most part by the way of feeling. "Verse without air," said Carbonel, "is like a mill without water"; and even Dante defined poetry as only rhetorical fiction set to music. Out of a few ideas and images the "divine art" was able to weave great effects, and it is not as poets merely, but as masters of *song*, combining words and melody into a beautiful and artistic whole, while the special priests of music, the churchmen, were giving the art a scholastic and unattractive look,—it is for this achievement that we must crown the troubadours.

Of course these melodies, while they opened the way to the marvellous developments of modern music, are not impressive to our ears; but on the other hand the most recent investigations, especially Restori's, prove that they were neither mere echoes of Arabian airs, nor ignorant

effusions of a bare musical instinct.[7] Indeed, how could productions without originality and value have been admired by the most cultured people in the world, passionately fond of music, and familiar with the best that existed? Such a view is plainly unreasonable, and an examination of the music itself has disproved it.

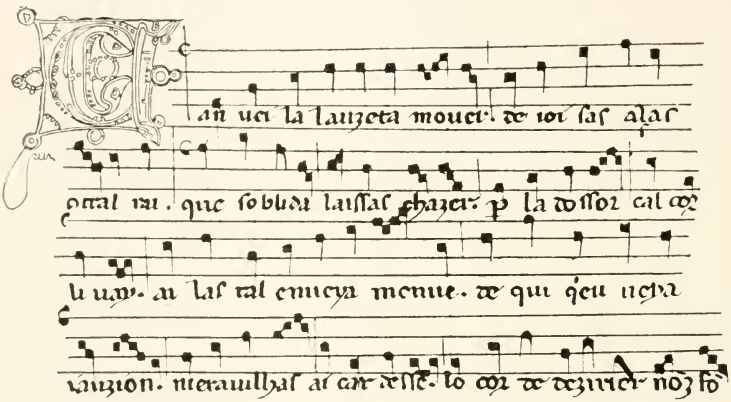
A morsel of history will explain the situation. Until about the close of the eleventh century—that grand mediæval springtime—there existed two lines of song that were wholly distinct,—first, the church music, almost purely Gregorian; and, secondly, popular airs—particularly dances and spring-songs such as roving minstrels had been singing from the time of the Roman empire. This popular music, supposed by no one at that time to possess any true value, had about the same history in relation to the music of the Church as the popular speech had in relation to the Latin language (Chapter XXXIII.); and after thriving as it could until the twelfth century it was then brought into courtly circles by men familiar with technical rules and made over into artistic forms. These men were the troubadours[8]; and this is what they, like many great composers of later times, accomplished.

The degree of transformation varied. When the song was light and playful the melody retained its popular character; but often like other parvenus it endeavored to conceal its origin, and appeared in studied and even over-elaborated forms,—more and more as time went on, and particularly in the works of Gaucelm Faidit and Folquet de Marseilla.

Of course the new music, worked over by the alien principles of the church style, suffered somewhat, and it suffered also from having to be written in the uncongenial notation of the Gregorian school; but still the advent of such fresh and really musical effects[9] was nothing less than a revolution. It was the beginning of the modern

art ; and the despised melodies of the people, first caught up by the troubadours, have grown into a music that fills the opera and the concert hall, and for the most part the church also.

As the troubadours were the composers, the joglars were mainly the interpreters of this new music ; and their work should not go without honor. The melody had to be adapted to accents and pauses that varied from stanza to stanza, and the singer was expected to do this himself.

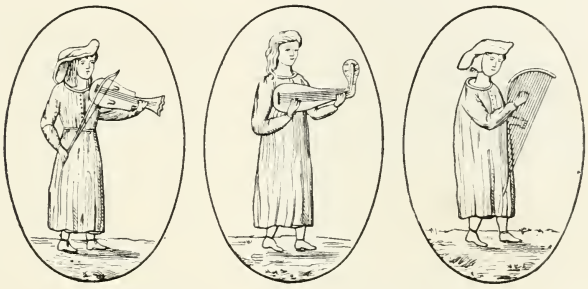


FIRST STANZA OF "WHENE'ER I SEE," PROVENÇAL WORDS AND MUSIC.[11]

The notation—only three kinds of notes,[10] no bars,[11] no rests, no marks of expression, no sharps, and no flats—was little more than a hint ; and the joglar was required to feel out the air, make it his own, and from his personal skill produce his effect. Ear and not eye was his main reliance—oftentimes his only one, and he was expected to execute any air smoothly after once hearing it.

Besides playing and singing melodies, he played accompaniments, but we cannot say just how much this meant. Perhaps in many cases it was only the air on another pitch ; perhaps there was also a fixed note, an

organpoint; and indeed it seems impossible to believe that still more was not done. Harmony was pretty well advanced in the twelfth century. Coussemaker says that not only the unison, octaves, fifths, and fourths were used, but also thirds and sixths, and under certain conditions dissonances. Double counterpoint and imitative writing were known, and there were rules for the avoidance of consecutive fifths. It does not follow that the joglars often ventured into such depths; but it seems very possible that a singer's voice was given harmonic support, and that sometimes an instrumental cadenza followed it.[12]



FORMS OF THE VIOL, LUTE, AND HARP.

Then, too, the technique of their instrumental work must be considered.[13] Of course nothing equal to our violin or 'cello existed, for only a long evolution could produce these marvels; and instrumental music was only a tinkle then, compared with that of our day; but on the other hand the instruments were legion in number and often very nondescript in character. Wiesewetter shows that Arab players had a choice of over two hundred, and with such an example Christians could not afford to be illiberal. Three of them appear to have enjoyed special favor among the troubadours—the viol, the harp, and the lute, or rather instruments of these families; but the

joglar was not permitted a narrow range : he was expected to play at least nine.

Clever men we begin to think them, but an ambitious fellow did still more. First he became a real minstrel, improvising tunes and finally composing melodies in proper form. Beginning in like manner with impromptu verse—loose and rambling, wrestling " catch-as-catch-can " with the rhymes, and snapping up an idea as one came within reach—he worked his way up to better art and became in the end a troubadour, a *maker of artistic song*, though still called by the other name also, if he continued to *earn a living* by his profession.[14]

But what became of our particular joglar, the ruined youth of Uzerche ?

I have not forgotten him. For twenty long years he roamed about as an entertainer, but he gained little money and little fame. And, indeed, this is not surprising. He was the worst singer alive, says his biography. Excess in eating and drinking made him extremely stout. He took with him from castle to castle a handsome and clever wanton from Alais, who played the Aaron to his Moses.[15] Finally he married her, and she proceeded to become as fat as himself. Such a career was not one to gain him favor in courtly circles, and the troubadours taunted him unsparingly with his poverty, his obscurity, and his marriage.[16] It was no doubt a wretched existence that he led, as bad as Dr. Johnson's early years in London and even worse. But he was not a mere " fiddler " ; the " root of the matter " was in him, and after these trials he emerged upon a higher plane.

Three distinguished persons were chiefly responsible for the making of the man. One of them was the noble marquis of Monferrat, the patron of Raimbaut de Vaqueiras, who perceived the quality of this rough diamond, gave

him apparel and money, and set him up in the opinion of the world (about 1194).

The second was Richard[17] Cœur-de-Lion. Perhaps Faidit did not, like Vidal and Pons de Capduelh, attach himself to Richard's crusading host,[18] but at all events he became acquainted with him, and received aid that he gratefully acknowledged.

THE ROCK MAUMONT.

Acknowledgment was the more easy because the king of England suited the troubadour's taste as much as the king of France displeased it. Philippe, looking from a window with his cold, spotted eyes one day, saw clouds of dust in the streets, and calling for the magistrates he ordered the paving of Paris; Richard in all his life did not devise so much as this one thing for the welfare of his people.[19] But Philippe represented calculation, and Richard embodied impulse; and while the future belonged to the one, the present fell to the other. And therefore when the archer on the tower of Chalus,[20] plucking from a cleft an arrow shot at him perhaps by Richard's own hand, sped it into the king's body, and the paladin

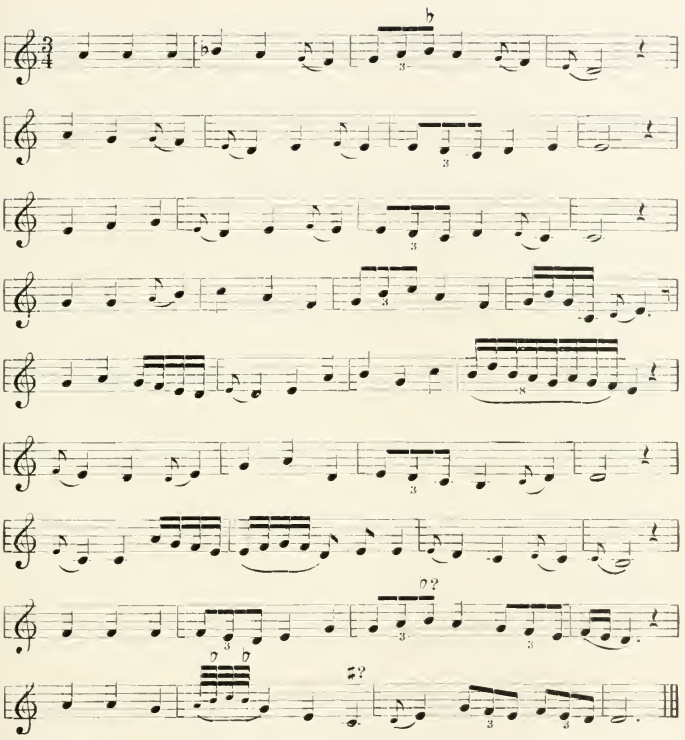
monarch, already a hero of legend from the Caledonian glens to the tent-doors of Arabia, fell upon the grey ledge in the meadow called the Rock Maumont, not only southern but northern France joined with sorrowing Faidit in his funeral hymn.[21]

'T is hard indeed that I must be the one
To tell the world and tearfully to sing
The matchless woe by which I am undone,
Which I shall mourn with endless lamentation:
The father of worth, the head of reputation,
The noble Richard, England's glorious king,
Is dead; O God, what ruin this will bring!
How strange it sounds! Whoever feels no smart
On hearing this, must have a hard, hard heart.

The king is dead; a thousand years the sun
Hath journeyed on, and viewing everything
Found none like him, and now it will find none
So noble, generous, bold, in any nation;
For Arthur and Charles deserved less admiration,
And Alexander did not freely fling
Such gifts to all, though loud his praises ring;
He made men love him with a lordly art,
Or else they feared him like the timid hart.

I marvel—seeing how careers are run—
That any men to courtly wisdom cling,
Since fame counts naught, however bravely won;
Why toil we, then, to merit approbation,
When Death makes clear his power o'er all creation?
For with a blow we see him murdering
All joy and fame from excellence that spring;
Ah! since we find that none escape his dart,
We should not dread to leave this weary mart.

O Lord, true man, true God, and true salvation,
Forgive his faults! Let mercy draw the string
Of Richard's death, nor tarry on the wing!
Save him, O Lord! He was not slow to start
To save your tomb, and well he did his part.[22]



THE ORIGINAL MUSIC OF FAIDIT'S LAMENT FOR RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION IN MODERN NOTATION.

But the person who did the most for Gaucelm Faidit, both for his personal character and his artistic skill, was neither a marquis nor a king, but a woman. Though dowered by nature with appetites as carnal as the Monk's, Faidit had two stories instead of one in his house, for he possessed the capacity to achieve something of the higher sort, and the aspiration to attempt it in earnest. Love was the ladder then, as we have learned ; and so, when a woman able to reach the depths of his nature looked upon him, the poor joglar gave himself to love.

Ventadorn was only twenty-five or thirty miles distant from Uzerche; and Eble V., who reigned there in the place of Bernart's Eble III., had a wife even more famous than Margarida. She, too, was a daughter of Turenne, and as the friend of Gui d'Uissel and the Monk of Montaudon she has already crossed our path.

Certainly a remarkable woman was Maria de Ventadorn.[23] Fair and smiling she is pictured by the poets, with " beautiful eyes full of love and light and laughter." Sensible and witty we must believe her, and we know that she was a poetess and an *arbiter elegantiarum* in questions of courtly love. Her charm was inextinguishable, too, like that of Ninon de Lenclos. When Eble married her, at least forty-seven years had been charged to her account, and no less than thirteen years later Faidit found her lovable still. This lady—the most cultured woman of the age—touched the deepest springs of the joglar's rich but riotous nature, and though some twelve years her junior he devoted himself to her service with a sincere and humble passion that ennobled him.

Maria, as the mistress of a literary salon and ambitious for distinction, was glad to receive men of talent,—especially poets, and for years listened with a friendly air to Faidit's love-songs, criticising his art, no doubt, and very likely throwing light upon his blemishes of character and

of manners. Both favor and reproofs were accepted by her admirer with gratitude.

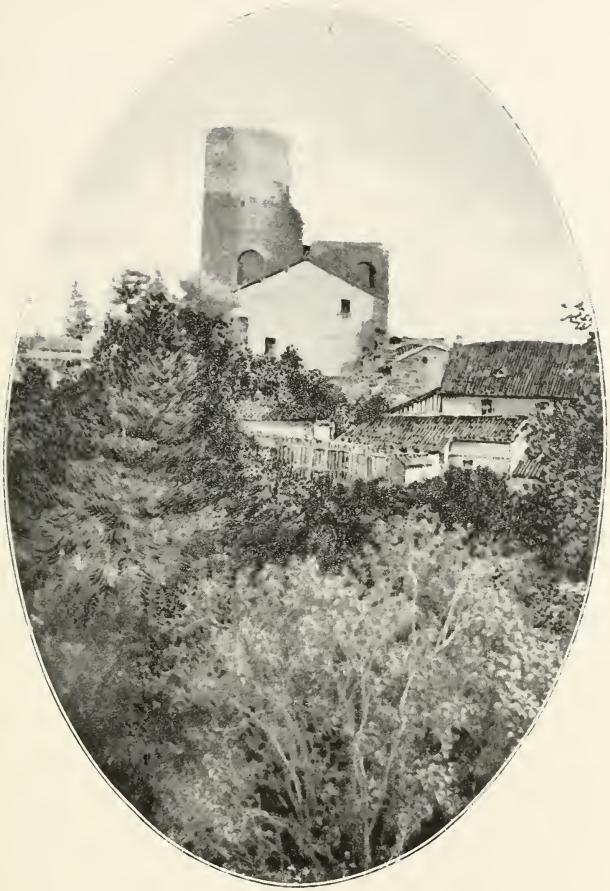
> With face cast down, all pale to view,
> For every fault of his he then doth sigh ;

so Dante wrote, and this was no doubt precisely the troubadour's attitude. Over and over his poems told Maria how greatly he feared "the worth in you, and the great nobility and virtue." Often it happened, as he confessed, that he resolved upon praying for a token of affection, but when his heart saw her he felt lost and had "no remembrance." Realizing his inferiority he could only "look" at her, and could not and dared not pray to her, nor had he the power to express his love. Sometimes he suffered still more : "I do not hear when one speaks to me, and my hands tremble and shiver." It was indeed hard schooling for a man like him, but it bore its fruit. Says Dante again :

> Within her eyes my lady beareth love
> So that whom she regards is gentle made ;

and in the end, with a love purged of much dross and an art elevated and refined, Faidit was able to sing as a genuine troubadour.

It is clear that he recognized the value of his long discipline at Ventadour. Many a time his distress rose into the light of the great truth uttered by Sir Walter Scott : "No man ever accomplished anything great or noble save at the expense of resolute and persistent self-denial"; and at such moments he comforted himself by singing : "One cannot attain to great excellence without pain and suffering." But he was very human still; and after seven years of schooling he told Maria plainly one day that either she must return his love or he would go elsewhere.



CHALUS.

This was precisely what Maria had been dreading, for a troubadour had the ear of the public, and a lover discarded after seven years of devotion was likely to say sharp things. So she thought it wise to take counsel.

About three miles from the cheerful town of Brive is Malemort, a little village on the hem of the mountains. Leaving the meadows behind us, we climb the hill and find ourselves at once in the Middle Ages. The streets are winding alleys paved with rough sharp stones, and walled high where houses are lacking. Farther up on the hillside we discover a break in the ground, providentially made for us the other day, and opening four ways from the hole we see underground passages running to the castle above and providing for reinforcement or escape. Then we enter a lane and wind about the hill as we ascend.

I called the lane at Ventadour superlative, and so it is ; but there is always room for antithesis, and Ventadour has Malemort for a contrast. That is the major, this the minor mode. That has the glory of the sun, this the glamour of the moonlight. The one is the poetry of Chaucer, the other the poetry of Keats ; and the *Ode to a Nightingale* should have been written here.

The very name of the place distills mystery and shadow, for when two thousand persons—free-lances, their wives, and their children—were slain here in one day (1177), the name of the castle was changed from Beautiful Fortress to Bad Death ; and Nature, catching up the theme, has worked it out into every elaboration of her fancy. In an open spot she has planted a clump of broom for a beam of gladness, and some wild poppies for a dash of coquetry; but the overhanging trees are mostly dark and close ; the walls are half covered with moss—deep and golden-brown —and the stones are black with the stains of dampness and mould. Everything is beautiful, but silent, low-toned, and

small. All over the moss are scattered little ferns, the most dainty and crisp that could be imagined, like spangles of dull green gold. Timid sprays of ivy creep down the wall, and branches of dwarfed holly reach out elfin hands to them behind the medlars. Minified grasses, bestudded with miniature dandelions, carpet the ground. Every sort of wild-flower, grown fragile in the shade, blossoms with a mystical pallor here. Forget-me-nots quiveringly shy, marguerites daintier than marguerites, roses blooming with the colorless blush of a *décadent* romance, violets perfumed with dreamlike subtlety, nameless blossoms indescribably delicate—pink, white, pearly, lavender, and straw—solitary and clustered—all are a-gaze here with twilight eyes, and all seem keeping silence upon thoughts of exquisite meaning, infinitely precious, and infinitely sad. To and fro, this way and that, we go to determine which place is the most beautiful, the most melancholy, and we cannot tell ; but we linger so long that we cease to care about looking : for the harmonies of the spot have begun to sing their music into our thoughts,—music the subtlest, the sweetest, the tenderest : Nature's requiem over her children, the fallen towers and the crumbled walls—were they not rock of her rock ?—and we realize for ourselves the poet's paradox : " Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." [24]

In Faidit's time, despite the bloody scenes enacted there so recently, the castle was a bright and lively abode, for there lived here a young, fair, and clever lady named Audiart. It was Audiart whom Maria summoned to advise her, and she said : " Leave it all to me ; I will manage the affair so that he will let you alone, and still not become your enemy." " And my lady Maria," says the history, " was exceedingly glad when she heard that, and prayed her urgently to bring it to pass " ; and so Audiart, going home to Malemort, sent this message to

MALEMORT.

the poet,—that he should prefer a little bird in the hand to a crane in the sky.

Faidit, when he received the message, got straightway on his horse, rode to the lady's castle, and asked what it meant. Audiart received him sweetly, and—to make the story short—informed him with many downcastings of the eyes, perhaps, but apparently no stumbling of the tongue, that she pitied him for loving vainly, and as she would like to be adored and made famous by a troubadour, she counselled him to take a polite leave of Maria and address himself to one who was called "very beautiful," and would grant whatever he might ask.

The languishing poet nearly lost his senses for joy, we read ; and when he was master of himself again he made haste, after thanking the lady, to follow her advice. This done, he returned, fell at her feet, and claimed the promised reward. Then she told him with many pleasant words that she only intended to be his friend and wean him from a hopeless love, and the poet saw that she had separated him from one he sincerely worshipped, meaning only that he should sing her praise for nothing. And he came back to Uzerche "sad and sorrowful," and all the more unfortunate because, ignorant of Maria's part in the affair, he begged her to forgive his apostasy and suffered one more disdainful rebuff.

But his love for the lady of Ventadorn—the golden thread of his life—still survived ; and partly for the sake of pleasing her, as it seems, he took the cross after singing in passionate verses the duty and the glory of crusading. Devotion so true might well touch any lady's heart. Not merely death, but sufferings worse than death were often the crusader's lot, we must remember. "O terrible Turks, give us water, then kill us!" was the agonizing strain of a Greek song ; and Faidit, turning joyfully homeward to the lady who seemed won at last, sang of his own trials

with that personal note, which—throbbing amid the intricacies of his highly wrought verse—was the distinctive excellence of his poetry.

The deep, engulfing sea,
The ports where troubles throng
Are now behind me ; free
From perils ventured long,
And safe by God's decree
From every tribulation,
I think of dreadful hazards tried,
And praise the Lord who wills to guide
My footsteps home, for there abide
The gladness and elation
Of reconciliation,
For which my parting vainly sighed.

To God I bend the knee,
Since life He deigns prolong,
And gives me strength to see
The spot for which I long,—
Ah, better that than be
Elsewhere in any station !
For where my lady is, reside
The deeds that shine, the words that glide,
And courtly welcomes, beautified
With loving conversation
And sweet anticipation,
Worth more than all there is beside.

I sing—and rightfully,
Foretasting joy and song,
Love, chat, and repartee,
Which in your court belong,
Where garden, mead, and tree
Give gladness for vexation,
While fountains pour their clear, cool tide ;
No more I dread the sea so wide,
The winds—north, south, and west—that chide,
The ship's mad oscillation ;

Nor see with consternation
A hostile fleet our course bestride.

For heaven's felicity
One should indeed be strong,
And face these pains,—to flee
In such a cause is wrong;
But robbers—who agree
To go for spoliation—
What fearful chances there betide!
For in a moment they who ride—
Or so they think—to fortune, slide,
And then in desperation,
Unmindful of damnation,
Fling gold and soul and life aside![25]

We can understand from these lines with what eagerness the troubadour hurried to Ventadorn, but it was only to find himself once more disappointed. Maria had bidden him a kind farewell and apparently had sent tender messages in return for songs from her distant lover; she knew, too, that his praise had made her famous all the way from Limousin to Palestine; but she loved another, not a poet but a lord, and for Gaucelm Faidit she cared just as much and just as little as before—no, less, for her fame had been gained. So Faidit was made to understand that his many years of devotion had been a hopeless quest, and his dream came to an end (1204).

He was now almost fifty years old and began to realize the truth of his own saying: "The day a man is born he begins to die"; but he still roamed, for that was his calling, and he still made love, for that was a part of the life.[26]

Two of his attachments have been recorded. Once his mistress was more faithful than appearances and public opinion gave him reason to suppose, and he had to reproach himself bitterly for leaving her; while in the other case his lady made a mock of his praise and loyalty pre-

cisely as the viscountess of Polignac did of Sain Leidier's. Through it all he never forgot his one true passion, and when this last blow nearly broke his heart he took up his viol once more and bitterly compared the false and shameless lady who kissed and then betrayed him with his ever-courtly and ever-loved Maria.

"That," says the biography, "was the last love-song that he made," and it is the last we hear of him.[27]

XXXV

HAUTEFORT, MONTIGNAC, AND CHALAIS

Bertran de Born

A FLOURISH of trumpets. A clang of arms. A pavilion surmounted with a golden eagle, the sign of royalty. A throng of mail-clad nobles before the entrance to the pavilion. In the midst of the throng a single man, pinioned, and closely guarded by two soldiers.

The prisoner is about forty-five years of age, spare and of somewhat less than medium stature. Unlike most of those in the gathering he wears no beard. A thin, hooked nose matches well a chin precisely like Richard Wagner's, —distinctly a hawk face. Large grey eyes, gleaming out of their deep sockets under bushy eyebrows, look slowly around from one person to another, blending alertness and fixity in a glance of singular, almost startling intensity.[1]

Out of the pavilion steps a figure even more noteworthy. In height it is no way remarkable,—neither tall nor short ; but the portly body, sinewy legs, square chest, and muscular arms indicate unusual strength ; and the bull-neck, bullet-head, fiery countenance, and reddish hair betoken passions no less extraordinary. Bloodshot, flashing grey eyes, high cheek-bones, projecting lips, and a powerful chin covered with a close but somewhat pointed beard heighten the impression. The man's dress indicates wealth and rank,—green boots ornamented with gold,

golden spurs fastened with a strap of red leather, a crimson bliaut starred with gold, gloves—sparkling with gems—thrust into his belt, and a mantle of deep reddish-chocolate silk held together with a gold brooch over the right shoulder; but personal force, disdainful of mere station, speaks from every point of his figure, and his fingers—those restless fingers, never quiet, that scribble caricatures at church when the lips are not whispering—his fingers fold and unfold with an impatience that belies the firm dignity of his bearing.[2]

Henry II. of England,—we feel it can be no one else; and we are right. The conqueror of Scotland[3] and of Ireland, the lord of three out of the five duchies of France, the mightiest king of his time, and perhaps the ablest monarch that England ever had stands before us in the midst of his court.

At sight of the prisoner the veins of the king's neck swell to the point of bursting, and his eyes burn with a demon-fire that confirms for all who look upon him the tradition of an ancestress who was in truth deemed a fiend incarnate. All await the terrible oath, "By God's eyes!" and the swift order, "Off with his head!" But the king's anger demands more than death,—first, torture.

"Bertran, Bertran," he says in his grating, broken voice, "you have said that you have never yet needed even half your wit; but know well that you need all of it today."

"Lord," answered the prisoner, "it is very true that I so spoke, and I only spoke the truth."

"Then it seems to me you have lost all your wit now."

"Lord, I have indeed lost it."

"And how?"

"Lord, the day your son, the noble young king, perished, that day lost I wit, knowledge, and sense"; and Bertran's voice breaks in sobs.

At the word "son" the king starts as if pierced with an arrow; pale as death, gasping, and clutching at the air, he reels and would fall but for the arms of several near him. Then tears pour down his cheeks, and after a moment, recovering himself with a mighty effort, he cries:

"Sir Bertran, Sir Bertran, you had good reason and it is right indeed if you lost your strength of mind when my son died, for no man did he love more than you. And now for love of him, not only I spare your life, but I give back your property and your castle, and I add thereto for the loss you have suffered five hundred marks of silver with my favor and my love."

Such is the Provençal story.[4]

And this man, who as we shall see has richly earned the king's hate, yet with a touch can break him in pieces before his court,—who is he?

The lord of Autafort he is called among the barons, but for us he is Bertran de Born, the troubadour.[5]

High among the border hills of Périgord, and about a league and a half beyond the quiet vale of Dalon is Hautefort, the modern Autafort, another peninsula of plateau thrust into another wide valley as at Beauville, with a few houses thrown here and there on the slope to make a village, and a fragrance of roses drifting furlongs away on the breeze. But the castle has not fared like that of Bouvila. Not a rambling gendarmerie is here, but an extensive and imposing château, one of the finest in provincial France, a country cousin to the Louvre. Entering from a large terrace we find a building that fills three sides of a gravelled square, with a low parapet on the southern side. Within it there are parlors and drawing-rooms, long vistas of apartments, a chapel, the proprietor's bedchamber perfectly ready, the pots and pans of the kitchen clean and bright,—everything prepared and wait-

ing, and still waiting on in silence. We feel as if there must be people near at hand; they must be sleeping somewhere and soon will appear. But people there are none. The proprietor stays in Paris, and the trim steward is lord of the manor.

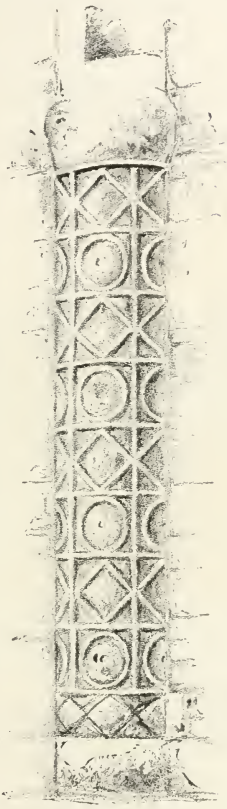
Almost nothing remains of the ancient castle.[6] Beside the main entrance stands a short pillar nearly buried in the

A DISTANT VIEW OF HAUTEFORT.

wall—the only bit, according to tradition. But the ground is there still. We see how strong the place was toward the valley, "an impregnable fortress," as Geoffrey of Vigeois called it'; and we see also how exposed it lay to battering-rams, movable towers, and scaling-ladders on the rearward side. Who can say how many battles took place on the spine of the ridge? Twice, at least, Richard the Lion-hearted fought there, and Bertran de Born many times more, for, says the biography, "he was ever at war with all his neighbors."

War was not Born's only business, however. As a

gentleman and a poet he was under obligations to Love, and he paid his debt right valiantly according to his gifts. Though not rich in sentiment, he possessed a plenty of wit. His love-songs, while wanting in amorous unction and real fire, are undoubtedly clever; and his love affairs themselves, however they may fail to move, are certainly interesting.[8]



THE OLD PILLAR.

Down below the towers and gates of Uzerche the dark Vézère travels thirty leagues to go twelve, and finally comes in its own way to Montignac. Thither went Bertran de Born, too, but not by a route so indolent, for at the end of the journey, in a lofty castle buttressed by a natural pillar of black ivy-wreathed stone forty feet high, and boldly overlooking the town and the river, Lady Maeut,[9] a sister of Maria de Ventadorn, waited to smile upon him.

We can guess quite safely at the virtues of this lady, for Born, her lover, describes his ideal of womanhood in a poem. It is a piece on young-heartedness, apparently written to provide Arnaut Daniel with an introduction to Duke Richard. A man is young, says the poet, while he can bear privations, and is ready to stake all his worth on a hazard ; while he enjoys tourneys and battles, and loves to ravage and burn ; while he makes liberal gifts, delights

in gallantry, and is loved by the joglars ; age is upon him when he avoids risks, eschews gambling, and wishes to be at peace for a day now and then, when he wears a cape over his mantle, when—yielding to prudence or even avarice—he piles up a store of wheat, wine, and bacon beyond his immediate needs, and when his table offers eggs and cheese on days not restricted by Holy Church.

In like manner Born defines the ages of women. A lady is old when she is careless about attiring her head, when she has no lover or has two, when she feels the need of charms and spells, when she likes to talk more than she ought, and finds the merry joglars wearisome ; but a lady is young, or at least young-hearted, while she keeps her person beautiful, does good acts, loyally appreciates a fine man, and never plays him an ill turn.[10] Such a person, then, we may doubtless count the fair Maeut.

Of her looks we can be surer still, for Born—free from the intoxication of a Bernart or a Pons—was able to record the items of her beauty. "Fresh and fine ; young, gay, and lovable," he described her. "Gold-brown hair touched with ruby light" set off a complexion "like the blossoms of the white-thorn," and she had a soft arm, a firm bust, and a back as graceful and springing as a rabbit's.[11]

Still the lady's charms were not enough to keep her lover from worshipping strange gods occasionally. After a season of hostility and even war against the troubadour, Duke Richard made amends by inviting him to pass a winter with his father, the king, at Argentan. Doubtless Born anticipated great festivities and great pleasures at the royal court, but he was grievously disappointed. "Boorish and wearisome" he found existence there, for the lively manners of the south did not reign. Around Henry II. life was earnest business. Extravagance—the

passion of the Midi—was frowned upon ; and the troubadour, hungry for gay society, exclaimed in disgust :

Finished courts we only see
Where gay talk and laughter be ; [12]

MONTIGNAC.

adding with a heart full of bitterness that " a stingy court is only a deer-park of lords." [12]

Had it not been for one person Born declared he would have died,—the duchess of Saxony, Richard's sister, who

was passing the time at Argentan while Duke Henry the Lion, banished for conspiring against the emperor, made a pilgrimage to Compostella. She, too, was lonely, and Richard urged her to accept the troubadour's homage,—another proof that no dishonor was involved in this relation. Born was nothing loath. To celebrate a daughter of the king and to be accepted as her lover was a signal honor. Relying—as he seems to have done with safety—on the distance between him and Montignac he loudly sang: "Let my Fair Lord . . . look for some one else to praise her," and then consecrated all his talents to the service of his new mistress.[13]

One proof that Born gave of his devotion was quite unique. While Richard and he were campaigning with some troops, they had not wherewithal to break their fast one morning, and when the hour of dinner came were still without supplies. Before the poet's fancy rose the picture of "a good inn, and within it were meat and bread and wine, and the fire was bright as if of beechwood." But love was so much stronger than hunger in his thoughts, that his longing for the pleasures of the inn only suggested the delight of being with his lady, and he forgot his privations in composing a song for her.[14]

His next bit of truancy fared less to his taste. One of his friends, the viscount of Comborn, brought a wife home from Burgundy, a lady "replete with charms," the very dame—so Canello thinks—for whom Daniel composed that sestine of his; and, from politeness or some other motive, Born welcomed her to Limousin with a complimentary poem. His lady took offence at this; and the troubadour, declaring that

> Who gains the better for the good
> Deserves to be the more esteemed,[15]

transferred his attentions openly to Guischarda, naming

her, with a slighting allusion to his former mistress perhaps, "Better-than-Good."

But he met with no success apparently, and found himself driven to regain the friendship of Maeut. It was all a slander and nothing else, he averred, the story that he loved another; and if this were not the truth, he prayed to be punished with all the ills he dreaded most: might his hawk be killed and plucked before his eyes by pirate falcons, might he never win again at dice, might he be compelled to live in a tower with four disagreeable partners, and forever lack both soldiers and servants;

> My lady leave me for another knight,
> And come—I care not what—the worst that might;
> The wind shall fail me when I 'm on the sea,
> The porters beat me in King Henry's sight,
> And from the battle may I lead the flight
> If he lies not who told you that of me.[16]

This was right good protesting; but no doubt the lady had facts, and Born found it necessary to compose another song.

He now pretends to relinquish hope. His lady cares naught for him,

> And without the least excuse
> Wages war that hath no truce.[17]

Plainly it is all over, and—worse yet—he is utterly unable to think where he can find another lady to equal the one he loses. Then a plan occurs to him; and he goes about the land taking from all the fairest the peculiar charm of each,—from one her fresh complexion and amorous glances, from another her witty talk, from the lady of Chalais her lovely neck and hands, from the lady of Malemort the features and the toilette that dazzled Faidit, from one her blonde locks, from another her beautiful

teeth, from Guischarda her straight young figure ; thus and only thus can he obtain a mistress equal to the one he has lost.

But even this brave compliment was ineffectual ; and at length, feeling much like a dog without a master, poor Born crossed the hills, and rode on till the woody meadows of the Teude grew narrow, and the highlands thrust a wedge of rock between the river and its confluent. At the point of the wedge stood Chalais. A comfortable château is there now, looking down complacently upon the marshes and the poplars ; but in those days a lord whose mother was probably Bernart de Ventadorn's Margarida had a mighty fortress on the cliff, with stout walls and high towers for defence, and under the ground safe passages for retreat.

The *châtelaine*—she of the beautiful neck and hands—was a friend of Bertran's ; and the troubadour, after endeavoring to justify his conduct in breaking with Maeut, begged Lady Tiborc to accept him as her knight.[15] Her answer paints the high-bred lady of the time, and reminds us once more that courtly love was not, or at least was not intended to be, a clandestine, irresponsible intrigue.

" Bertran," she said, " your coming to me here makes me glad and happy, and I deem it a high honor. At the same time I feel displeasure. It is an honor that you have come to see me, and pray me to accept you as knight and servitor ; but I am indignant if Lady Maeut has dismissed you and is angry with you for aught you have said or done amiss. But I am one who knows well how quickly the hearts of lovers turn. If you have done no wrong toward my Lady Maeut I shall soon find out the truth, and then I will regain you her favor. But in case the fault is yours, neither I nor any other lady may receive you or accept you as knight and servitor." Then, as she promised, Tiborc exerted herself to reconcile the two, and before

BELOW THE CASTLE, CHALAIS.

long a happy troubadour was once more cantering along the road to Montignac, humming a new song as he went.

But, as I intimated, compliments and love-songs were not the true rôle of Bertran de Born. To make them belonged in the character of a gentleman of fashion, and the genteel poet of Autafort took pride in playing his part,—"it was his duty and he did"; but his real singing had a very different cast. As poetry it was the worse for this. Born is not easy and serenely artistic, but impatient, forced, sometimes incorrect, and frequently rough; his usual style is not sweet and unctuous, but rather dry and severe; and instead of flowing musically on, caressing flowery banks with lyric eddies, and echoing the boughs of the forest and the blue of the heavens with lights and shadows even more profound and more significant, his verse rushes on like a torrent; always restless, often violent; grey, swift, and fierce; tearing at its banks, boiling up the mud and gravel of its bed, and rolling great stones along its channel with many hoarse rumblings and many a hard shock. Yet he was master of his art, such as it was. While Bernart de Ventadorn had the glory of moulding for all his successors the love-song of Provence, Bertran de Born was appointed to forge the Provençal sirvente, and the satires of Peire Cardinal, the greatest moral poet of the age, were built upon his foundation.

In subjects and in purpose there was no resemblance between these two, however; for Born sang of politics, not morals; and his personal quarrels, not the love of right, were the burden of his message. To be sure we cannot reckon him a hater of the first order,—he was too mercurial and far too anxious for enjoyment, but as a wrangler he occupies the very front rank. Quarrelling was the essence of his pleasure, as well as the keynote of his interests.

His teeth were not disdainful of any prey. Falling out

with a joglar he addressed him a poem, and among other tributes paid him this: "There is no menial that would not advance to the assault before you would; and you—for all your helmet—would be the last man to enter, though nothing but melons were used by the defenders." [19] Another joglar importuned him for a new song—to be his Open Sesame at many a castle gate—and Born finally gave him a piece with this compliment in it for himself:

> With hoarse, loud voice you sing not, but halloo;
> So black your face, you 're taken for a Moor;
> The tale you tell is murdered ere you 're through;
> But since—as rude as any backwoods boor—
> You smell of tar and pitch and rosin,
> And look ill-dressed, ill-kempt from hood to shoe,
> I 'll make the song to rid myself of you.[20]

At the opposite end of the social scale stood the poet-king, Amfos II. of Aragon, and Born devoted two biting invectives to him besides incidental attentions.

Just why this quarrel raged so fiercely we cannot be sure. A few years before (1181), Amfos laid siege to the city of Toulouse, and the count, summoning all possible aid, implored Born to write a poem against the Spanish king. Born complied, and Amfos retaliated not long after by helping Richard at the siege of Autafort. This would explain a good deal of wrath on the troubadour's part, but there is also a story—none too probable—to account for its peculiar bitterness. The king, we are told, finding himself short of provisions while in camp before Autafort begged supplies of Born himself, and Born—complying with his request—asked him to have the battering engines moved away to another part of the wall; whereupon Amfos betrayed this precious indication to Richard. Be the tale true or not, Born's invective was unsparing. Whatever

thing his own wit could not invent, he was ready to borrow from the slanders of his dear "brother" Guilhem de Berguedan, the king's bitterest enemy, and no lie was too extraordinary for him to repeat.

Grief o'ershadows Aragon,
Catalonia, and Urgel,
For they 've none to rule them well,
But a fatling prince, half-strung,
Who his predecessor hung;
One that sings to praise himself,
And loves honor less than pelf,—
Wherefore hell will be his portion.[21]

Another and more serious quarrel was nearer home. Bertran had a brother, and the two held Autafort in common. Constantin is described in the story as a quiet, prudent fellow; and while there is some reason to qualify this characterization, his temperament was clearly very different from Bertran's. Probably he was a plain, blunt man who demanded his rights, and so the poet was pleased to regard him as a greedy, restless, insatiable monster, bent on robbing innocent children of their future inheritance. Between such men strife was inevitable.

The beginnings of the strife cannot fully be explained, but some details of its progress are clear enough. By hook or by crook Bertran pried his uncongenial partner out of the castle, whereupon the neighboring barons forcibly reinstated him. Bertran summoned his own allies then, and camped about the place. At his request, however—for apparently he dreaded the issue of a battle—peace was restored on the old footing, but before long he pried his brother out again. Upon this, Constantin appealed to Richard, their duke; and Richard, backed by the neighboring barons, came with an army.

Those were anxious times for the poet.

All day I struggle and contend,
Wage ceaseless battles, fence, defend;
My lands are ravaged and are burned,
My trees uprooted and o'erturned,
All my grain trod down to rack me,
And all the lords I 've fought or spurned
Now assemble to attack me.[22]

Certainly the outlook for the doughty troubadour was rather dark. But happily for him Richard was called away, and as Constantin appealed in vain to the king himself, Bertran remained in possession of the castle.

The following summer (1183) Richard and Amfos took the place and gave it up to the brother, but once more Bertran recovered it; and in the end, according to tradition, Constantin concluded to yield his rights and settle himself on a steep knoll of a hill about a couple of miles from Autafort. His old home was in full view from his new one; and so, frowning and glaring, the two brothers looked down every day into the same round valley with its pines and poplars, its chestnuts and walnuts, its creamy wild roses tipped with pink, its morning and its evening fleece of mist, little heeding, I fear, the placid beauty of the scene.

But our troubadour, instead of regretting such troubles, gloried in them. If at peace for a moment in his own castle, he was eager for trouble to break out among his neighbors, and he frankly said:

'T is my desire that mighty lords
Be e'er at odds among themselves.[23]

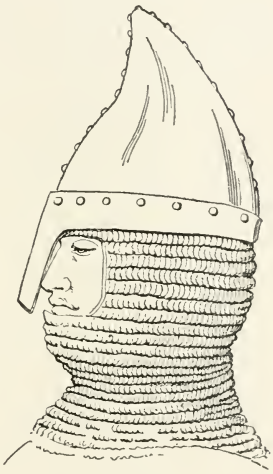
War was a good thing, he believed, for its own sake, and to all who burned for honor he cried unceasingly: "You will never be esteemed unless you are found in the thick of battle." Indeed, saturated with tales of martial exploits, he dreamed of little else. Like a Tyrtæus of indiscriminate slaughter he sang:

Peace delights me not,
War—be that my lot ;
Law I do not know
Save a right good blow.[24]

And when finally the call to arms came echoing through his fair valley, he equipped for the fray with joy and alacrity.

It was worth while to be present when he set out from Autafort. Over the regulation breeches and shirt he

A MAN IN ARMOR.



THE HELMET.

wore a heavy quilted jacket, and over this a lined woollen robe of deep blue coming down to his ankles. Over this again was the hauberk, soon to become a dense fabric of chain-mail, but as yet only a leather frock reaching half way from knee to ankle, covered with links of steel, and —like the robe—parted before and behind so that the wearer could bestride a horse. The hauberk had long sleeves protecting the wrists, and a hood of mail, which,

after the poet's head was garnished with a thick soft cap, was drawn up and over until only his face could be seen. The pointed steel helmet from Pavia, duly fortified with a nose-piece of brass and painted blue, was then placed upon the hood and laced firmly to it with strips of leather. In a belt of leather, covered with garnet silk and fastened with a gilded buckle, hung a dagger, the handle of which was averred to be of horn from the horned viper. Shoes of soft but tough leather, strengthened with strips of enamelled brass, spurs—merely points of gilded silver—attached by crimson straps, and buff gloves, doubly thick on the backs, completed his dress.

His sword—the product of a Castilian forge—supported by another garnet-colored belt, was of medium length, straight and broad, with a gilded handle, a slightly curving bar for a guard, and in the pommel three hairs from the head of St. Martial, visible through a plate of crystal, which, though intensely hard, had been softened for cutting—so the jeweller explained—by a bath of blood still warm from the veins of a goat.

When Born was ready to mount, an esquire led up his war-horse Baiart, a grey stallion whose red and quivering nostrils had snuffed fire from the winds of Gascony. Baiart carried almost no armor ; but his accoutrements, from the powerful curb to the Carcassonne saddle with its triangular stirrups and gilded pommel, were strongly and skilfully made, and his breastplate was adorned with embroidery, with plaques of brass, and with a few precious stones.

Bertran mounted at a leap, and called at once for his shield. This was a round-cornered triangle of wood bent so as to fit the rider's body, covered with the toughest of leather, bound with brass, and half supported by a garnet belt passing around his neck. In size—reaching almost from shoulder to knee—it was larger than the coming,

but smaller than the bygone style. In the centre stood a boss of gilded iron, and on the field—painted cobalt-blue and varnished—were blazoned in red the troubadour's arms : three falcons, jessed, belled, and hooded.

Last of all the esquire handed Born his lance,—a shaft of ash about eight feet long, without counterpoise. The head, forged of Poitou steel —rather small, but keen and bright—bore this inscription, "A faithless man can find no deliverance"; and immediately below it fluttered the gonfanon, a small silk banner of white cendal edged with gold embroidery, in the centre of which the slender fingers of Lady Maeut had worked the troubadour's arms in purple silk.[25]

A LARGE GONFANON.

Thoroughly equipped in this fashion Born is ready for the fray; and, closely followed by his troop and by us, he canters off to the rendezvous.

There a brave sight rewards our perseverance. The green field is covered with an army of such warriors,—gay, ardent, splendor-loving sons of the Midi. All is brilliancy, movement, and spirit. The esquires outvie one another in zeal and activity. The fiery war-horses—all of the choicest stock, and many of them priceless treasures brought from Spain or even Syria—champ the bit, prance, back, sidle, caracole, curvet. The brave knights in gleaming hauberks display their address in horsemanship, exchange courtly greetings, laugh at a new jest, give orders to their attendants, receive and send messages. Arms clash. Signal trumpets peal.[26] Loud

calls are forwarded from lip to lip through the host. Some one starts a battle-song, and before the first stanza is done a hundred voices have joined. Shields, lance-heads, and helmets flash dazzling glitter-points here and there as they catch the sun. Above all rise the fluttering banners of the chiefs and the countless bright gonfanons of the knights—white, yellow, blue, and crimson—a field of tulips on a ground of steel, while here and there, as a baron gallops across the plain with a message or an order, we see a bright banner cross the grey thicket of lance heads, rising and falling like a scarlet bird winging swiftly through a copse.

Who could look unmoved on such a spectacle?

Certainly not Bertran de Born. Full of martial spirit and poetic feeling, his mind as well as his eye drinks in the glory and beauty of the scene. His brain becomes another muster field. Martial thoughts assemble there in troops; bold feelings hurry together in squadrons, brandishing sword and lance. The host throng and crowd, fiercely surging to and fro in a tumult of eager purposes. Little by little the lines are formed, the knights range themselves, the trumpet sounds, the spurs strike deep, the charge is launched like a whirlwind, and to the beat of hoofs and clang of steel the poet's fiery musings leap into utterance in a battle-song:

I love the blithesome Eastertide,
  That brings the leaves and flowers back;
I love the merry birds that glide
  Through blooming copses, with no lack
    Of gay and happy singing;
      I love to see fair tents arrayed
      Across the meadow and the glade,
    And then, while spurs are stinging,
      To see, with gonfanons displayed,
      The armored knights and steeds parade.

'T is pleasant when the scout and guide
Drive herds and people from their track,
And when behind them swiftly ride
A host of lances to attack,
Like eagles fiercely winging;
'T is pleasant when assaults are made,
Walls broken, garrisons dismayed,—
Fresh soldiers ever springing,
And no attacking knight afraid
To try the ditch and palisade.

We see the work of strength and pride,
Swords, maces, helmets blue and black,
And broken shields on every side;
Brave struggling knights that hew and hack,
And horses madly flinging
The wounded riders they obeyed;
While all the men of noble grade
Their brands and axes swinging,
Lop arms and heads, unmoved, unstayed,—
Defeat not death should one evade.

I prize no meat or drink beside
The cry "On, on!" from throats that crack;
The neighs when frightened steeds run wide,
A riderless and frantic pack,
And set the forest ringing;
The calls "Help, help!"; the warriors laid
Beside the moat with brows that fade,
To grass and stubble clinging;
And then the bodies, past all aid,
Still pierced with broken spear or blade.

Come, barons, haste ye, bringing
Your vassals for the daring raid;
Risk all, and let the game be played![27]

XXXVI

HAUTEFORT AND ROCAMADOUR

Bertran de Born (*Concluded*)

THE conditions of the world about him gave Bertran de Born precisely the right field for his peculiar talents. In the first place, as Luchaire says, it was extremely difficult in the vast fief of Aquitaine to prevent the rise of local sovereignties, and the nobles were constantly struggling for a quasi independence. Viscounts of ability made themselves as good as counts ; and the great lords, whenever a few of them chose to combine, could take the field against the duke himself. The result was, that while the rest of the Midi was comparatively quiet unless the rival houses of Toulouse and Aragon fell out, Aquitaine was constantly the seat of open or smouldering war.

In the next place Richard, when he became count (1169) and duke (1179),[1] resolved upon making his authority respected ; and his measures though just were extremely harsh. Revolt was always in the air, like thunder on a sultry day ; and Eble V. of Ventadorn,—Maria's husband, Talairan of Comborn,—Guischarda's husband, and the lords of Angoulême, Périgueux, and other fiefs were plotting revolt or taking up arms almost constantly for a long time.

Another complication grew out of the political relations of the region as a whole. Aquitaine and Poitou were

Eleanor's patrimony, and, when she married Henry II., fell to the English crown; but Henry himself paid homage to France for all his possessions in that country, and, whenever English rule weighed heavily upon their necks, the nobles were tempted to consider themselves the direct vassals of Louis or Philippe.

England and France, too, had endless causes for jealousy and conflict. Intrigue never slept and war seldom closed both its eyes. A solid peace was practically impossible; and while these two powers were incessantly struggling to outplay or outfight each other, the barons of Aquitaine, owing allegiance to both, lived in a state of chronic unrest.

All these conditions were aggravated by Henry's domestic troubles. Aquitaine recognized Eleanor as its hereditary chief, and when she came to be ignored there by Henry as one result of the family quarrel, she had the sympathy of her subjects and Henry their ill-will.

More potent still as a cause of trouble were the constant feuds between Henry and his sons. Henry, says Giraldus Cambrensis, "was the kindest of fathers to his legitimate children during their childhood and youth, but as they advanced in years looked on them with an evil eye, treating them worse than a stepfather; and although he had such distinguished and illustrious sons, whether it was that he would not have them prosper too fast, or whether they were ill-deserving, he could never bear to think of them as his successors."

Naturally a man greedy of power preferred to hold it in his own hands, but Henry had good reasons for his policy. It was his aim to build up a great united monarchy, and a partition of it among his children would have ruined his plans. Neither could he forget that Eleanor hated him, and that a mother was naturally better loved than a king.

Finally the strange demoniac strain of the blood turned many of his best designs into mischief. To confirm the succession and please the boy, Henry caused Enric, his eldest son, to be crowned (1170), and at the coronation banquet served "the young king," as he was called from that day, like an esquire; but instead of feeling touched and grateful, the prince arrogantly remarked: "It is but right, for *my* father is a king while *his* was only a count." Such a temper could not fail to make trouble. "It is our fate," said one of the sons, "that none of us should love the rest." "From the Devil we come and to the Devil we return," cried Richard once. Henry's kindness and forbearance were looked upon as weakness, his firmness as severity, and his wise policy as selfishness. His errors —neither few nor small—were magnified and his favors misconstrued, and the relations of father and sons came to be saturated with distrust, jealousy, and rivalry, and—on the side of the latter—ingratitude and hate.

Precisely how much influence the poems of Bertran de Born exerted we cannot say, for the history is very obscure and no doubt many—perhaps most—of his pieces have been lost.[2] The Provençal biography is emphatic: "He was master when he pleased of King Henry of England and of his son"; and this was the view held for centuries from the time of Dante on. But he certainly possessed no such power over the king; and at present the tendency is to deny him all real importance.

Still there is evidence that his influence was quite considerable. As a lord he was no doubt insignificant, and as an actual fighter by no means a gory Achilles. We cannot think of him as anyway approaching a powerful baron like Savaric de Mauleon, for example. Personally and officially he may fairly be described, I think, as bantam-esque. But as we have learned, poetry was the newspaper press of that day, and it is well understood

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that a very mean man may edit a great organ. The count of Toulouse gave solid testimony to his power when he begged him for a poem against the king of Aragon ; and the king of Aragon seems to have done as much, for Born hinted once that his brother Sanzo, the governor of Provence, was eclipsing the king's popularity there, and we find Sanzo unaccountably removed soon after from his post.

But a simple glance at the conditions is convincing enough, it seems to me. Consider the quick and susceptible temper of those men, their dread of blame, their still greater dread of ridicule, their intense love of praise, their passionate burning for distinction ; and then imagine a sirvente of Born's, fresh and hot, falling amid a group of the high-spirited, proud, brave, and keenly emulous lords. Remember, too, how the message was delivered. It was not read, but heard. Neither was it recited by a Marquis of Salisbury, monologuing for two hours before a great audience without a gesture ; it was delivered with southern intensity, and delivered by an artist gifted and trained for that special work. The sirvente was a dagger, and in the joglar's hand it dazzled and it struck.

" Go, Papiol, ever swift and running ! " cried Born to his joglar when the piece had been taught him ; and flying like a messenger of the gods Papiol stood in a castle hall among the nobles.

Recall Jasmin, the barber of Agen, reciting his verses almost in our own day, and picture the mad enthusiasm of his audiences—the men, with red faces, crowding and shouting, the women tearing the flowers and plumes from their bonnets to bury the poet under extemporised garlands. Then think of a mediæval company, seven centuries younger, untrained in modern self-control, and wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement by events that have recently taken place, and think of Papiol in the midst of them.

It is not mere poems like Jasmin's that he offers, but counsel on matters of the most vital importance to themselves; not questions of art, but questions of property, home, wife, and children; not poetic fancies, but mortal and instant issues of life and death. With blazing intensity the situation is brought home to them. Speaking with impassioned vehemence, with exuberant energy, with a fierce heat radiating not only from his countenance but from his whole body; now rising to his fullest height, now almost crouching; turning this way and that way, darting toward one and toward another, and then gazing afar as if he could see the aggressor at his work; now shouting his loudest, now hissing in a whisper, panting, catching his breath, exulting, defiant, contemptuous, pathetic, raging, entreating; now flinging out a taunt, now a word of praise, now an appeal, now a rebuke, now exhortation, now encouragement; now touching on old resentments, now promising new glory; and always real, personal, direct, and immediate: "Thou—here—now; success—ruin; honor — shame; triumph—subjection; choose! act!"—thus Papiol delivers his message. Picture the scene if you can, and you will not deny, I think, the influence of Bertran de Born.

Torches flying through the wheat-fields at the tails of foxes broke the Roman army at Capua. The grain was ripe in Aquitaine, Born supplied the torch, and Papiol bore it.

Whatever the extent of his influence it was all in favor of strife. That he loved contention for its own sake we already know; that he repaid injuries with joy we understand when he cries: "I never leave off, in April or in March, seeking for ways that ill may come to those who wrong me"; and now looking more closely at his motives we discover a broad and fundamental reason for his preaching war.

Indeed he states the reason himself with cynical frankness. Self-interest—narrow, mercenary self-interest—was the mainspring of his policy. Autafort, as I have said, was not a rich fief. Born is called in one of the Provençal biographies a viscount, but he was not a viscount; and a thousand men are said to have belonged to his estates, but probably no such number obeyed him. Dependent on his own resources he was only a rather poor and rather insignificant gentleman. To maintain himself in dignity and comfort he needed subsidies from the great lords, and like others of his day was not afraid to admit it.

If Richard will be kind
And freely pay,
I 'll serve him to his mind
In every way.[3]

But the great lords felt no burning desire to impoverish themselves for the benefit of men like Born, and would not pay for aid except in cases of necessity. War was their time of need, and therefore it was the harvest of needy gentlemen.

Aggressive—say it not of me
When rich men's passions I excite,
For lesser people of degree
Exploit them better if they fight;
And when the war begins, they are—
I give my word—
More cordial, open, and free by far.[4]

In fact when peace reigned the rich nobles were exclusive and meanly fond of enjoying their own wealth—so the parasite felt—and for him the outbreak of hostilities was a joyous event.

War begins; a boon I deem
Strife that kindles our grandees,

For they love to plant their trees,
Sharing garden, hall, and stream
With as few as they are able,—
Dreading murder it would seem;
But for war they 'd live at ease,—
We be exiled from their table.[5]

In other words, Born was an unprincipled schemer, selling his talents for a price, and ready to embark in any cause, no matter what the general results might be, if it would fill his coffer.[6] In good Anne's time he would have been a pamphleteer,—Daniel Defoe, for example. He was not so great a liar as Defoe—nobody else could be, and Born had no special gift in that way; but on the other hand, we cannot discover in him that substratum of principle of which Defoe may at least be suspected. Intrigue, personal aims, and selfish ambitions made up the life of each; but Defoe had a touch of patriotism, and Born could never be accused of that.[7]

Yet we must not judge him too harshly. He could not well be patriotic, for he had no country. Nobody had a country then, not even the king. There *was* no country. It was only the triumph of monarch over barons at a later day that made patriotism possible.[8] As yet France was only a loose bundle of fiefs; and while there were overlords and a king, it was understood clearly enough that every noble was to live for himself, warring on his neighbors if he pleased and on his lord if he dared. Nobody cared except for the things dear to his own heart; and Born like many others had but one cause, his narrow self-interest.

We should remember, too, that war as it was practised then was by no means a frightful scourge. It was only boy's play after all. The summons went out and a host of knights assembled. Three objects were in view: to besiege the enemy's castles, ravage his territories, and

outfight him if he were met in the field ; but the objects were pursued without system and without thoroughness. Strategy was absolutely unknown. There were no maps, and geographical knowledge was meagre and inaccurate. No attempt was made to keep in touch with an opposing army. Tactics hardly existed. If the two bodies happened to meet, each was drawn up in a line of knights

THE OLD GRAVEYARD, HAUTEFORT.

with a line of esquires behind it,—the line being divided, as a rule, into three corps. Then came the charge—a series of duels—and finally an advance of the reserves if there were any.[9] Whichever side was beaten scampered off, and usually had little difficulty in reaching places of security. Forty days were the term of service.[10] At the end of the time the armies broke up, and the game was over for that year.

Of course there was bloodshed ; but nothing so terrible as a modern sea-fight was dreamed of then. Of course there were violent deaths ; but there is no better anæsthetic than excitement, and a hand-to-hand contest is vastly more exhilarating than receiving a ball from somebody out of sight a mile away. Of course lives were cut short ; but Frederick the Great cried to his fleeing troops : " Fools, do you expect to live always ? " Of course there were enmities; but the enmities, however passionate, were not deep. In the poem of *Girart de Rossillon*, the king says of a baron in the opposing line of battle : " He is my foe and I hate him right well, but I would rather be he, with his good qualities, than the recognized lord of four kingdoms." The most furious war-songs could end gayly in compliments to a lady. Indeed, war did not even suggest eternal hostility. Frequently just as everything threatened an era of wholesale carnage, the wind would shift, and the reign of brotherly love set in. Men would fight as a convenient way to bid each other good-morrow, and when night came they might undress and sleep in the same bed. Besides, ideas were adjusted to the thought of war, and that almost compensated for its ills. In the poem just mentioned, Boson exclaims as he thinks of the slain : " I do not wish to shed a tear. We have all been trained and prepared for such an end. Not one of us had for father a knight who died at home or in a room, but in pitched battle by the cold steel ; and I wish not the reproach [of dying otherwise]." Born himself tells how men felt about it. War approaches, he says, " And if I live 't will be a great good fortune, and if I die, a great deliverance."

All these reflections, of whatever sort, focus themselves on the region about Autafort and the spring of 1183.

The troubles in Henry the Second's family were plainly nearing a climax. Enric, disgusted with his empty

name—"the young king"—and the mere prospect of some day wielding a sceptre, demanded a share of actual power—the possession of a realm. Richard was the duke of Aquitaine, why should not he be the duke of Normandy? His father, doubtless remembering Enric's high-headedness, refused this request, but he provided him the means for living in greater state, and promised that his brothers should recognize his claim to the succession by paying him homage. This, however, Richard flatly refused to do, calling himself a direct vassal of the French crown, and of course trouble between the two brothers was the consequence. Still other causes of offence existed: Richard had built a castle at Clarasval (Clairvaux) on land belonging to Enric, and Richard's nobles, chafed by the severity of "Yes-and-No," as Born called him, had offered Enric the lordship of Aquitaine.

Born was on the alert and sent his joglar forth with a song:

> Papiol, to the young king haste,
> And let him know
> That too much sleep suits not my taste.[11]

But the exhortation was hardly necessary. Enric gladly accepted the proposal of the nobles and leagued himself with Born and the rest for the overthrow of Richard, whereupon the exulting troubadour sang the slogan of the conspiracy, and—to deepen the strife—reminded Enric sharply of his brother's aggression:

> Full in the plain at Clarasval there stands
> A handsome castle, built not long ago;
> And I would not the young king see it, deeming
> This deed a thing he would not care to know;
> But much I fear—so white the walls are gleaming—
> He may discern it from Matafelo.[12]

Everything promised a glorious conflagration; but Henry, coming from England with an army, imposed a

peace and induced the brothers to be reconciled. At the bidding of his father, Richard gave up Clarasval ; and Enric, the young king, was constrained to moderate his pretensions and abandon the rebellious nobles. The conspiracy was now without a head. All Born's expectations were dashed ; and he like the rest looked forward with little pleasure to the sure vengeance of Richard, "the wild boar." So a bitter sirvente was going the rounds without loss of time :

> My thought will torture me till I have sped it,—
> So much I burn to utter and to spread it;
> My wrath is great, and reasons good have fed it :
> Enric preferred a claim, and then unsaid it
> Because his father bade him when he read it ;
> "Constrained"—poor thing!
> Landless, nor asking land, though fain to tread it,
> Be he the vagrants' king ![13]

Stung to madness, it would seem, by such taunts, Enric broke the peace that had just been sworn, and placed himself at the head of the barons again. War broke out in earnest then, and Born, singing a new battle-song at Enric's bidding, exhorted the young prince to imitate the glorious Charlemagne.

> The king that for his due will fight
> Can claim his own with double right ;
> Charles hath left a deathless story
> Because he broke the Spaniards' might ;
> And kings that give and strive and smite,
> Earn and have unending glory.[14]

But once more the troubadour's expectations met with shipwreck, and far greater interests than his went down in the billows. With both his father and his brother to fight, Enric found himself desperately overmatched. His treasury failed, and he could pay his troops only by robbing the churches and monasteries. Few things were

holy in the eyes of his mercenaries ; yet one place at least we should have thought far too sacred for profanation, the hallowed pilgrim-church, the miracle-working shrine of Rocamadour ; but even these were plundered, and the very sword of Roland was carried away.

But Rocamadour proved able to avenge if not able to protect itself.[15] Founded, as tradition held, by Zacchæus the Publican, it occupied a peculiar place in the veneration of the faithful. The celestial powers were felt to be ever present there in a very special sense. Indeed Omnipotence may well have seemed to inhabit the spot, for the print of His foot seems graven there now. As we journey across the level and monotonous plains there suddenly breaks upon us a new wonder,—a valley without mountains, a vast gash in the earth. Up from the bottom grows a precipice, out of the precipice one narrow street full of houses, out of the houses a cliff, out of the cliff a cloud of chapels and sanctuaries, out of these a dizzy, overhanging crag, and out of the crag the walls and battlements and towers of a castle. Sanctity so deeply revered and so visibly attested, could not fail to retaliate upon the desperate rebel who violated its holiness. He was ailing when he came, he was in a fever when he departed; a few days more, and " the young king " was dead.[16]

The fallen prince was neither a great nor a good man. He proved himself capable of ingratitude, insubordination, frivolity, recklessness, falsehood, and perjury, and a noble act has not been recorded to his credit ; but on the other hand, all the arts and graces fitted to excite admiration and win popularity were his by nature. " In peace," wrote Giraldus Cambrensis, " In peace and in private life he was courteous, affable, quiet, and amiable, kindly indulgent to those by whom he chanced to be offended, and far more disposed to forgive than to punish the offenders." " He considered that he had lost a day when he had not

secured the attachment of many [whether good or bad], by various acts of liberality, and bound them to him, body and soul, by multiplied favors." In the tournament he outshone all ; and in battle, though not equal to Richard, he was described by Giraldus as "a thunderbolt winged with lightning, the only hope and fear of all."

Qualities like these—especially his liberality—fascinated the world in which the young prince moved, and his miserable death aroused universal grief. Born, too, felt the blow and felt it intensely, for not only were all his fortunes enlisted with Enric, but—in place of Defoe's lurking patriotism—he seems to have felt a touch of real affection for his leader, the one spark of genuine disinterested feeling that brightens his character. In passionate grief he cried : "The world and all in it I value not a besant nor the blow of an acorn," and with all his power he chanted the prince's dirge.[17]

With this melancholy event the epic of Bertran de Born ends. The collapse of Enric's plans left Richard only the work of punishing the conspirators. Autafort was besieged, and after a week of fighting Born surrendered,—either because he could resist no longer or because he did not wish to exasperate the duke ; but in the end by humble and even fawning submission and promises of devotion he recovered his castle. From this point he was Richard's partisan, and sang as such from time to time on the events of the day,—on Richard's wars with Toulouse and France, on his captivity and return, and on the crusade. Warned by experience he kept out of conspiracies and wars himself, though he endeavored still to light the torch for others ; and gradually he sank back into his natural obscurity. His great achievement had been accomplished.

What an achievement it was ! How glorious to help on the deadly quarrels of brother against brother, of sons against father ; and how noble were the results of their

ROCAMADOUR.

feuds : the dying prince, in an agony of contrition, ordering himself clad in sackcloth, with a rope about his neck, and placed on a heap of ashes with a stone at his feet and a stone at his head ; and the father, the mighty and splendid Henry II., undone by the rebellions and intrigues of his sons, expiring in shame and misery, and left—plundered by servants as faithless as his children—alone and naked in his chamber of death.

Did the troubadour feel remorse ? [18]

We cannot say; but we know that only two years after Bernart de Ventadorn entered the quiet shelter of Dalon, Bertran de Born was pacing to and fro in the same cloister. For nineteen years he ate the pulse and drank the water of a monk,[19] and then (1215) we read of an eighth candle burned in the sepulchre of St. Martial at Limoges for the repose of his departed spirit.

But we have a glimpse beyond the tomb. " I saw in truth," so Dante wrote, " I saw in truth and still I seem to see it, a trunk without a head going along even as the others of the dismal flock were going. And it was holding the severed head by its hair, dangling in his hand like a lantern. And it gazed on us and said, ' Oh me ! ' Of itself it was making for itself a lamp, and they were two in one and one in two ;—how it can be, He knows who so ordains. When it was just at the foot of the bridge it lifted its arm high with the whole head in order to approach its words to us, which were : ' Now see the dire punishment, thou that—breathing—goest seeing the dead ; see thou if any other is great as this ! And that thou mayest carry news of me, know that I am Bertran de Born, he that gave to the young king the ill encouragements.' " [20]

So, because he divided those whom nature united, the troubadour of Autafort was himself divided, and had his everlasting portion beyond the dread gate where hope is left behind.[21]

XXXVII

EXCIDEUIL

Guiraut de Borneil

WE have now travelled far, and it will not be time wasted to recall some of the troubadours we have met.

The chief poets who lived beyond the Rhone were Raimbaut de Vaqueiras the Knight, Raimbaut d'Aurenga the Gallant, and Biatritz, countess of Dia, the Sappho of Provence. At ill-fated Béziers we found Arnaut de Maruelh the Sentimental worshipping the countess of Burlatz, and a little to the north, in stony Anduze, Sain Circ the Society Man paying his addresses to the ambitious Clara.

At the southern corner of Troubadour-land King Amfos the Lordly received us at Barcelona, while Sordel the Adventurer came from Italy to meet us on our way back. Vidal the Eccentric it is hard to fix in any spot, but we accept him with Carcassonne, near Peire d'Alvernhe the Pioneer at Puivert, Rogier the Prim at Narbonne, and Cabestaing the Romantic at the foot of the Pyrenees. Toulouse, the birthplace not only of Vidal but of Peire Raimon the Graceful and of Peguilha the Thoughtful, reminded us yet more of Folquet the Fanatic.

As we journeyed toward Auvergne we passed Miraval the Spark and the reprobate Monk of Montaudon on the way, but once in the mountains found ourselves in different company. There were Cardinal the Juvenal of the

Middle Ages, Sain Leidier the Gentleman, and Pons the Ideal. There, too, lived the brave Dalfin and the clever Peirol.

Ventadorn made us acquainted with Bernart the Lover, and Uzerche with Faidit the Fleshly. Hautefort, the home of Born the Pamphleteer, we have just left ; and although we have not yet visited Ribérac, we already know Daniel the Word-smith who came from there. The tale is nearly told, but the shadow of a great figure still darkens our path, and just here we encounter another of the poets—one of the foremost—called in his own time the " Master of the Troubadours." [1]

The region to the west of Hautefort seems to have been used by the ice-floes for a general dumping-ground. Standing on one of the round hills we see a flat and level horizon as at sea. As at sea, it is difficult to believe there are waves anywhere except just about us ; but, journeying on and on, we find it still the same—always going up only to come down again, and always going down only to come up again. It is not a rich country, and great spaces hide with tattered bushes, as best they can, the ugly ravages of the wood-cutters.

In the midst of this region we come upon the pleasant little village of Excideuil, bright because of its creamy stone, and clean because there is very little to soil it. A short way from the houses one of those flat ledges, where the rock was too hard and stubborn for rain and frost to break, rises twenty-five or thirty feet above the fields, and upon it stands the broken donjon of Excideuil,—a stern, uncompromising, unrelenting fragment of the Middle Ages.

Let us go back to one of the days when the old ruin was in its prime. It is a bright spring morning not long after Easter in the year St. Francis opened his eyes at Assisi

(1182). In yonder meadows a mailèd host is gathering like the one we saw just now, and preparing to attack the castle, and we feel again the wonderful beauty and the contagious enthusiasm of such an assemblage. This time, however, we forget the host and watch its leader. There is no mistaking who commands: a man just above the medium height, finely formed, and of more than lordly presence. Before long he will put on his armor—almost exactly like Bertran de Born's except that helmets are now made round instead of pointed; but at present he rides gayly through the ranks in an easier dress. He is very fair of complexion, his cheeks look rosy, and hair of a golden red can be seen below his cap. He wears a full beard, but it is very closely trimmed; and his arms—long, supple, and sinewy—help to explain his extraordinary expertness with the sword.

FROM RICHARD'S SEAL (1195).

His bliaut of rose-colored silk ornamented with rows of silver crescents, and a scarlet cap embroidered with birds and beasts in gold, give him the look of a gallant rather than a soldier, but the sternest of the knights treat him with absolute deference. And well they may, for this blonde captain is the famous champion that has appeared so often on our stage, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, the duke of Aquitaine, and in a few hours the wild valor of his onset will force the castle to yield.[2]

But for us Excideuil has an association even more glorious than this, for it was the birthplace of Guiraut de Borneil, whom we may christen the Scholar of the troubadours.

Guiraut's birth was of the lowliest, but somehow he obtained an education and a taste for study that never left him. Neither Vidal's longing for fame nor Faidit's necessities nor Sain Circ's fondness for gay society, neither ambition nor a taste for pleasure nor even love drew him to the poet's life ; but he approached his calling maturely by the avenues of quiet thought, and it was the urgency of friends that led him through the portal of his career.[3]

Nor even love, I said, but love soon came, and it was courtly, high-minded, and poetic like himself.

My bliss o'erflows, when I recall the fair
And boundless joy that holds my loyalty ;
Two days ago I saw a garden where
Sweet flowers bloomed and birds made melody ;
And when I entered that delightful place,
The lily-blossom showed her beauteous face,
And won my eyes and won my true affection ;
And since that hour I know and think of naught
Except the one whose favor I have sought.

For her I sing, nor even tears forbear ;
And my desire hath such a purity
That sighs and worship and full oft a prayer
Fly toward the spot where shone her face on me ;
I bow and thank this flower of Adam's race
Who conquers me with such a winsome grace,
For she possesses every bright perfection,—
High-born yet kindly, she hath sweetly caught
All courtly charms, all beauty of speech and thought.[4]

It was Escaronha, a noble lady of Gascony[5] who inspired this rapture, and she returned the poet's love,—at least he believed that she did. But that did not ensure happiness.

Borneil's humble origin could not be forgotten, and nobody seemed to think a man like him entitled to be a courtly lover. If he appeared happy, they called him a coxcomb and turned up their eyes to mock him. If he looked proud, as a hopeful suitor should, they declared that he was putting on the airs of a lord. Escaronha—let us not blame her—shared the prejudices of her class ; and while she could not fail to admire the gifted troubadour or value the distinction his poems conferred upon her, she always felt that she lowered herself to care for him.

Incessant jangling made up the history of their love, and the poet's lines give us the variations of this unhappy tune. More than once Borneil had seen a tower, begun with a single stone, grow up until finally it was ready to be furnished and equipped ; and so he resolved to love and hope, to strive and plead, confident that in the end success would come. But " one oft sows his seed fairly and well, yet has no harvest therefrom," he sang once, and in this field his only harvest was a ring and several broken promises. When he prayed for something more substantial, his lady called him unworthy and taunted him with his low birth. Borneil was patient, for he held that " the suitor who is easily provoked knows little of love " ; but after a while he retorted angrily that she was fickle and frivolous ; and then she ordered him off. Perfectly wretched he went away and sang bitterly : " All was fair and sweet and peaceful in my life the day love entered my heart, for I loved not and was not loved, and I was ignorant of the ill and pain of love ; but now I know not what is, nor what is to come, for I love one who cares nothing for me."

But Escaronha did not wish him to leave her—perhaps in reality she did care, and certainly it was a pleasure to be extolled by a gifted troubadour—and presently a confidant of hers approached our poor Borneil. By this time

he was ready for any sacrifice, " more desperate from excess of love," as he said of himself, " than a ship drifting in distress over the sea, beaten by winds and waves." The confidant offered to obtain peace on the condition that he should do exactly as his lady wished and never complain again, and on these terms a reconciliation was made. " One evening heals the quarrel of a year," cried the troubadour ; and at such a time Escaronha once permitted him a kiss.

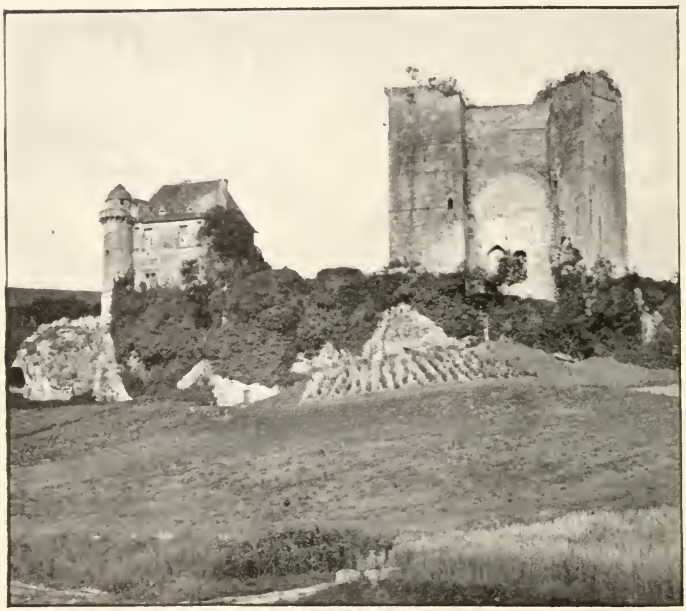
Perhaps it was not a day before someone alluded slightingly to the " low-born" Guiraut. In an instant the lady's pride was in arms against her lover, and his warm temper again took up the challenge. " How many times," he sang afterward, " how many times has a foolish word taken joy from my very hands : it is that which makes me grey." And so there was another quarrel to patch up.

One day in a blissful moment Escaronha gave him an unusual token, her glove, " upon which," we are told," he lived gay and glad a long while," alluding to it many times in his poems. But somehow the glove was lost and she knew it ; so, when he complained again of her coy behavior, she fell into a great passion over the loss and insisted that he was untrue. That created still another difference, and Borneil had to make humble terms again by the aid of the confidant.[6] " He that loves too much," he said, " is loved too little."

Finally the end came. Escaronha had assured the troubadour, giving him both her hands, ungloved, " You shall never be deceived by me " ; but his low rank outweighed everything else, and she dismissed him for good and all. " The bond which I thought held us both binds her not," cried Borneil.

Disappointments and catastrophes often seem to change people, but in reality only bring them out ; and Borneil's

conduct at this time reveals his true character. "Without a mistress will I be so long as I live," he sang; "if I have not you, I will have none." A pretty shepherdess proposed to console him, but he declined the offer. "She has been to me a guide to virtue, for in her I found a courtly companion and real love; and as she truly loved



THE RUINS OF THE CASTLE, EXCIDEUIL.

me she has led me to virtue, and even yet her influence is so powerful within me and of such a kind, that evil no longer touches me and I can withstand all base allurements." [7] From this high plane Borneil never descended. Transforming his passion like Cardinal instead of trying to suppress it like Folquet, he devoted his life to duty and

to art. He never married, and he never loved again; and the gains of his profession, beyond his own needs, were divided between his relatives and the church of his native place.

Yet he found life by no means desolate. His winters were spent in the schools, and through the summer, attended by two joglars to play and sing his pieces—for his own voice was poor—he journeyed from castle to castle and from palace to palace. To receive and to give, acquisition and production,—these were the systole and diastole of his life. They were enough to keep the current fresh and strong, and it is worth our while to follow him a little way in both phases of his work.

We are greatly mistaken if we fancy there were no students and no love for study at that day. Method, not zeal, was the lack. Everything was done in the hardest and the least productive way. As we learn from *Flamenca*, the memory was aided by harshly rubbing the spine or digging one's finger-nails into the pupil's hands. Guibert de Nogent relates how the master beat him at school till his arms were black and his little shoulders covered with welts ; and yet, for all that, he told his troubled and weeping mother, " I would rather die than cease learning letters." Many others were like him. Multitudes of wandering students, half-lettered vagabonds, roamed over the country as fancy led or the hope of a living invited them, singing Latin songs on wine and women with no courtly reticence,[8] and serving prelates almost as joglars served barons. This enthusiasm for knowledge gave rise to the universities. Bologna received its charter (1158) when Borneil was twenty years old or about that, and Paris assumed a definite shape (1202) while he still was singing.

The life of students was inexpressibly noble, mean, laughable, and pathetic. John of Anville, a Cistercian

monk, pictures the student of Paris in his poem *Architrenius*. A shabby, antiquated costume—the same for all seasons, the same for day and night—clothed a meagre body fed on peas, beans, and cabbage. His dark skin matched his dull eyes. Almost no care was taken of his miserable room—if he lived in a room—and through the hours of night, suffering miserably from insomnia, he tossed on a hard mattress raised but little above the floor. Yet in spite of everything the lectures were thronged, and the hill of St. Geneviève was white with tents.

The results were meagre enough. Many of the students, revolting from their drudgery, gave themselves up to riot. Many perished from the hazards of such an existence. Many others, unable to find support for even so cheap a life, were compelled to abandon study, and recorded their regret and their sufferings—the insufficient food, the cloak too thin to keep warmth in their bodies—in pathetic Latin stanzas. The enthusiasm went wrong, too, for the interest in dialectic scholasticism caused such a decline in general learning that Vincent de Beauvais felt he must compile an encyclopædia to counteract the tendency. And at best, after all his perils, privations, and plodding, the student usually carried away with him little more than dimming recollections of lectures, and a book or two on which to meditate for the rest of his days.

Yet the spirit of study was abroad, and some good work was done. John of Salisbury tells us, for example, how William of Conches taught Latin at Chartres during the second quarter of the twelfth century with extreme thoroughness.[9] Students already resorted to Montpellier, and the abbey of St. Martial at Limoges was a centre of literary activity.[10] There was a good school at Aurillac also, as we remember. Many such academies were connected with the abbeys and cathedrals, and it was in these no doubt that Guiraut de Borneil passed his winters.

What did he study there? We do not positively know. Scholastic subtleties appealed more to a Folquet than to one like him, and it is not easy to think of him as delving in the science we unearthed at Montpellier,—men with their heads under their arms and angels pouring the rains from watering-pots. Other clues promise better. As it happens, we have a letter from Abbot Peter of Cluny, written (1170) just about this time to Master Peter of Poitiers, a town not far from Excideuil. The Abbot said: "You run from school to school; and why are you laboring to teach and to be taught? . . . Why, vainly studious, are you reciting with the comedians, lamenting with the tragedians, trifling with the metricians, deceiving with the poets, and deceived with the philosophers?" Scanty though their knowledge of science was, the studious had something to exercise their wits upon even in the twelfth century. These humanities were no doubt the attraction for Borneil, and in such studies he found both comfort and instruction. Better still, he was preserved from trespassing, for as he sang, "When a man is unemployed, he must be on his guard against grave sins and all misconduct."

But the schools were not his only field of study: he possessed a library.[1]

I love to follow the "Master of the Troubadours" as he comes back to Excideuil from a journey among the lords and kings, and settles himself with a long breath of content among his books. The apartment is not large, for the poet himself calls his house a little one, and the costliness of books limits their number; but it looks very trim and cozy. At the end of the room is a window, glazed as well as the skill of the glass-makers permits, and near it on a table of hewn oak rest a horn inkstand, a quill pen, and a few sheets of cotton paper. The walls on both sides are filled with shelves and cupboards for the

books, and by the owner's consent we may take down whatever we please.

Except a few legal documents in a corner the volumes have no resemblance to the rolls of classical days, but are good rectangular books of various sizes, bound very much as our books are bound. Nearly all of them have covers of substantial wood held together at the back with leather; but in some cases the boards are hidden with leather—more or less ornamental—which projects at the top and shields the front with a flap. Almost all are provided with clasps, many have bosses of brass on the sides, and a few of the most precious are adorned with plates of silver or plaques of ivory carved in relief. A few are done on papyrus, quite a number on cotton paper, one or two on paper made from linen rags; but far the greater number are of durable and costly parchment. Two columns on a page seem the rule; and the writing, whether in the roundish minuscule or the square "Gothic" that will be almost universal in a century, is beautifully regular: yet the marks of the ruling, drawn from pin-pricks at the edges, prove that the scribes were not machines. Initials in bright colors—some of the most recent on a background of gold—enliven the pages with a beauty so luxurious that St. Bernard thought it sinful, though by no means equal to work that is to come. Here and there a rent in the parchment has been sewn as carefully as a wound, or a large hole covered with a patch that almost escapes detection; and here and there the end of a letter dashes off into the right-hand margin, as if the monk had said, "Now for a fling!" and then had settled back to his routine satisfied.

Judging from the signatures of the copyists most of the volumes have come from northern France, western Germany, or England, and certainly all were transcribed in monasteries. That does not mean, however, that all are

pious or even Christian works ; for although the monks of Cluny were required—when they asked for a pagan book during the hours of silence—to scratch the ear as a dog does, in order to remind themselves that pagans were unclean animals, the Latin classics were being copied all the time in the scriptoria.

Borneil's library contains no Greek,[12] we find, for while the scribes use Greek letters for certain flourishes, the language of Homer, to speak roundly, is unknown in France; but we discover a dialogue of Plato and a drama of Sophocles done into his native tongue by a scholarly Provençal domiciled in Constantinople ; and here is a Latin Aristotle translated from the Arabic by a Spanish Jew, and bristling with quadratic errors.

Latin abounds. Tacitus, Livy, Seneca, and Horace are in sight. Virgil—a grammarian in the schools, a prophet in the cloister, and a necromancer in the street—is here a poet; and Ovid's writings on love occupy a specially honored place. Copies of the tales and poems that we have heard the joglars repeat fill a large corner. The Fathers, Abelard the great innovator, and St. Bernard his destroyer, look on from the background. Volumes of Latin hymns have a better place. Thomas of Celano has but just written the *Dies Iræ*, and it has not yet journeyed so far as this, but Borneil's collection includes the tremendous *Hora Novissima* of Bernard of Cluny and many pieces by Pietro Damiani, Ambrose, Hilary, and other favorite poets of the Church. Still nearer at hand, showing the marks of frequent use, are manuscripts containing songs by Peire d'Alvernhe, Bernart de Ventadorn, Raimbaut d'Aurenga, and other troubadours, and here—bound in purple samite instead of leather—is a collection of pieces by Borneil himself, evidently prepared and given by some fair admirer.[13]

In such studies and in such reading Borneil spent his

winters, but when spring came over the southern hills he went forth to meet her. Early in the morning, while "jocund day stood tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops," we may fancy him roaming through the dewy meadows of Excideuil or strolling along the river Isle not far away, listening to "the sweet voices of amorous birds in the wood"; and with his hands behind his back, "hunting for good words," as he tells us he used to do. Then a

THE RIVER ISLE NEAR EXCIDEUIL.

few days more, and—poising himself like the birds—he took his own summer flight.

Gascony, as we already know, saw him often, but that was only the beginning of his journeys. From Limoges he went all the way round through Navarre, Leon, Castile, and Aragon to France again. Amfos II. of Aragon composed a tenso with him.[14] Raimbaut d'Aurenga addressed a poem to him at Perpignan. He knew Ermengarda of

Narbonne sufficiently well to refer a question of love to her. Probably he visited Courthézon ; apparently he knew Sain Leidier and the viscountess of Polignac ; and it seems very evident that he sojourned at Vodable. Attaching himself to Aimar V., the viscount of Limoges, he joined King Richard's crusade, and after witnessing the capture of Acre (1191) spent a winter with the prince of Antioch.[15] Wherever he went he found a welcome. No sooner did one of his joglars hail the porter of a castle and announce his master's name, than the gates flew open if not open already, the lord and the lady extended their most courtly greeting, the servants bustled, and the feast was spread.

To us his poetry seems at first a little disappointing. One must always have the defects of his qualities, and Borneil was a scholar. Instead of cantering into our appreciation, like Bernart de Ventadorn, as an elegantly dressed gallant displaying his horsemanship, he meets us as a sedate, quiet man, tall and spare, with a face etched instead of painted, and a high forehead buttressed with grey temples.[16] Indeed we can understand why Peire d'Alvernhe, whose crown of pre-eminence he took away, likened him to a dry blanket in the sun, and his thin voice to that of an old woman crying water in the street, and why he declared that if Borneil should look in a mirror once he would not consider himself worth a rose-berry. Passion, spontaneity, and naïveté are not the distinctive gifts of such a man. Tennyson is not Burns.

But the merits of Borneil though soberer were as real as Bernart's.

In the first place he was thoughtful, and—by the standard of the time—intellectual. This, however, does not mean that he was pedantic, bookish, or cold. His tender love-songs were called the wife of Born's martial verse by so good a judge as King Amfos. No troubadour held

more firmly than he that a poem could have little value unless dictated by the heart ; and at one time he refrained from singing for more than a year, because he felt no genuine impulse. In short, his temperament was not lacking in sentiment, and he could even revel in the madness of joy for a time : " Discretion and self-control—the destroyers of gladness—please me not," he sang once with youthful recklessness.

But as his temperament developed, he began to be reflective even in love and in joy. " It seems to me that no one who chooses to be always prudent is a courtly man,—a beautiful folly pleases me greatly," " folly clears the judgment,"—so he thought, and if he still indulged his fancy, it was because it seemed wise to do so. " It has never appeared that one loved well whom gladness did not please," he said, and for that reason he was joyous in his wooing when he could be. " I see nothing in the world worth [so much as] gladness and social pleasure,"—that was his conclusion, and guided by it he still quaffed the wine of gay life.

This quality of thoughtfulness was displayed especially in his views on love, and he struck out many sayings that were highly prized. The one charm against a wilful, capricious mistress, he taught, was patient waiting. To complain would be useless : " Foolish indeed will you be, if you talk of justice [in a court] where you know you will be unfairly judged." Forbearance must be the rule : " Think you that he who does not pardon [even] a great wrong is sincere and true ? " Honesty was necessary first of all, he saw : " A good love never comes by deceit." The love itself, not the boast of it, was the thing to be prized: " He is a wretched lover who does not conceal his lady and himself." These and the rest of his ideas were not entirely original, of course ; but they were expressed so freshly and feelingly as to seem new again.

Naturally this tendency to meditate went a little too far,—too far, I mean, for poetic effect. After studying upon the sweet madness of the tender passion, for example, Borneil could not resist the temptation to laugh at it a little; and the result appeared in some real "nonsense-verse," descriptive of a man in love.

I 'll make a song both bad and good,
And say—I know not what I would,
Of whom, or why, or e'en why not,—
All I remember I 've forgot ;
I 'll make it since I don't know how,
And sing it though I can't sing now.

I 'm sick : none sounder wears a hood ;
Rakes do, I think, what good men should ;
I give the thing I have n't got,
I wish my friend the hardest lot,
And, loveless lover, I 'll allow
No man to please me,—that I vow.[17]

Further: as *reflection* signifies *turned back*, this thoughtful disposition of his muse was an indication that the sun of Provençal verse had passed the meridian. Borneil was the noon of its development. He began to write in the period of spontaneity and unconsciousness, he lived on into the period of reflection, and he presaged the period of decadence.

Borneil's thoughtfulness and scholarly turn resulted naturally in artistic skill, the second of his great merits. Provençal poetry as a life culminated, it seems to me, in Bernart de Ventadorn, as a science in Arnaut Daniel, and as an art in Guiraut de Borneil. He tried all the chief styles of song, and excelled in every one. His best poems were both correct and easy, displayed at the same time boldness and good taste, were neither monotonous nor extravagant, and above all were clear.

This quality of clearness, however, has an interesting history. Full of ambition to distinguish himself, he plunged at first into the "obscure" style, and succeeded so well that even his contemporaries were unable to understand all his expressions. But as he became a greater artist his opinion changed completely.

How gratifying it would be to have a discussion of this capital point between Borneil and a partisan of the other school,—say Raimbaut d'Aurenga! Well, we have precisely that, for the two men debated it, as the fashion was, in a tenso.

"Tell me," cried Raimbaut, "tell me: why do you esteem so highly that which all possess alike [the power to speak plainly]? Were that the general opinion all would be equal."

"I do not complain," answered Borneil, "if every one compose after his own taste; but my judgment is that poetry is more loved and prized when simple and easily understood."

"Guiraut, I am not willing to have my songs upset things to such an extent that people shall love the bad as much as the good, the little as the great. I am willing to dispense with the praise of fools, for they do not understand what is above the ordinary."

"Does it look as if I were upsetting the standards and trying to make the bad pass for the good, when I sit up all night and turn repose into toil in order to make my songs clear? Why do you compose a song if you do not wish it understood? A song wins no prize but that."

"Guiraut, if I do the best thing, I do not care whether it is widely known or not, for commonness has never been a merit. That is why gold is more highly prized than salt, and with poetry it is the same." [16]

As usual the discussion did not bring out the heart of the matter, but we can find it easily enough between the

lines. Raimbaut, having in fact no message, realized that without novelty of style he would be commonplace ; but Borneil—full of thoughts that he wished others to understand—found it more desirable and also more difficult to express himself clearly than obscurely. Each went his own way; and while the poet of Courthézon fed his vanity on conceits, the poet of Excideuil struggled with his ideas till he was master of them, and then took pleasure in hearing his pieces sung by girls going to the fountain for water.

Borneil's personal character gave his verse its third and crowning merit. The three knightly ideas were courage, virtue, and love ; and Dante classed Daniel as the poet of love, Born as the poet of arms, and Borneil as the poet of rectitude.

Again we feel disappointed at first, for we hear no eternal principles of truth and right thundering through his poems. He was a man of his time, not of all time. It was a knightly virtue and a feudal righteousness that he sang. The ideal of his own civilization satisfied him. Courtly life, courtly love, courtly character—true, chivalric, generous, and high-minded—this was the best thing he knew and this he advocated warmly; and when, to his unceasing regret, he found the ideal tarnished by those about him, his exhortation turned to rebuke.

Yet he was never a Cardinal. His keenest sirventes were moderate and in tune, though perhaps æsthetic excellence was occasionally marred by the intrusion of moral exhortation. "One must indeed in [a spirit of] chastening give his friend good advice humbly [and] straightforwardly when he goes astray, even though his friend be not pleased thereat ; for one who sees his friend err and remains silent encourages him, and the two err alike,—the one that does wrong and the one that holds his peace";—this was the spirit of his preaching. Even per-

sonal injuries did not engender spite. Once he was dismissed by the king of Castile with the present of a palfrey and many other gifts; and, as he passed by Navarre on his way home, the king of Navarre robbed him, taking the palfrey himself, and distributing the other valuables among his men.[19] At another time the viscount of Limoges (Gui V.), the son of his old friend and comrade, plundered the little house which he once boasted had never suffered from intrusion, and even carried away his library.[20] But his mind was too serene and his temper too high to rage, and he sang of these outrages in sorrow rather than anger.

To rouse society
Now buried fast in sleep,
From banishment to keep
The true nobility,
Hath been my tireless plea;
'T is vain to toil and weep,
The evil runs too deep,
The wrong hath vanquished me;
Because the more I would these evils block,
The more they grow, the more their mischiefs mock.

Brave tilts I used to see,
See hosts to combat sweep;
Their memories men would steep
In tales of bravery;
But now the best is he
That seizes cows and sheep!
Ah, false the knight and cheap,
That would a lover be,
Yet with his hands can touch the bleating flock,
Can rob a church, or travellers' gold unlock![21]

Nobility of sentiment, fulness of thought, and mastery of his art,—these made a pedestal broad enough to support

a great fame, and such a load of glory fell to Borneil. No one can do otherwise than commend him despite the limitations resulting from his merits. Chabaneau extols "the dignity of his life, the elevation of his sentiments, and the perfection of his art." Fauriel pronounced him "without question . . . the most distinguished of the troubadours, the one who did more than any other to ennoble the tone of Provençal poetry, and more to idealize its character." Dante, struggling to forge a close, intense diction out of an uncultivated language, preferred the Word-smith Daniel; but he admitted that Borneil was almost universally placed before him.[22] And the Provençal biography records: "He was a better troubadour than any of those who went before or of those who came after him, wherefore he was called the Master of the Troubadours." [23]

So lived Guiraut de Borneil, a true and radiant soul; and as he sat down in later years in the little room where, I doubt not, he gathered a second library, he knew that his victory was great,—a victory over the humblest birth, over poverty, over rivalry, over an envious world, over a disdainful mistress; a victory unsullied by vanity, avarice, profligacy, scheming arts, or vulgar social ambitions; and the triumph was no doubt sweet. But meanwhile the resistless grey had mounted from temples to crown. His art had no more secrets to confess. The December evening was very lonely after the book had been finished and the moon sank behind the dark tower of the castle. And the musing poet by the hearth, feeling that life was very long after all and art very short, realized how gladly he would give his triumph and his proud title to live again that Alba, his famous morning-song, which—combining the beauties of the popular and the artistic styles both in words and in air—marked the culmination of Provençal poetry.

[*The Friend:*]

O glorious king, true radiance and light,
Lord, powerful God, be pleased with gracious might
To guard my friend, for since the night descended
He turns not back from perils where he wended,
And soon will come the morning.

Fair friend—asleep, or wakeful in delight—
Serenely rouse, nor slumber more tonight!
For in the east the star hath well ascended
That brings the day; I know that night is ended,
And soon will come the morning.

I call, fair friend. Oh let my singing warn,
And sleep no more! The birds that watch for morn
Begin to chant, and 'mid the thicket hover;
I fear the rival will find out the lover,—
And soon will come the morning.

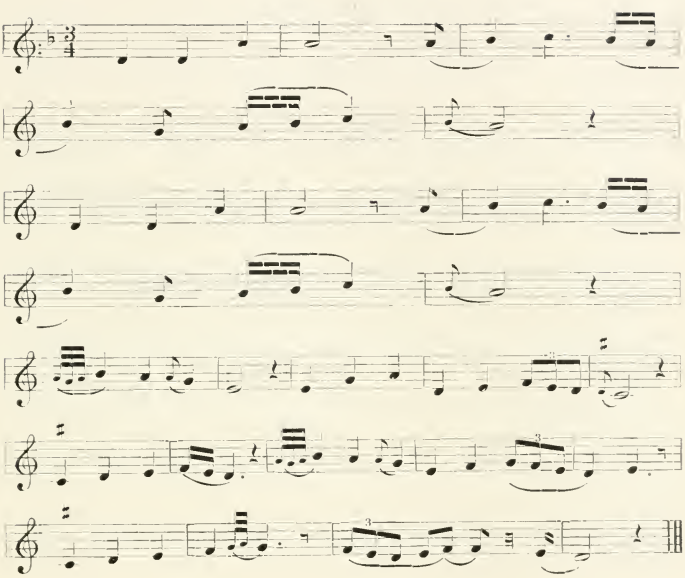
Fair friend, the window! Look, and do not scorn
The counselling stars that scarce the heavens adorn!
That I am right, in those pale fires discover,
Else yours a loss you never will recover,
And soon will come the morning.

I have not slept, fair friend, since you were there,
But on my knees have made unceasing prayer
That Mary's Son would grant you His protection,
And give you back to my sincere affection,
And soon will come the morning.

Fair friend, remember how at yonder stair
You begged and prayed that I would sleep forbear,
And watch all night in dutiful subjection:
You slight me now, you scorn the recollection,
And soon will come the morning.

[*The Lover:*]

My fair sweet friend, such joys my coming stay
I would there were no dawning and no day;
Within my arms the loveliest form reposes
That earth e'er saw; they 're hardly worth two roses,—
That rival and the morning![24]



THE ORIGINAL MUSIC OF "O GLORIOUS KING!"
IN MODERN NOTATION.

XXXVIII

PÉRIGUEUX AND RIBÉRAC

The Art of the Troubadours

THERE is no denying it,—Périgueux is a sleepy town. Possibly the ancient name of the province, Peiregorc, has left a soporific influence. Possibly the abundance of truffles, mushrooms, and *pâtés de foie gras* has a little to do with it. Possibly, too, the American Bar in the square may contribute some Lethean drops. But in all probability the antiquities have done more for the repose of the place than any of these things. A great city like Rome can assimilate a large quantity of such relics without feeling depressed, but at Périgueux that element is too preponderant, I suspect.

What century will you have? For the fifteenth look at the Tour Mataguerre. For the twelth or thirteenth there are the subterranean cloisters connected with the cathedral. The period of the troubadours, or a period earlier still, is attested by the Château Barrière. The boyhood of William the Conqueror speaks from the church of St. Etienne, and the cluster of white domes called St. Front.[1] The dreaded year one thousand is suggested by an extraordinary tower, two hundred feet high less three; while the remains of a basilica under it date from the sixth century. Yonder in the market-gardens you may find a round tower sixty feet high, that served in the Roman times for the worship of a heathen goddess. This mass

of arches and broken walls is the débris of a Gallo-Roman amphitheatre of the third century. Look sufficiently long and you may discover the remains of extensive baths established in the first or second century, and beyond the river Isle the faint lines of a Roman camp can be traced.

In the days of Borneil, these antiquities were not so old; they weighed less heavily, and the town lived. Périgueux was a head-centre of the Venetian merchants then ; and a

OLD PÉRIGUEUX.

stream of oriental commerce, coming from Narbonne and Marseille, flowed through its gateways toward La Rochelle and Nantes, and thence to England and the north of France. War, too, helped the town keep busy, for Périgueux had an active share in the struggles of the barons. The city was two cities then, each with its moat and ramparts ; and one of them was the seat of Born's ally, Lord Talairan, whose family name appears in later history as

Talleyrand. The fiery duke of Aquitaine did not a little business here with picks and battering-rams, and on one such occasion the lord of Autafort threatened to come down on Baiart, seek him out in the midst of his besieging host, and make the contents of his head into mud.

If Richard were here now, it would be worth our while to stay,—especially if Born would undertake to carry out his threat ; but instead of that, Périgueux is busy reforming or tearing down its artistic relics, and the big black sign of the American Bar turns the slumber of the town into a nightmare,—for us, at least.[2] Ribérac, the place where Arnaut Daniel—the master of technical verse—was born, is not far away. Let us take flight in that direction, and on the way change our thoughts by discussing what Daniel reminds us of,—the art of the troubadours.

So far as ideas are concerned the troubadours were not extremely exacting. It was not their ambition to hang between earth and heaven, struggling to think the unthinkable and express the inexpressible ; and there was no search then after neurotic sentiments, hectic fancies, or quintessential imaginings. On the side of form, however, they labored intensely at their art. Addressing as they did the most cultivated class of society, they would not have been pardoned for carelessness of manner ; and finish was the more essential because their art, sprung from a popular source yet appealing to a culture that was bent upon eliminating every trace of boorishness, needed to assume a style no less distinguished than the courtly bearing of its patrons. For these reasons and for others, form became an essential feature of Provençal verse, and some knowledge of its technique is both valuable and interesting.

Of course there were no schools or professors of poetics for the education of troubadours. The chivalric, self-sacrificing spirit of the time disposed their hearts vaguely toward passionate devotion, love supplied the impulse to

sing, and a friendly poet was very likely among the aspirant's acquaintances to give advice and criticism ; but their real instruction was the imitation of approved and favorite songs, which worked in their minds as the ancient lyrics of Scotland worked in the thoughts of ploughman Burns. During the whole creative period this was all : theories, principles, and rules did not exist in any systematic form. But about the time Dante's life was closing, the usages of poetical writing were compiled under the auspices of the College of the Gay Science at Toulouse ; and from this treatise, entitled *Las Leys Damors* (The Laws of Love),[3] and from the works of the masters, we can learn the principles of troubadour art.

Classical prosody[4] was based entirely upon the length of vowels, called *quantity ;* while in English verse (if we ignore theories)[5] the basis is accent ; but in Provençal, as in Romance poetry generally,[6] the vital point was the number of syllables in the line.[7] We may, to be sure, as the translations have indicated, find it necessary to regard lines as iambic (illustrated by such a word as *before*) and trochaic (*after*), but in fact the word-accent was a floating one, ready to drop anchor about as the poet chose. This system of rhythm, apparently loose and inexact, seems to Anglo-Saxon ears at first no system at all ; but it underlies the poetry of Italy, Spain, and France, and when we have listened for some time to the skilful reading of such verse we find it certainly more difficult than ours to render, but—if rightly handled—more flexible, more emotional, and perhaps more musical.

The number of syllables in a line was the starting-point, then, in Provençal poetry. There might be from one to twelve syllables in iambic lines, and from three to eight in trochaic ; but the most common metres—all of them, as well as the Alexandrine, known in France long before the time of the troubadours—were iambic lines of six, eight,

or ten syllables. Didactic verse preferred six, narrative poems eight, and romances ten or eight; when twelve-syllable verse was employed it was usually in narrative poetry.

The word-accent,[8] as I have said, was floating and might fall on almost any syllable, but there is another accent for us to consider.[9] Every line had a stress on the last syllable, or—if the rhyme were double (like *daily : gayly*)—on the last but one; and, in case the syllables numbered more than seven, there was another accent near the middle, with usually a pause (*cæsura*) after it[10]; and on these accents hung the rhythm of the line. The number of the syllables and these line-accents were the basis of Romance prosody.

The chief originality and the great artistic triumph of the Provençal poets lay in the construction of the stanza. The popular poetry had bound together two or more lines of the same kind in longer or shorter stanzas, each of which was logically complete; but the troubadour, gaining a truer simplicity through an apparent complexity, united lines of every sort in stanzas of any number of lines from three to forty-two, and carried the sense along from the beginning to the end of the piece.

It was rhyme that bound the lines together, of course[11]; and that is why the troubadours accomplished so much for the stanza. To be sure, they did not invent rhyme. The germ of it has been found by Kawczynski in the assonances and alliterations of Roman rhetoric, and before their time it had been employed in Latin verse; but they seized upon rhyme with a new vigor, and made it serve them as it has served no other poets. "Masculine" rhymes (like *go : show*) predominated; but "feminine" or double rhymes (like *pleasure : treasure*) were used far more than with us, and the two kinds were freely mingled. The oldest Romance verse knew only the method of pairing lines; but

crossed or alternating rhymes were discovered early, and the works of the troubadours illustrate almost every conceivable arrangement of them.

With perfect freedom as to the number of lines in a stanza, the length of the lines, the kinds of rhyme, and the disposal of the rhymes, it was possible to devise an almost infinite variety of stanza-forms. Naturally, certain forms became standard,[12] but every poet was at liberty to contrive new ones. In fact, he was expected to show his talent in precisely this way, and theoretically every song was to have a pattern of its own. The result was an unbounded luxuriance of ingenious forms. The Laws of Love describe thirty-four different ways of rhyming, each with a name of its own, and seventy-two kinds of stanzas, all of them labelled in a similar way; but this was only a beginning, and Maus has counted up 817 distinct patterns in the works of the troubadours. The abundance of rhymes in Provençal contributed no little to stimulate this variety: Peire de Corbiac, for instance, could invent 840 lines ending with the same sound.

But rhyme did only half its work in binding lines together; it also brought the stanzas into one. Unity of thought was not considered essential by the troubadours, —the plan of a poem might be rambling and incoherent as the plans of sermons were; but unity of form was insisted upon.[13] Occasionally when the stanza was very long or when all the lines of it rhymed together, as in Sordel's Lament, each stanza had its own rhymes. Occasionally stanzas were grouped in twos or threes, and each group had new rhymes. But the grand rule was that all, or at least a number of the rhymes, were carried through the piece,[14] and no other poets have followed out this principle of unity so completely as the troubadours. Frequently, as we have discovered, a line was not capped at all in its own stanza, but found its answer at the same point in the

other stanzas ; and this hide-and-seek of the rhymes was no doubt a very pleasant feature of the art in Provençal ears. One rule was absolute ; the pattern might be anything, but once adopted it must be followed to the end, and all the stanzas made precisely alike.[15]

There were still other ways to give an impression of unity. Sometimes the ends of lines that did not rhyme together had a certain similarity of sound,—for example,[16] *-ars*, *-ors*, *-urs*, *-aire*, *-ars*, *-ors*, *-ers*, *-aire*. Sometimes there was a refrain—perhaps only a single word—repeated at the end, or in the middle, or even at the beginning of each stanza. Sometimes the last rhyme of a stanza became the first of the succeeding stanza, or the last word or line of one stanza opened the next, or the rhymes of the second half of a stanza were used in the first half of the following one. It is useless to enumerate such devices, for the variety was endless.[17]

Was it worth while ?

Certainly the rhymes assisted the singer to remember his lines, and no doubt they were also an aid to the poet. The very difficulty of them improved his work, for it was a challenge and a spur to his powers. Besides, rhyme is a mode of thinking, as metre is. The true rhetorician does not think first and then clothe his ideas with figurative language,—he thinks in figures ; and in a similar way the real verse-maker finds rhyme and metre not obstacles to be overcome, but wings to bear him up. The listener, too, was not without a profit. Rhyme is an appeal to both recollection and anticipation. It recalls a past pleasure and suggests that a pleasure is approaching ; and the regular though infinitely varied recurrences of pleasant sounds, running entirely through a Provençal song, leave in one's ear the charm of distant music, faint but real, fugitive but haunting.

A merit equally rational may be found in almost all of

the troubadours' devices. However ingenious the pattern, all the chief poets were agreed that no technical skill was of any value unless it had feeling behind it; and we may fairly look upon the intricacies of the best Provençal verse as not in any way akin to the spiritless artificiality of acrostics and the like, but as the natural embroidery of branch and leaf, instinct with life and the vernal spirit, forced sometimes but never falsified by hothouse conditions.

Two other points are to be mentioned, and then we may dismiss Provençal technique. One is the *tornada*—similar in form to the last part of a stanza—which was often added at the end of a song.[18] Sometimes there were two or even more than two tornadas, and often they made convenient vehicles for complimentary remarks about one's lady or one's patron.

The other point establishes a slight connection between our own poetry and that of old Provence. By the rule—not always followed—every stanza broke into two parts at a strong pause called the *volta*, and then one or the other of these parts broke again into exact halves, sung to the same strain of music, so that the stanza had three sections. In a similar way, as it is held, the song as a whole was intended to show a threefold partition of stanzas. This, indeed, was of minor importance,[19] but the division of the stanza was a fundamental principle. From Provence it passed on to Italy, and Dante expounded it with great emphasis and clearness.[20] England imported it from Italy in the sonnet, and so our own poets fall back now and then upon the art of the troubadours.

What, then, were the distinctive marks of Provençal poetry?

The number of syllables and the line-accents were the basis of it, but these were common to all Romance verse. The distinctive marks, as Gaston Paris has named them,

were tri-partition, the carrying of rhymes from stanza to stanza, and the principle that every new song should wear a new form.[21] Behind these externals we find other marks, less distinctive but not less characteristic: a true artistic conscientiousness, earnest æsthetic study, a love of art as art, and a subtle striving for effect,—merits then quite new in the modern world.

The verse of the troubadours was, indeed, *too* artistic, for everything—like everybody—has the defects of its qualities, and its ardent devotion to form carried it on to artificiality and lifeless elaboration.

But the same is true of every good idea; the principle of life always becomes the principle of decay, as Motley said, and we must give the troubadours credit for what they did. They were as far as possible from being extemporizers or dilettantes. Their conscious aim was excellence, and they spared no pains in the quest of it.

It is not rare to find them speaking of the labor expended on their verse. With one it was "building" a song; with another it was "forging"; with a third it was "working out." They often confessed the pains taken to refine their pieces. Daniel and others used the "file." At length every word lay precisely as the poet wished, and all were so deftly fitted together that a joglar could hardly change one without conscious effort.[22] And then—perhaps with an injunction to alter nothing—the finished work was published through the joglars, and set going from castle to castle and from lip to lip.

The three chief kinds of Provençal verse we are now pretty familiar with,[23] but something more is worth saying about one of them,—the tenso.

In leaving the love-song (*canson*) and sirvente for the tenso, one seems to turn away from the concert-hall and the forum, and drop in socially at the club or an afternoon tea.[24] Some tensos, no doubt, were debates in deadly

earnest, but far the greater number discussed things for social entertainment. No question of the day, no debatable point of life and manners, lay outside their field; and the light they throw upon the culture of the age atones for their lack of poetic beauty.

How we should have enjoyed lounging on the big settle by the fireplace, and hearing weighty matters like these discussed : " Which is the greater possession, wealth or wisdom ? " " Is it better to have wisdom or to be irresistible with the ladies ? " " Which is to be the more esteemed, the man who has risen from a low rank or the one that was born in a high station ? " " Which is better, to win a lady by skill or by boldness ? " " Which ought a lady to prefer, the man who avows his love, or the man who dares not avow it ? "

Some of the topics were notably profound : " Which is preferable, a warm garment in a cold winter, or a pretty lady in a hot summer ? " " Which is better, a young and pretty woman unversed in love, or a mature woman of experience ? " " Which deserves the higher honor, Yes or No ? " " Which is the harder to bear, debt or lovesickness ? "

After such themes it would have staggered us a little to hear subjects like these proposed : " Which would be the greater incentive to piety, a glimpse of heaven or a glimpse of hell ? " " Which lord is the more generous, the one who has enough to give, or the one who must rob in order to be liberal ? " " Would it be sensible to give up a kingdom for the greatest love ? " " Should one prefer to lose one's life in consequence of enjoying love, or to love on forever without hope ? "

The lover's problems were, of course, the staple subject, and some of the questions had a very practical turn : " A knight has neglected to visit his lady and is sure of her displeasure if he go : shall he stay away or present him-

self?" "How does a lady show the greater affection, by enjoining her friend to win renown, or by urging him simply to love her?" "Which loves the better, he that is broken down by his lady's coldness, or he that is stimulated thereby to distinguish himself the more?" "Which must strive the more to show himself worthy of his lady, the lover that has been rewarded or the lover that hopes to be?"

Some of the questions touched the subtlest problems: "Which is the greater incentive to noble deeds, love or one's own powers?" "Which is better, to accept rich presents—willingly given—that you have earned, or to be able to make gifts yet receive no thanks for them?" "Which is preferable, to win love through a false reputation for success in arms, or to have true knightly honor without love?" "Which is better, loved to hate or hated to love?" "Are the joys or the ills of love the greater?"

There can be no discussion unless there are two sides to the question; and so these tensos throw a double light upon the times. To change the simile, they are like the stereoscope, and bring the age before our eyes with relief and reality.[25]

But it was our setting out for the birthplace of Arnaut Daniel that brought up the subject of troubadour art, and now in its turn the end of our subject brings us back to Daniel and our journey.

Ribérac, a small country town, is a newly made railway terminus, and plumes itself with the airs of a certain bustling importance. Warlike, or even grand, there is nothing. Below the town lie the rich meadows of the Dronne, and then comes the river itself (I., page 189) with its escort of poplars and its operatic washerwomen rinsing clothes in the bright water.

The castle where Daniel was born stood on a low hill

overlooking the meadows and the town, but nothing remains of it except the church. It sounds a little odd, possibly, to speak of a church as the remains of a castle; but that exactly represents the fact. For it appears that the heavy Romanesque church standing near the accepted site of the castle was really the lord's chapel. It outlived the wreck of battlements and towers, was enlarged for the use of the public, and is a place of worship still.

In Daniel's time the chapel was almost new, it is thought; but in spite of restorations there is no suggestion of newness about it now. Outside, the tree-tops are full of cicadas "drunk with sunshine"; but within it the shadows of the past have gathered—centuries deep—into a midnight of darkness, lighted only by one radiant star, —the perfumed lamp of the sanctuary.[26]

Something else quite mediæval caught our eyes in the town. Placarded conspicuously in the post-office and other public places was a proclamation of the mayor's fixing the prices of breads and of meats, and this carried us back instantly to the age of the troubadours, for every town had such laws in that day.

In Toulouse, for example, it was decreed (1204) that nobody should buy wheat or other foods to sell again, from the Nativity of John the Baptist (June 25) to All Saints' Day (Nov. 1); that no dealer in oil or nuts should ever have more than sixteen quarts on hand; that a fish dealer should not buy in the immediate vicinity of the city, and when he brought fish into town must show publicly all that he had, reserving none; that sellers of fruit should not make purchases outside the city and the suburbs, and within the town should buy only in three specified localities; and still further, that before they could take their purchases home they must sell them at the price they paid, if any citizen cared to buy. It was also decreed that a bakeress should not make more than a

THE OLD CHURCH, RIBÉRAC.

specified profit ; that a salmon should not sell for more than a certain price ; that a mason and a wood-worker should be paid only so much, and if any one accepted more he should be fined ; that every dealer in meat or in wooden-ware should take a profit of exactly one twelfth, and that no one should buy or sell any article made of wood the same day it was brought into the town.

At Montpellier a dyer in scarlet could not dip more than a certain quantity of silk in a single boiling ; and a man was compelled to swear obedience to many such restrictions before he could practise the trade at all. None but a citizen was permitted to dye wool, nor to sell more cut cloth than he could carry in a pack ; and not even a citizen could dye red with madder : he must use the peculiar stain of Montpellier.

How vexatious all such regulations appear ! Yet before we condemn the troubadour age for stupidity, let us reflect that many of our own day would enact similar laws if they could; and let us also admit that any philosophical theory of municipal affairs is very much farther from the Boston, New York, and Chicago of the present, than from the Toulouse, Montpellier, and Limoges of seven hundred years ago.

The drive of twenty miles or so from Ribérac to La Roche Chalais fills a pleasant afternoon. The country is hilly enough to be interesting but not hilly enough to be tedious. Almost every foot of the ground is cultivated. Vineyards are few, but grass and grain thrive abundantly. Single houses are seen here and there, but generally the people exhibit the Gallic fondness for sociability, and gather themselves in cozy villages even at the expense of going much farther to their daily toil. Many such villages are beaded along the route, each with its church, its post- and telegraph-office, its hotel and café, and usually its gendarmerie.

The life of the place has no time to stiffen into company manners as we dash into it with cracking whip. The grandmotherly grocery-woman in her white cap is giving prudent bits of candy to three barefooted little girls. The baker, stripped to the waist, is leaning comfortably against his door-post taking breath. The carpenter, balancing himself on a stick of timber supported ten feet above the ground, is pushing his saw down through the wood for his lieutenant beneath to push up again. A woman is nursing her baby in the doorway and gossiping meanwhile with her neighbors. A boy is watching his father's cow while she grazes beside the road,—a cow that inspires confidence instantly, for her very coat looks creamy. Everywhere we find industry and frugality without anxiety or strain. There is none of the restless and impatient desire to "arise and shine" that has made and exhausted New England, and is the glory and the curse of America. Contented to work and accustomed to economize, the people are satisfied to live on the interest of their vitality, and transmit the principal to another generation. "Unintelligent," do you say? Is it not rather what the imperial philosopher of Rome had in mind when he stated his ultimate wisdom: "Pass, then, through this little space of time conformably to nature, and end thy journey in content; just as an olive falls off when it is ripe, blessing nature which produced it, and thanking the tree on which it grew." [27]

Toward evening all this came to an end, and we descended into the valley of the Dronne and the railroad. To the north lay Poitiers and its reminders of the great poet-duke, whose figure has been looming up before us this long while; but for a brief journey our faces turned the other way. By the middle of the evening we found ourselves in Bordeaux, and in a twinkling drowsy Périgueux seemed very far away.

XXXIX

BORDEAUX, BLAYE, AND BENAUGES

Jaufre Rudel

FOR at Bordeaux life boils and bubbles, and gives us one more suggestion of the world in which the troubadours lived.

If we thought in Auvergne that piety lay deeper than wit, here we find the compensation. Down this way every good fellow has a right, the proverb says, to change his religion three times. "Paris is well worth a mass," thought Henri IV., and he was of these parts. Yet if there is fickleness there is boldness, too, and courage atones for braggadocio. Arm in arm with him of the white plume walks the shade of D'Artagnan, and arm in arm behind them are Montesquieu and Montaigne, adventurers and conquerors in the battle-fields of thought. All the way down to the Pyrenees goes their brave country, and nowhere in the world is there a country like it,—easy conscience, teeming brain, mighty tongue,—lively, witty, shifty, noisy: in a word, Gascony [1]; and Bordeaux is the focus of it all.

This is the greatest wine market in the world and the flavor of the vintage is everywhere. Two men enter the dining-room. Both of them are good-looking and rosy, but they attract our attention chiefly because one of the pair, while he aims to move straight forward, seems—from some freak of his anatomy—to be advancing all the time

by the left oblique. They sit near us, and it soon becomes evident that wine is the most important part of their dinner. The key to the cellar is theirs, and they give their orders with the fulness, emphasis, and eloquence of weighty business. At first each sips his glass in silence, —piously and reverentially ; but of course that could not last.

" Ah, this St. Emilion ; I never tire of it."

" Yes, but come, try a drop of this Médoc."

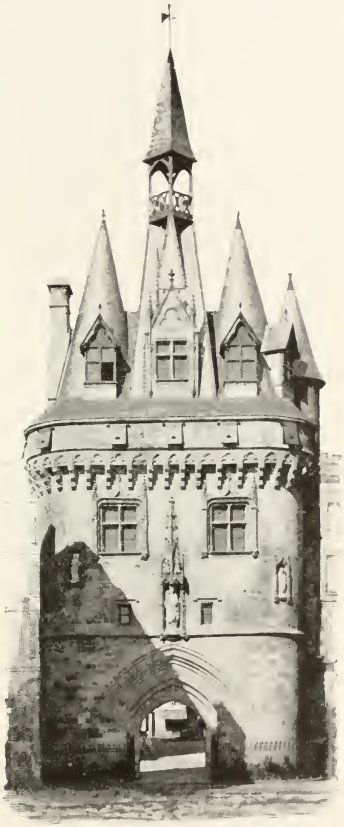
" Delicious ! But my St. Emilion is the better fabric. What a texture, what a woof ! "

" Oh, texture ! Is that it ? Good ! Then the Médoc is the thing after all. Try it again, I implore. When did you taste a wine with so thick a coat ? "

" What 's that ? Coat ? *Mais, monsieur, pardon !* if your Médoc has a coat, my St. Emilion has a—a—an overcoat ! "

But no wine is needed to rouse animation in Bordeaux, for the people are all wide awake. Their smallish bodies —they cannot spare time to grow very large—shiver with restlessness. Words come in a deluge. To go out, to dance, to visit the cafés, to promenade, to chat, laugh, and gesticulate,—that is their life. What is easy and spontaneous contents them. They go with the wind,—and like it. Professor Liard of the Faculté tells us that his lecture-room was crowded with hearers at first ; but one morning the regiments came that way on parade, and " at the first notes of the approaching bugles and drums, the audience filed out, followed the music, and never came back." Everybody improvises. The school-boys do not have to learn : " they invent," says Taine. The girls—even the poorest—wear their gowns coquettishly, make their skirts pose, and give themselves a figure ; and the laboring women with panniers on their heads reminded Théophile Gautier of so many Nausicaas going to the fountain.

It was very different here once. Bordeaux was always an important city ; Ausonius placed it among the great capitals of his age ; its wine, its river, and its men were famous from very early times[2] ; and under the emperors its flourishing schools enjoyed an enviable reputation. But in the troubadour age, at least, the spirit of the town was heavy and severe. A father was the master and the judge of his family : he could sell his own son, and if he killed his wife or his child in a moment of anger he went unpunished. A theft at night was visited with death, and a murderer was buried alive under the body of his victim. The change seems to have come from the Gascon invasion; and as Gascony was the province where our poets found their earliest welcome[3] the lightness and animation of the town suggest in a way what their atmosphere was like.



GATEWAY OF THE DUCAL PALACE.

We understand also, perhaps, why the troubadours found little occasion to mention Bordeaux ; for so far as their poems are concerned the place might almost as well

have been in Germany. Yet not a few of them must have been here, for the lordship of Gascony during the troubadour age belonged to the poetic family of Poitou. Just here is the spot where they came and went, for at this point the ducal residence, the Palais de l'Ombrière, stood for more than eight hundred years (982–1800). Henry II. held court within its walls, Queen Eleanor lived there, and Richard the Lion-hearted lodged there many a time.[4] Not a stone of it is left; but the gateway—itself of the fifteenth century—stands firm yet, seeming the more impressive from its association with the old palace, like a fine old man who can say, "I heard Webster at Bunker Hill."

As a point of departure, however, Bordeaux has no little importance for us.

Our first excursion was naturally into Gascon domains. Fearlessly invading the Sauterne country we passed the castle where Montesquieu's library and study may still be seen, and came to Cadillac,—mouldering away in the marshes of the Garonne, one side of its blackened walls propped by theatre cottages, the other striped with flood marks.

A few miles from the town and the river lies an extensive estate called Benauges, and we journeyed into it by a coiled road like a spiral spring. When we began to be wound up closely toward the end of our drive, it seemed as if the spring must snap; but it did not, for a large but half-ruined castle held the end of it fast.

Very charming was the old courtyard bounded with high but irregular walls, and shaded with lindens full of loudly humming bees; but far more interesting, though not at all beautiful, we found the two massive bastions and the curtain between them on the other side, for this part stood in the troubadour age. Behind that wall Sain Circ the Zebra fetched and carried, and there a bright lady

BENAUGES.

named Guillerma ate and drank, slept, and—most of all—coquetted. There three lovers wooed her at the same time one day, and she was clever enough to satisfy them all. On one she bestowed a loving glance, another felt a light foot press his own, and the third— But all that has been told before, and you know already how Savaric de Mauleon discussed this very important matter with his friends in a tenso (Chapter I.).

Our next excursion was every way in the opposite direction.

From Bordeaux the Garonne opens toward the ocean like a horn of plenty overflowing with the rich products of the Midi, and on the eastern side of the horn, about twenty miles down and precisely opposite the rich Médoc vineyards, is Blaye,—a straggling town, a great fortress, and a famous romance.

Even in Roman days Blaia, "the god-child of Bordeaux," had no slight importance. All through the Middle Ages a great commerce filled its port, while its massive fortress overawed the Breton pirates. Landwise its position was equally fortunate. Anciently a station on the Roman road from Spain to the Rhine, it continued to greet the coming and speed the parting guest for many centuries. Henry II. of England met the father of Amfos II. of Aragon there (1160), and it was agreed that young Richard should marry the daughter of his ally; and Blaye welcomed the Black Prince after the great battle of Poitiers.

The princes of Blaia—for they bore the title of prince [5]—ranked high as noblemen, and one of them earned a still greater distinction; for Jaufre Rudel, the friend of Marcabru, was not only "a right noble gentleman" as the biography says, but a poet [6] himself and a knight devoted even at that early day to the service of courtly love. For years, we may believe, he made himself agreeable to the

fair ladies of Gascony and Saintonge. Music as well as verses he composed with no little skill, and we cannot doubt that his rewards were equal to his merit.

For some reason, however, he met with resistance after a time, and the lady whom he loved would not listen kindly to his suit. Thrown back upon himself, he began then to develop his personal traits, as a strong nature always does when blocked by circumstances. The result was a marvellous transformation in his outer life. Unimagined caverns of thought and feeling cast shadows of deep color upon the gay but superficial brilliancy of his existence. The name Rudel suggests a German origin, and perhaps a strain of Teutonic ideality ran through his nature. Certainly, as Canello says, he represented the more ethereal spirit of the Provençal knight, contrasted with English and French materialism; and even while he loved as other men did, he longed for more than trivial satisfactions, and sang—unconscious what his craving meant:

> Let shepherds have their pipes of reed,
> Their little games the children play;
> But love and such a love I need
> That joy shall fill my heart for aye.[7]

He worshipped his disdainful mistress passionately,—so passionately both then and afterwards that, as he said, no matter how fast he galloped on to meet her, it seemed as if he were going backward. But somehow other voices began to call him. A merely human love, an ordinary natural passion, trivial after all, with transient pains and still more transient pleasures, living and dying at the tip of the tongue and the tip of the fingers, coming and going with a smile and a frown,—what was it after all? Down in the heart there were deeper yearnings. Was there no such thing as a spiritual love? Yes, the monks talked of

AT BLAYE.

such a thing,—the love of God. But that was not quite what he longed for ; it did not reach his lordly, knightly instincts. The crusaders, then ? Ah, that was better; and the idea of the crusade took hold of his mind. But even so he did not find content, for was he not a poet as well as a knight ? Troubadour that he was, he needed a real though a spiritual love, a woman who should be the pole of his most ethereal affections; not merely a woman whose face and form he could admire, but one whom he could think of, and dream of, and weave into endless poetry with his other idea, the crusade.

Unconsciously he fixed his heart on this unknown, unshaped ideal, even while his passions cried aloud for the beautiful person of his mistress, " full, delicate, graceful, and fresh." Musing silently in the church of St. Romanus that stood hard by his castle, he thought of Roland the champion of Roncesvalles—buried there with Olivier and Turpin, as all believed—and the hero seemed to smile upon his aspirations. Walking slowly through the little village [8]—overhung by ancestral trees—that occupied the site of the present fortress, and burying himself in the great forest that walled it in, he felt called onward as if to a far-distant quest. Gazing from his lofty window upon the swelling and ebbing tides of the broad estuary, he found his thoughts weighing anchor like the ships, and turning their prows toward a haven far away.

Finally his pent-up emotions discovered an outlet. Pilgrims returning from Antioch talked at his table one evening of the beautiful countess of Tripoli,[9] and especially of her piety, her kindness, and her celestial graces. Syria was very far away, farther from Rudel than Thibet is from us. But the thought of the fair and heavenly Odierna entered into Rudel's heart, and his imagination busied itself in picturing her.

Before he realized it, his mind was tossing on a sea of conflicting emotions. His passions cried still for the disdainful beauty—how could he give her up? and the lady of Tripoli—should he ever so much as meet her, indeed?—seemed often only a fancy. At other times and in other moods, he resolved upon devoting himself to the crusade and going to her, and the vision came near once more; and then all the difficulty, the impossibility of renouncing home and friends and luxury and perhaps life, banished it again almost beyond the horizon. What he ought to do he could not tell, nor even what he wished; but one thing was certain,—it was delightful to walk to and fro on the ramparts of his donjon, watch the ships go and come, and weave together thoughts of the far lady, now as if he would go to her and now as if she were only a dream.[10]

Sometimes he checked himself, asking why he dared fancy that she would care for him; but that only increased his love. Yet it was not love,—certainly not passion. More and more she dwelt in his thoughts as a sacred being. "He that gains her love is surely fed with manna," he said to himself. Not only she did not cross the thought of joining, as a warrior or a pilgrim, in the new crusade—that of 1147—for which a call had gone forth, but she invited him to it. If he began to think of devoting his life to God, he found himself kneeling at her feet. If he resolved to go and seek her out, he thought of her as leading him to the Holy Sepulchre and then on to heaven.

Such meditations filled him with unspeakable joy, but they filled him with distress also; for if he could not win the creature of clay, how could he please the celestial being of his dreams? Full of spiritual longings, full of hopes and fears, he took his lute then, and gave his thoughts utterance in a new song.

How sweet, as days grow long in May,
The chant of birds that sing afar!
How sweet! But when I turn away
They mind me of a lady far;
Then sad I wander to and fro,
And birds and blooming hawthorns grow
As drear as winter's icy face.

Love ne'er shall glad my heart for aye,
Unless I win the lady far;
For lovelier, better—I can say—
There nowhere lives,—or near or far;
So bright the beam her virtues throw,
'Mid Saracens I 'd gladly know
Distress and pain, to taste her grace.

My trust the Lord will not betray,
And I shall see the lady far;
But yet for each glad thought I pay
Two sad ones, for she lives afar;
With staff and scrip I fain would go,
And all the weary pilgrim's woe
Her lovely eyes would soon efface.

O God of all that go or stay,
Who bade me love the lady far,
Oh grant my wish: without delay
To see indeed the lady far!
The spot where I shall meet her show!
No palace could delight me so,
Though chamber or garden be the place.

He speaks the truth who says I pray
And languish for the lady far,
For other joys could not allay
My longing for the lady far;
Alas, I dread a cruel blow!
To love unloved—'t is this I owe
The Genius that my fate did trace.

Alas, I dread a cruel blow!
I love unloved; a curse I owe
The Genius that my fate did trace.[11]

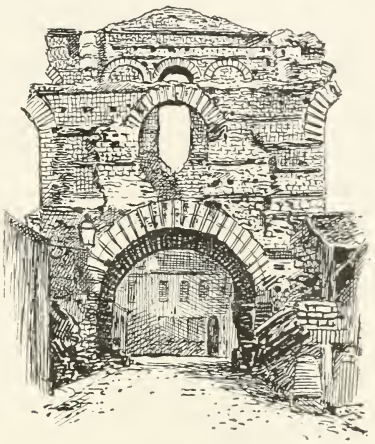
Before very long Prince Rudel's mind was entirely wrapped up in this unworldly passion, love and religion mingling and blending in a profound enthusiasm that was both. Filled with harrowing thoughts, impatience, forebodings, dread that he should perish by the way, passionate longings for the beautiful woman of flesh and blood—fairer than "ever was born among us"—but above all and over all and through all with a bright hope, and with an ardor for a "better" good than she that no discouragement could quench and no self-denial appall, he bade a final adieu to love of the old sort, took the cross, and "embarked upon the sea" to go and find his distant and spiritual love.

"And then," says the biographer—Sain Circ, perhaps —"And then while he was still in the ship he was taken with so grave a sickness that they who were with him thought he no longer lived. None the less they did what they could, bringing him to Tripoli and bearing him to an inn as one dead. And the countess was made to know of it, and she came to him to his bed and took him in her arms. And he knew that she was the countess, and sight and hearing returned to him. And he praised and thanked God that He had preserved his life till he had seen her, and with that he died in her arms. And she caused him to be buried with honor in the Temple House of Tripoli." "Then," concludes the account, "Then, on that selfsame day, she became a nun from the grief she had for him and for his death."

Bordeaux is renowned for its noble boulevards; it is renowned for its theatre—the Odéon and the Bourse of Paris melted into one, as Gautier said; and it is even more renowned for its historic buildings.

Not a few of these are still to be seen—"souvenirs that are monuments and edifices that are dates"—and the

genius of Hugo gives each a voice. "The amphitheatre of Gallien says: 'I have seen Tetricus, governor of Gaul, proclaimed emperor; I have seen the birth of Ausonius, poet and Roman consul; I have seen St. Martin preside over the first Council; I have seen Abd-er-Rahman and the Black Prince go by.' Sainte Croix says: 'I have seen Louis the Young wed Eleanor, Gaston de Foix wed Madeleine de France, Louis XIII. wed Anne of Austria.' The tower Peyberland says: 'I have seen Charles VII. and Catherine de Medici.' The belfry says: 'Under my vault have sat Montaigne as mayor and Montesquieu as president.'" And the crypt of St. Seurin says, he might have added: "I have seen heathen Gauls look for the first time upon the Christian cross."



THE AMPHITHEATRE OF GALLIEN.

But the crowning glory of Bordeaux is the port, and I could not suggest where to find a water-front more superb. It is a crescent about three miles long on the west bank of the Garonne, here twice as wide as the Thames at London. Standing on the Quai Louis XIII. among the stalwart, brown-faced Basques, whose queer language has invaded the Gascon speech, we look about us. On the right lies at full length the bridge of Bordeaux, long unrivalled, and still the finest in France. On the left, stretching far away, grows the forest of three thousand masts which bears a golden harvest every month in the

year. Both to right and to left extend the regular and massive quays of solid masonry, supported in the rear by a wall of hotels, administrative buildings, and warehouses, —handsome and stately. Most cities are overpraised ; but, as Hugo said, Bordeaux has not been praised enough. Young expected much, he wrote, but the reality surpassed his expectations. " Far and away the most beautiful city of France ! " cried Stendhal.

But what shall be said of Bordeaux as we saw it from the bridge ? For the setting sun, pouring a tempered effulgence through the tinge of haze, changed the smooth Garonne into molten brass, gilded the forest of masts, and lighted up the proud faces of quays, façades, and spires till they glowed in all the colors of evening. Earth was transmuted into clouds ; masonry shone like the sunbeams ; realities assumed the graciousness of dreams, and Bordeaux became a city of the sky,—aërial, heavenly.

Just so the strong, material, earthy force of human passion shone transformed and transfigured in the love of Jaufre Rudel, and his death fixed the beautiful dream beyond the possibility of fading.

For such a man it was a happy fate ; he did not possess his ideal but he did not lose it, and the world has accepted him as the symbol of spiritual love burning for a complete satisfaction.[12]

XL

ANGOULÊME AND BARBEZIEUX

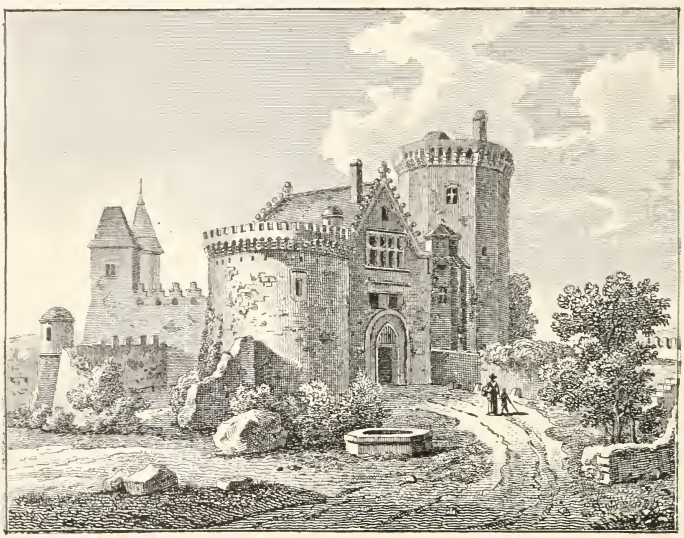
Rigaut de Berbesiu

AT Angoulême, as at Bordeaux, strength has blossomed into beauty, and the lines of ancient ramparts have become lines of handsome streets. The difference, however, is more striking than the likeness. Bordeaux is level, and the encircling thoroughfares are in turn surrounded by streets and houses; but at Angoulême, a high fortress like Beauville and Uzerche, the circuit of new boulevards forms the rim of the hill, an airy circle of commanding promenades.

The town itself is pretty. The houses, all of whitish stone, are singularly attractive ; the streets have a drawing-room cleanliness like that of Monaco ; and the railroad, the factories, and the heavy business, keeping their place in the valley, leave the old town on the hilltop—serenely aloft in the sky—to associate only with sweet rains, bright suns, and pure winds.

But the promenade about the ramparts,—that is the real Angoulême ; let us return to it. One goes there just at sunset, and in an hour and a half walks twice around. Only at a single point does the hilltop allow the surrounding country to approach and touch it : all the rest of the way you have the old walls beneath you,—here low, and there a sheer face more than a hundred feet high. At the finest point, the Promenade Beaulieu, a tangle of walks and terraces knits itself down through a mass of trees

to the bottom of the steep slope. As we make our first circuit a bell goes ringing through this park to announce the hour of closing. Merry voices and the laughter of girls come up through the foliage. The sun has just left the horizon ; and the sky, greenish blue and full of sunlight, is a dome of tinted crystal illuminated from above.



THE CASTLE OF ANGOULÊME.

When we come round again, the sky seems less bright than the earth. More than two hundred feet below us amid the dark shadows of the valley flow the ribands of the Charente, as smooth as a mirror in the perfect stillness of the evening ; and they send up to us another sunset,—here and there a flush of yellow cloud, here and there a star, and here and there the pale crescent of the moon ; while under the glamour of such a twilight the beautiful

country beyond the valley seems more beautiful still, a fit cradle for Marguerite, the "Pearl of Valois."

Then we recall the years when the battlements were standing.[1] Three times they ventured—though quite in vain—to defy the impetuous valor of Richard the Lion-Hearted. But, though a fortress, the city had something besides war to think about. It was to Angoulême that Bernart's Margarida came from Ventadorn, and her castle—which stood not far away, where the Hôtel-de-Ville towers now—was of course a focus of culture. Forty years later another lady was the countess there, who like her loved poetry and song. Many a troubadour basked in her smiles; and poor Cadenet, in the days of his vagabondage, was thankful to taste her bounty also. Yonder is the very church where they worshipped of a Sunday; and where we stand, perhaps he stood once, thinking of a fair one who cared more for praise than for love, and saying to himself:

> I thought, alas! that as her beauty glows,
> A like warm color there must be within.

Unlucky Cadenet! He was not a great poet, but few of the brotherhood had a more singular career than his.

His father was a knight, though a poor one, and his eyes first saw the day in the castle of a little town not far from Aix. At first life ran along for him as for other boys, and before his feet the usual path seemed open,—service in the household of some rich baron, esquireship, knighthood, and then perhaps fortune. But one day all this was changed in a twinkling; for the soldiers of the count of Toulouse attacked the castle, took possession of it, and slew all the people they found there. Home, parents, friends, and future vanished in an hour.

But life remained. One of the enemy, Guilhem de

Lantar, took a fancy to this one boy, protected him, saved him, carried him back to the fair Tolosan country, and brought him up. As the lad grew he learned how to make verses and sing, and finally calling himself Baguas (Reveller) he roamed about the country as a joglar. Blood told, however. After years of such vagabondage he made his way to Provence, assumed the name of his native place, Cadenet, and endeavored to become a poet. Friends took him up after a while, and his ambition was realized. "Long time he prospered and was honored," we read. Noble ladies were glad to be celebrated in his poems, princes favored him, and in his old age (1239), entering the Order of the Hospital at Orange, he crowned a successful life with a godly end.[2]

But so far as the troubadours are concerned, Angoulême —like Bordeaux again—is chiefly interesting as a point of departure, and the high crisp rim of the town gives an impulse to flight.

First a flight of thought.

It is about Whitsunday in the year 1182, and beside us here are standing the three counts of the city. Their brows are not cheerful ; for the terrible Richard has taken the castle of Excideuil, and they are dreading to see his banner approach their walls. But we have no such care, and we only ask ourselves : What are the troubadours about, this bright morning ?

It is a question worth answering.

Marcabru, Raimbaut d'Aurenga, and the countess of Dia have passed off the stage, and Sordel is not yet alive ; but most of the great singers are somewhere to be found. Bernart de Ventadorn, too old for violent pleasures, is just sitting down to a quiet game of chess in the palace of Toulouse ; while Peire Rogier is pacing slowly back and forth in the cloister of Grammont, and his old love—Ermengarda of Narbonne—discusses with King Amfos the

wisdom of leaguing themselves with Henry II. of England against the count of Toulouse.

Faidit might be seen climbing the zigzags of Ventadorn with a new song for Maria. Stormy Born is raving about Autafort, preparing to oust his brother ; while his bookish neighbor, Borneil, thankful to be out of the battle at his native place, is far on the way to Spain, wishing he could forget the inconstant Escaronha. Daniel could be found in Beauville " swimming up-stream " with all his might, while Vidal, looking often at his ring, sighs for the beautiful viscountess of Marseille. Peire d'Alvernhe, not in a sentimental mood this morning, is recovering from last night's concert in the castle hall of Puivert by hunting the deer, and the Monk of Montaudon has just rolled out of bed at Aurillac after making a night of it.

Folquet, as close as he can be to the " Magnet " of Marseille, is enjoying what Vidal sighs for ; while Pons de Capduelh, soon to be his transient rival, is at this moment riding gayly up the steep slope of Mercœur. Arnaut de Maruelh and the countess are leaving the castle of Burlatz for their picnic by the Agout; and the Dalfin, not yet worldly-wise, canters at the head of a hawking-party in a new costume that is really more elegant than he can afford. Raimbaut de Vaqueiras, back from his first experiences in Italy, is fixing himself at Orange. Sain Circ, about a dozen years old, could be found at school in Montpellier ; Peguilha, a boy of the same age, is unwillingly measuring off some cloth in his father's little shop in Toulouse; Miraval and another lad are fishing a tennis-ball out of the Orbiel just below the castle ; and Peire Cardinal, destined to lift up his voice against all oppressors, is just now screaming vigorously in his cradle.[3]

So much for a long journey in fancy ; now for a short one in fact.

Twelve miles or so to the southwest of Angoulême is

Barbezieux. It is only a quiet little town, lolling cheerfully on the top of a smooth low hill ; but centuries ago it had its walls, its five gates, its castle, and above all, its troubadour,—Rigaut de Berbesiu.[4]

Rigaut did not cut a very brilliant figure, for he was only a poor sub-vassal, and an awkward, bashful man, timid in company, slow to understand, halting in speech, and always depending on some one else to " put him forward," as the biographer says ; yet, like many a clumsy fellow, he was really excellent in both heart and mind. " He was a good knight and fair of person, . . . he sang well, and he composed pleasant melodies and poems."

Like many others he succeeded best away from home. Maria, the daughter of Queen Eleanor and the countess of Champagne, was his patroness ; and he became so well known beyond the Loire that six of the ten pieces which have come from him are preserved in French song-books. But his affections did not care to journey so far ; and they fixed themselves upon the *châtelaine* of Taonai, probably a grandniece of Jaufre, the troubadour-prince of Blaia, a lady " very desirous of honor and reputation." " And when she understood," continues the biography, " that he was in love with her, she displayed toward him a sweet semblance of affection, so much so that he gathered courage to pay her court. And she welcomed his suit with sweet and loving looks, and accepted it, and listened, like a woman who desired that a troubadour should sing of her." [5]

When Rigaut pressed his wooing, however, the lady put him off with excuses ; yet she still kept him in her service, and now and then a gleam of favor gave him hope again. " Who does good will find good," he very likely quoted to himself, or that other proverb, " With time the slowest will arrive," and so he persisted with the dogged resolution of melancholy minds.

But after a long time a certain lady of that region sent for the poet, and when he came told him plainly that his conduct surprised her very much, since he continued to serve one who showed no disposition to return his love ; yet he was a man of such worth and so handsome, too, that any lady should be glad to please him, and if he would transfer his allegiance to herself—more beautiful and of higher station than his present mistress—he should find no reason to complain. Rigaut consented; and then, as the temptress required, he paid Taonai a last visit, and in spite of tears, pleadings, and promises, took formal leave of the lady who valued his praise but not his love.

This done, he flew to his new friend for the fulfilment of her pledge ; but instead of tenderness he received only harsh reproaches. Apparently her only object had been to deprive a rival beauty of her troubadour, and when she had accomplished that she cared little how Rigaut might fare. Indeed, she told him in plain language that he was "the falsest man in the world," and that henceforth no lady would have anything to do with him. On that Rigaut departed and endeavored to make peace with his first love; but she, too, rejected him, and he found himself beyond the pale entirely, an outcast from the world of love and poetry.

Conscious of inner worth and outward lack of address, he came home to Barbezieux even more disappointed and distressed than I was after searching there vainly half a day for something truly historic.[6] Perhaps, like me, he wandered off along the low ridge of the serpentine hill, and found a melancholy solace in pools and windmills ; but there came a time when even windmills lost their power to comfort. "When the head grieves, the members fail," ran another saying ; and without love Rigaut felt entirely lost. He was a poet who delighted to display his cleverness, to say things in a new way, to find analo-

gies not only among men, but among beasts and birds, and even in the sun and the stars,—in fine a thoughtful, observant man ; but there was no longer any delight in composing a song and ornamenting it with such ingenious novelties. His inspiration was gone ; and after a time, fleeing to the forest, he made himself a dwelling there, and vowed he would live a hermit until his lady would forgive him.

NEAR BARBEZIEUX.

Mutual friends begged her to relent ; but she replied that she would never pardon his offence unless a hundred knights and a hundred ladies, all of them lovers true, should come to her, and—falling on their knees with their hands joined as in prayer—implore her to yield. Such a condition was refusal, for who could suppose that so great a number of lovers would assemble at her distant abode ?

[But in the end a way was found. At Le Puy, as you remember, there was every year a vast gathering of the gallantest people of the Midi, and in such a throng it could not be impossible to find a hundred couples willing to take a little trouble for a lover and poet. Thither went the lady,—wholly in ignorance, we are to suppose, of what was planned, and thither, too, went the poet, not ignorant at all; and then at a convenient moment he made his appearance, and in his cleverest poem called upon the assembly for help.']

As the elephants that fall
Cannot gain their feet again
Till the rest cry out, but then—
Lifted by their voices—rise,
I seek aid in just this wise,
Because my faults dismay me and appall;
And if the court of rich Le Puy and all
These loyal lovers cannot raise me here,
I ne'er shall rise and ne'er be raised, I fear;
So let all deign to intercede for me
Where reason doth not help nor any plea.

Should this aid be found too small
To unbar the griefs that pen
My sad heart, no more shall men
Hear me sing; as one that dies
Count me then; a hermit's guise
Shall e'er be mine; and I will shun the hall
Where people chat, for hopeless life would gall,
And joys give pain, and pleasures bring no cheer;
For I am not like bears of which we hear,
That when they 're starved grow fat in like degree,
And when they 're beaten thrive more lustily.[8]

When the song ended, the requisite number of couples besieged the lady, and perforce her pardon was bestowed.

After this dramatic reconciliation, the two were happy

again, though never more than Platonic lovers; and when the lady died Rigaut, finding the familiar places full of sadness, went down to Spain and there passed the remainder of his life.[9]

Angoulême again; this time as evening drew on I made my circuit of the town below instead of upon the ramparts. For a long while—that is, a short while—after the shadows of the valley encompassed me, radiance from the western sky lighted up the walls on that side, until their brightness and loftiness made them seem to belong rather to the heavens than the earth. As night came on in earnest and the stars appeared, this illusion vanished, but only to be succeeded by another. There was no moon, and the walls—in reality barely visible—showed themselves in fugitive shapes due more to fancy than to vision. Little by little the old battlements came back, and looked as dark and threatening as when the three counts waited behind them for the coming of Richard. One by one the old towers mounted to their places. Once more barbican and moat guarded the approach, and the drawbridge and portcullis hung again, I felt sure, at the entrance.

Little by little, too, signs of a martial population made themselves felt. Vague, shapeless murmurings trembled on the air. The clash of steel, a neigh, a far trumpet, distant music, the feet of dancers,—these were among the sounds I fancied that I heard. A sentry, roused by a thought of danger from his carousing, mounted to the ramparts with a clang of armor and looked down upon me, though in the darkness of the valley my figure, small from such a height, was of course invisible. For some time the soldier stood there against the sky with his left hand on the pommel of his sword and the staff of a spear in his right, turning his head to this side and that as he examined the country and the horizon. From somewhere

beyond, a fling of song—a soldier's ballad—came over the wall, and was broken off with a laugh. The sentry turned and threw back a jest and a snatch of refrain, and then passed on his way.

A light flashed in a window, the casement opened, and for an instant a proud, handsome face looked wistfully out. Then it withdrew; and presently, like a purple curtain blown softly in the breeze, there came down to me in an alto voice a famous Morning-Song, composed by an unknown troubadour, probably a woman:

Beneath a hawthorn bending low to hide,
A lady holds her lover by her side
Till cries the watch that stars no longer bide;
  Alas, alas; the morn, how soon it comes!

"Oh would to God that night had never gone,
That from my side my lover were not drawn,
That still the watch saw not the rising dawn!
  Alas, alas; the morn, how soon it comes!

"O fair, sweet friend, for one more kiss I plead,
Where chant the little birds in yonder mead;
Of jealous folk oh let us have no heed!
  Alas, alas; the morn, how soon it comes!

"O fair, sweet friend, taste one more joy, new-ripe,
Where, full of birds, dark trees the garden stripe,
Ere yet the watch can wind his mellow pipe;
  Alas, alas; the morn, how soon it comes!

"How sweet the breeze from yonder field that blows,
Where my fair friend, so gay, so courtly, goes!—
His breath I 'm drinking, not the scent of rose!
  Alas, alas; the morn, how soon it comes!"

Engaging, charming is the lady,—sweet,
And lovely; many glances on her meet;
Yet more sincere no loving heart could beat;
  Alas, alas; the morn, how soon it comes![10]

XLI

POITIERS

The Origins of Troubadour Poetry

TO bookish folk like us what could be more interesting than the genesis of a literature? What shall be said when it is a modern literature, the most cultivated literature of its age, the literature not of a nation but of a civilization, in short the literature of Europe and of America?

We are now at the starting-point, and the record we find is this: "In the beginning, Guilhem, Duke of Aquitaine"; for all agree that the troubadours were the first art-workers in language of the modern world, and that Guilhem's poetry is the oldest of the kind.

But what preceded him? The question is not answered by the troubadours nor by the men of their day, for at the first no one thought it worth while to make an explanation, and later no one could.[1] It seems for a moment as if there went forth a fiat, "Let there be poetry!" and there was poetry; but we feel bound to look for elements and causes, and modern scholarship has pierced the veil.

In a word, then, Romance poetry, like the Romance languages, descended from the Latin.

But the Latins had several languages,—at least three: the classic literary speech, the social idiom of the cultivated people, and the homely tongue of the common folks,—*sermo plebeius*. From which did the Provençals inherit?

Evidently from the speech of the *plebs*, the common people ; for, as we saw at Egletons, the Latin teachers of the Gallic masses were the legionaries, the artisans, the traders, and the camp-followers of their Latin conquerors, and it was the language of these uneducated Romans, modified by time and affected somewhat by contact with local idioms, that made the Provençal tongue.

Now this vulgar Latin had a prosody and a poetry of its own, while, as we all know, the versification of the classic poets was imported from Greece. To be sure we have almost none of this ancient popular verse, but the indications of its prevalence are unmistakable. For one thing, the comic dramatists of Rome, wishing to please the masses, broke away from classic prosody and wrote what seem like faulty metres,—not from want of skill but, as Terentianus Maurus expressly states, from design. Another indication is the effort made by several poets to reconcile the popular prosody based on accent and the classical based on quantity. In Ennius and Nævius, for example, out of fifteen hundred ictuses less than a quarter (twenty-two per cent.) fail to conform to the word accent, and many of these may not have been exceptions after all. Even Horace appears to have studied the same device ; for, as Greenough has recently pointed out, in using his two favorite rhythms, the Sapphic and the Alcaic, he took pains to write in such a way that whether his verse were scanned or read the ictuses would fall in the same places. There was, then, a popular Latin poetry essentially different in its versification from the compositions of Virgil and Catullus.

In the process of time the gulf between the literary tongue and the speech of the people widened so much that study was needed to understand the former ; and when the barbaric invasions led to the destruction of the lettered nobility, the closing of the secular schools, and the general

abandonment of study, all the treasures of Roman literature were in effect buried and lost. Practically the products of Latin culture were obliterated.

So much the greater opportunity came for the speech and the poetry of the people. Toward the end of the fifth century the authors of such verse widely superseded the *rhetors* as purveyors of intellectual amusement, and this was perhaps largely due to the fact that music went with

THE CLAIN AT POITIERS.

verse—poetry could be sung. From this time down to the eleventh century, poems of this description were doubtless retailed from town to town in Gaul as well as in Italy by strolling artists called *scurri* or *thymelici*, or as time went on *histriones*, *ministrales*, or *joculatores*, and so in the vernacular of Provence *joglars*. When Constance of Arles went up to Paris to marry King Robert, we read that she had among her followers a throng of oddly dressed and

ill-behaved men : these were probably joglars, and we find many other evidences of their existence.[2]

What sort of poetry throve in such a soil we can easily guess, and besides we are not without information ; for although none of it survived, we can infer from priestly denunciations that it was frivolous, coarse, and often indecent. In form it was naturally the roughest possible ; for, although nobles often patronized such entertainments, they were intended primarily for the populace, and indeed at that time the lord was about on a level with his peasantry so far as culture was concerned. Here, then, we have the parent stream, flowing from the *plebs* of old Rome down to the *plebs* of southern France in the eleventh century. But the stream—or at least the ground through which it flowed —was tinged meanwhile with several foreign elements.

First, we may name the influence of Greece. Allusions have already been made to the Hellenic settlers at Marseille and along the lower valley of the Rhone, and of course their blood may have signified a little ; but I refer especially to Grecian culture, and this was confined to no such narrow locality. To cite but a single testimony, Justin has recorded that one would have thought from the civilization of Gaul, not that Greece had emigrated to this land, but that Gaul had been transported into Greece. As far as Roman civilization went in Gaul, the culture of the Greeks went likewise, and we know how far that was. Lyons, on the northern edge of the troubadour world, was the birthplace of Claudius ; Nero rebuilt the town after a conflagration, and Trajan gave it a magnificent forum. Limoges, still on the upper boundary, was full of Roman baths and temples ; and Poitiers, still farther north, was the home of Fortunatus. A culture so general and so deep could not fail to modify the intellect of the race, and so bear fruit when this intellect awoke to self-consciousness in literature.[3]

Another influence arrived from the north, the Visigoths. A singular fate befell this people: it disappeared; for masses of the Visigoths, after overrunning southern France in all directions, were completely absorbed there. But it does not follow that nothing survived. The rain that sinks into the soil, not that which runs noisily away in the torrent, gives us the spring, the lake, and the river; and the Teutonic genius of the Visigoths, virile even if not so violent as their kin, intensely germinant and quickening like the Teutonic genius everywhere, could not fail of its effect.

So much for east and north; now let us turn to the south. Early in the present century troubadour poetry was looked upon as derived from the Saracens of Spain—the Moors—and one or two recent English authors have written somewhat in the same strain. This theory was demolished some time ago, however. The Moorish poets were only imitators, rather dry and rather tasteless, not the fountain of a fresh literary life. We do not need to look for the origin of the Provençal tenso in the give-and-take of Arab and Persian dialogue, as some have done, for the same thing appeared in Latin two centuries earlier. The fact that women are found as authors on both sides of the Pyrenees and in no other literature of the time hardly seems an argument. As Bruce-Whyte says, Arab poetry differed essentially in ideas and manner from troubadour poetry; and according to Suchier the dance is the only verse-form of the troubadours that can have been contributed by the Saracens, though possibly we may find a trace of their influence in one fashion of rhyming, which seems to have come from Spain and is found also in Portuguese.

But I venture to suggest that in dismissing the notion of a direct and formal indebtedness of the Provençal to the Moor we have not said the last word. The relations be-

tween the two sides of the Pyrenees were close for centuries. It was near Tours, entirely to the north of troubadour-land, that Charles Martel defeated the army of the Prophet. For hundreds of years the Saracens trod the meadows and valleys of the Midi in every quarter. Narbonne was one of their capitals, Carcassonne one of their fortresses. Not so very long ago Arab inscriptions could be read in Marseille, and even beyond the Rhone many a fair spot was theirs for a longer or shorter period. Wherever they went they were sure to leave not only an influence but more or less débris ; and we have already seen how Aubusson, to the north of Ventadorn, was founded by Saracen refugees from the slaughter of Tours.

Nor were these hostile relations by any means the only ones. Arab coins have been found as far north as the Gulf of Finland, and in times of peace Arab traders no doubt visited every corner of the Midi. Arabic literature was no stranger in this region. Jeanroy says that almost all of the tales on which the fabliaux of northern France were based came from the east, and the resemblance between the stories of Pierre de Provence and Prince Camaralzaman of the *Arabian Nights* can hardly have been accidental. As early as 1106 Petrus Alfonsi made a collection of oriental stories, and the crusades enormously swelled the stream of such literature.

The scientific learning of the Moors, though to be sure they were little more than middlemen, is well known. While troubadour verse was taking shape their system of reckoning, the Arabic notation, was making its way in Christian Europe. The *Elements* of Euclid was brought into western Europe in 1130 by an Englishman, Adelhard de Barth, who found it in the Orient. The same teacher published an arithmetic, and this also was Arabian,—the work of the celebrated Alkharismi. Another arithmetic, published in 1202 by Leonard of Pisa, was brought from

the east, and it had a profound influence upon mathematical science in Europe. The medical skill of the Moors enjoyed the highest repute, and many of their recipes found their way into general use outside of Spain. The Arabs were the teachers of Christian Europe in astronomy, physics, and chemistry also, and it was much the same in the industrial arts. From them came the cotton paper which began to be used late in the twelfth century. Even the Church paid them homage, for it burned their incense. In a word, as Rambaud declares, "the Arabs had a civilization far superior to that of Europe"; and as for their gifts of expression we find even Peire Cardinal wishing that he possessed their sententiousness.

Now for at least six hundred years, we are told by Van Schack, poetry was eagerly cultivated by the Arabs of Spain, and the mere names of the poets would fill entire volumes. Every social relation, every activity of life was "overgrown" with poetry. All, from the highest to the lowest, made verses,—the princes, the beggars, and even the women of the harems, and poetic talent was enough to raise a man to an exalted rank. The commonplaceness of the written product is largely due to the fashion of improvisation, but that very fashion gave the poetry a special effect at the time.

Bearing all this in mind, recalling how many Saracen contributions we actually find in the culture of mediæval Europe, remembering that both Moors and Provençals were continually crossing the boundary, we can hardly doubt that the propinquity of this witty, refined, and superior people, spirited and *spirituel*, had a great influence in moulding the quick and susceptible mind of Provence, and so in eventually coloring its literary output.

This appears more probable still when we recollect that

even though lady-service was not practised south of the Pyrenees, a system of chivalry was developed there as well as on the northern slope ; and the probability seems again enhanced when we discover among the joglars the rebec [4] and a whole group of musical instruments which came to them in all probability from Spain; for today one seldom finds a guitar without a Spanish serenade near by, and when the instrument crossed the Pyrenees, doubtless the song crossed with it. Direct and formal influence of Moorish on Provençal poetry we deny, then, but we concede a formative influence. It had an effect that we cannot measure or trace, but we may think of it as a perfume, indistinguishable yet not lost in the general fragrance of troubadour verse.

But the people of the Midi were, after all, Celts,—we must not forget that; for, as Matthew Arnold said, "Gaul was Latinized in language, manners, and laws, and yet her people remained essentially Celtic."

Here again we may give too much credit or perhaps too little. Bartsch undertook to prove a direct indebtedness of French and Provençal poets to Celtic versification, but his theory did not take root. Yet there is more to be said. Reference has already been made to the bardic sacredness that may easily have lingered among the descendants of Druid worshippers, and may appear both in the lofty moral tone of many a sirvente and in the respect with which the scourging was received ; and there must have been survivals of Celtic poetry and music to have their effect, whether traceable or not, on the productions of a later day. But a far deeper and far wider influence existed.

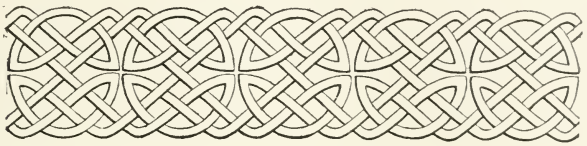
One of the most remarkable facts of history is the vitality of Celtic ideas. This appears, for example, in the survival and recent success of the Arthurian legends, and the story of Tristan and Yseult,—"perhaps the most marvel-

lous love-poem that humanity has produced"; and Gaston Paris has declared that no more striking phenomenon can be found in the literary history of the world than such conquests of the Celtic spirit. But these are not the only illustrations. According to Guilbert traces of the Druid cult of the fountain still exist in Poitou. Celtic festivals have been celebrated even up to our own day in the provinces of France. "More than one plant of the woods, more than one bird or one reptile, is the subject of legends long ago repeated by the Gauls." The girls of many country districts are still enjoying good stories that embody the oldest religious conceptions of the race. There, too, "under Latin names the Gallic fairies have preserved their power. They often appear among the rocks and the trees in the ancient forests, where the Black Huntsman still rides through the storm on his frightful chase." And Renan speaks of "all the Middle Ages" as "undergoing the influence of the Celtic imagination."

Now the Celts were naturally and always poetical, and even in the oldest days ridiculed "the creeping Saxon." The Gauls are said to have been the only people who sang as they prepared for battle, and old Posidonius tells of an Arvernian bard who served King Luern, running behind his chariot and singing his praise. The wit of the Celt was quick and his tongue never far behind it; his feeling was keen and not too profound for easy expression; and as for the content of his poetry, says Arnold, "you have only so much interpretation of the world as the first dash of a quick, strong perception and then sentiment, infinite sentiment, can bring you." Does not all this remind us vividly of the troubadours?

Did the race instinct affect more than the spirit of Provençal poetry? Certainly spirit and form cannot wholly be separated. Here is a bit of ornament: are not its interweaving lines—here turning back to shape the figure,

and there linking one figure to another—are they not almost a "graphic" representation of troubadour rhyming? Well, this is a bit of Celtic work from *The Book of Kells*, and the more one considers the characteristic designs of these people, full of such interweaving lines, the more, as it seems to me, one must feel the Celtic influence in certain distinctive features of troubadour versification. To be sure interweaving has been practised by all rude peoples, but none have elaborated it like the Celts. To be sure, also, they may have received the idea from Byzantine artists, but according to Shaw their patterns were of



CELTIC ORNAMENT.

Celtic origin, and at all events the style must have been peculiarly congenial,—Westwood says that under the microscope he found one hundred and fifty-eight interlacings in a quarter of a square inch of such ornament without one false line.

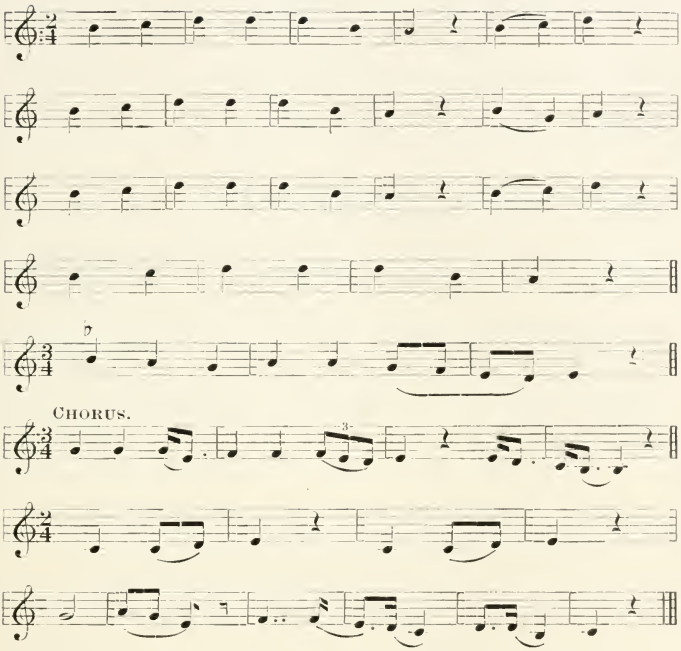
The end of our quest already seems in sight. We have the Latin stream, tinged—though we cannot say just how much—by Greeks, Goths, and Saracens, and profoundly colored by the Celts; or more exactly we have it flowing through a people tinged and colored in this way, and ready to press their qualities into the stream when the time should come.

The time has arrived.

The eleventh century is drawing to a close, and—as we have seen—the spirit of a new life is all-pervasive. Conducted by Gaston Paris we find our way to a little meadow

among the hills of Aquitaine,—of southern Poitou, let me say. It is the first of May, the time when nature takes on the renewal of the year, when life scorns everything but the impulse to push forth, to expand, and—if you please—to riot. The grass invades without shame the beaten path, and a little way off the flowers reach out their hands and even their cheeks to the full and curling brook. Among the leaves of the beeches—luxuriant and delicious—the twittering birds wantonly pursue their loves, while vines wreathe the oaks with soft and caressing folds. It is the time of love,—not reflective, intellectual, and superior love, but simply the abandon of natural vitality, expressing its own will and seeking its own pleasure.

Nature, however, does not occupy all the scene. In the centre of the meadow there is a group of girls and young women, attended rather than accompanied by men and older women; and yet perhaps I should say that the young men and especially the young women are a part of nature, for certainly the same mood is upon them. Let us not infer that they are wantons, however, though perhaps they appear such. Some will probably forget themselves, for we know to what abuses the May-day festivities gave rise, and how—for example—the English Puritans came to abhor even the most innocent of them. But as a perfectly correct Parisian and his wife enjoy listening to the freest sort of expressions at the theatre or the garden-concert, most of these young women have no intention whatever of going astray, yet for the mere sake of relief crave a moment of complete freedom. Yesterday, tomorrow, all the rest of the year—duty, subjection, and obedience to men or to mothers; but for today a breath of license, of exuberance, and of mockery,—all the more necessary, perhaps, because an instinct of liberty has come down to them from the Gallic women, who selected their own husbands and wielded great authority.



THE ORIGINAL MUSIC OF "NOW THE WEATHER'S GETTING BRIGHT" IN MODERN NOTATION.

In this mood, after a good deal of gay and scornful banter —as we can easily imagine—with the men, the young women begin to dance, while the other sex are only permitted to look on. First they form a complete circle, and in that fashion dance the "round." Then a break is made and the line moves around from right to left after the leader; three steps forward, then an instant's balance with the feet together, and then on again,—not with dignity and reserve, as we saw Pons de Capduelh and Lady Alazais dance, but rompingly and even recklessly, perhaps. A few instruments of the simplest kind mark the rhythm, but the real accompaniment of the dance is the voices of the dancers. The leader sings a stanza and the rest give the chorus; and in this manner, as peasant girls do still in western France—wild roses on their heads and violets in their bosoms—light of heart, light of hand, light of foot, with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes, intoxicated with heedless delight, they joyously chant their fling of momentary emancipation [5]:

Now the weather 's getting bright, heigho!
And the queen before our sight, heigho!
Joy and gladness to relight, heigho!
And the jealous king excite,
Would show her amorous fancies.

Chorus:
Go away, jealous man, go!—away!
Leave us, pray,—leave us, pray,
To dance alone, alone today!

She has bidden all invite, heigho!
None this side the sea to slight, heigho!
Maids and bachelors polite, heigho!
All are here, and every wight
To join the dance advances.—*Chorus.*

From the other side like night, heigho!
Comes the king our mirth to blight, heigho!
For he 's in a dreadful fright, heigho!
Lest one steal the queen outright,
So lively are her glances.—*Chorus.*

'T is for naught he shows despite, heigho!
She enjoys the old man's plight, heigho!
For a young and merry knight, heigho!
Knows what solace will requite
The queen who all entrances.—*Chorus.*

All who see her step so light, heigho!
And her graceful figure might, heigho!
Say with utter truth and right, heigho!
Queen like her there 's none,—delight
There 's none as when she dances.[6]—*Chorus.*

Here, according to the theory of Gaston Paris, we see the definite starting-point of troubadour poetry.[7] The rough songs of the minstrels, the *joculatores*, the joglars—tales of war and adventure, harsh satire, stories of coarse passion—are now penetrated by a fresh current, a vernal flow of sentiment, pure in the sense in which all things natural are pure, the gospel of love as women felt it. It is only a theory, of course, but scholars have welcomed it with enthusiasm, and aside from the explanation of a mystery—the advent of sentimental passion—which it offers, there is very strong evidence in its favor: the troubadours wore the birthmark of the May dances in their conventional references to spring.

The impulse of modern poetry, of modern literature, has now been given; and the spot, the south of France, is the fittest place. There, as Mila y Fontanals has said, the early production of a literature was favored by a kindly climate, by traditions of Roman culture, by an unusual degree of peace and prosperity, by commercial

prosperity, and by the timely formation of a rich and melodious language.[8]

The poems of the troubadours were the embodiment of all the elements and influences that we have traced.

But is there not something still to be explained? Body, spirit,—yes; but the distinctly artistic and courtly manner of troubadour verse, — whence came that? And whence came also its tone of profound respect and even extreme deference toward a sex that had been regarded for centuries as little more than chattels?[9]

XLII

POITIERS

Guilhem IX., Duke of Aquitaine

IT was at Poitiers, where the dying light of Roman poesy brightened once more in Fortunatus, that modern artistic verse—the singing of the troubadours—first appeared, and in the city by the Clain we meet that great prince and great man, Guilhem IX., Duke of Aquitaine, whose long shadow has been upon our pathway for many chapters. History tells us but little of his personality, and the glimpses that we have are so colored by the prejudice of monkish chroniclers that we suspect the accuracy of the picture.[1] Let us try to accumulate a few documents of our own.

Our first document is the duke's great-grandson, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and we understand his nature so well,—his valor, wit, force of will, and remarkable intelligence, and also the intense animal passions which so often overpowered all his better qualities,—that we can read it without pausing.

The next is Richard's mother, the duke's granddaughter, Eleanor. She, too, has appeared already before us, for she befriended Bernart de Ventadorn and became his "Comfort"; but as yet we have seen only one side of her nature and should hardly suspect the others. She was the queen of both France and England, but France repudiated and England imprisoned her. She despised

her first husband because he was not human enough, and hated her second because he was too human. Herself the mistress of a troubadour,[2] she hunted to death her husband's mistress. Though a loved and loving mother, she cursed her children by setting them in rebellion against their father. Too much a queen to be a woman, and too much a woman to be a queen, she was more an enemy to herself than to any one else, and used her pride to secure her own humiliation. But in all her life, in her loves and her hates, in her doing and her suffering, we see the mother of Richard, powerful in mind, inflexible of will, gifted, passionate, and intensely human.

Eleanor's father was very good in his last years, but no ordinary experience brought him to that spirit ; the Church was long his enemy, and when he drove the bishops of Poitiers and Angoulême from their chairs all the power of the Holy See was brought against him.

At the great door of the cathedral at Parthenay stood the haughty duke one day,—an athlete in force and almost a giant in figure, clad in the panoply of war that he loved so well. His brilliant and restless eyes told the story of his proud and ambitious career, of passions never checked, of a will never thwarted, and of a courage never daunted. Wit, warrior, and sceptic, a lover of pleasure and pomp, a king in power and almost in prerogative, he stood there confident, merry, and magnificent. He did not enter, for the Church had excommunicated him ; but he was not alone. Around him pressed a noisy crowd of vassal nobles and bold men-at-arms, reflecting his glory, anticipating his wishes, and laughing long at his keen jests.

At the altar mass was being said by a singularly feeble and humble monk, a visitor. He was of about the middle height, though his figure gained an appearance of height from its thinness. His robe was cheap and coarse, and his

shoes—heavy and strong, fit for long journeys on rough ways—showed the grease applied with his own hands. The face that once had almost the beauty of his saintly mother Aletta was hollow and drawn, though a tinge of youthful color still brightened it, and every now and then a blush passed quickly over his cheeks. Thin golden hair and a reddish beard lined with grey made his delicate features appear still more ethereal. He was accustomed to eat only a bit of bread dipped in warm water, but even of this he had not partaken for more than a day, and his bearing suggested not only frailty but faintness. Yet in all his weakness and humility this monk was the ruler of the Christian world,—uncrowned, untitled, unappointed, but unquestioned; for he was the "Last of the Fathers," Bernard, the Saint of Clairvaux.

AT POITIERS.

Slowly and solemnly the mass proceeded as usual; but suddenly with the swiftness of inspiration the monk's person became transformed. Erect instead of bent, quick instead of halting, flushed with more than youthful energy

and fire, he seized the plate of the eucharist and bore it with firm strides toward the duke. At all times he carried with him, so people felt, an atmosphere of the supernatural, as if he were himself a revelation of the heavenly and the eternal ; but now his flashing blue eyes appeared to radiate the blinding splendors of the Great King, and his person to embody the grandeur and the terror of the Judgment-Day.

Holding up the consecrated wafer, the body of Christ, he appealed to the duke with the tone and manner of an archangel : " We have besought you, and you have spurned us. This united multitude of the servants of God, meeting you everywhere, has entreated you, and you have despised them. Behold, here comes to you the Virgin's Son, the Head and Lord of the Church which you persecute. Your Judge is here, at whose name every knee shall bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth. Your Judge is here, into whose hands your soul is to pass. Will you spurn Him also ? Will you despise Him as you have despised His servants ? "

An awful silence came upon all ; and in the midst of it the great duke fell to the ground like a stunned ox, still, speechless, and insensible.

We go back one generation more.[3] It is a fair day in early spring, and a lusty fellow is marching with powerful strides along a highway of Auvergne just beyond the confines of Limousin. Beside the road the rapids and eddies of the young Dordogne are singing ; far away the mountains of the Cantal block the horizon ; and in the nearer distance the peak of Sancy, swept by a ceaseless gale, towers above the baths of Mont Dore, famous even in the days of Rome.

Evidently the traveller's heart is overflowing with natural joy, precisely like the hearts of bold Robin and

his men when a few years later they sally forth, according to the ballads, from the glades of Sherwood forest. His eyes roam incessantly hither and yon over the bright verdure of the fields or the radiant blue of the sky, as if drinking of their inexhaustible freshness. From time to time he stoops to pluck a dandelion or a buttercup, and from time to time his voice breaks out into a snatch of song,—now this :

A song I 'll make you, worthy to recall ;
With ample folly and with sense but small,
Of joy, young-heartedness, and love will I compound it all[4] ;

and now this other, also a composition of Guilhem IX., the reigning duke of Aquitaine :

When verdant meadows reappear,
And green invades the garden sere,
And river and spring begin to clear,
And zephyrs blow,
The joy that fills our hearts with cheer
Must overflow.[5]

At this juncture two fair ladies on palfreys come around the turn and amiably salute the pilgrim, for such they take him to be, in the name of Sanh Launart (St. Leonard), while one of them adds a compliment on his personal appearance. Evidently they do not recognize the man ; but he knows them at once, and instantly planning his line of action replies only with a meaningless babble : " *Bariol-barial-barian.*"

Plainly he is dumb, and that, in the ladies' minds, counts for a great deal, since—almost as dead men tell no tales—a mute is likely to be a very safe confidant in an age when few save ecclesiastics can write.

That is by no means his only recommendation, however. His figure, considerably above the average in height, gives

every token of remarkable strength. Hair that is thick, long, and luxuriantly blonde frames a face glowing with health. A bold chin, broad but not heavy, answers to an aquiline nose packed with vital force ; while, fitly completing the rest of his person, a pair of bright blue eyes illuminate his rosy face,—those gleaming blue eyes which flash reflected light instead of light from within, brilliant, superficial, quick, and dazzling ; seeing what they wish to see and only that ; telling their owner a great deal and the rest of the world nothing ; but still gay, merry, fascinating, and convincing.[6]

The ladies exchange a glance. " We have found what we have been looking for," says one of them ; from which we may infer that the husbands of both, caring more for heaven than for love, had gone to Palestine in the army of the first crusade. Forthwith our traveller is taken home by the merry wives—not of Windsor—warmed at the fire, and privately served by the ladies themselves with a fine supper,—the bread white, the wine excellent, and the pepper strong.

Still—horrible doubt—perhaps the man is a fraud, perhaps he can talk ; so after supper the big red cat, bristling with moustaches, is brought out and applied to his bare back. How the claws tear, when Lady Ermessen drags the creature backward by its tail across the flesh ! But the mute is mute still, and suspicion closes its already languid eyes. . . .

Not many days after, a letter was brought the ladies from the duke of Aquitaine. Ah, how honored ! What could his lordship desire ? Within it they found a lively and most explicit poem recounting all that had taken place, and begging them pathetically to exterminate that cat. Such was the duke and such the age.

Poitiers, Guilhem's usual and final abode, is a fit background for such a hero. The street-directory (if there

were such a thing) might be mistaken for the Calendar of Saints, and in studying out his way the stranger learns perforce pretty nearly the entire hagiology. The glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, and the holy army of martyrs are all there,

MOUTIERNEUF, POITIERS.

testifying at the street corners. St. Cyprian has a boulevard, a street, a bridge, and a faubourg. The daughters of St. Francis have given their name and blessing to a long and crooked thoroughfare. St. Michel watches over the court-house on one side and St. Didier on the other. The market is supervised by Notre Dame ; the Faculté can only be approached with the consent of Ste. Opportune; and in the old days of the pillory St. Cybard was the conductor of the malefactors. The soldiers go to the

barracks by Trinity St., Capuchin St., and Calvary St., and they practise their manœuvres on Magdalen Field. The Grand Promenade is the long front yard of a Dominican monastery; and St. Hilary, though crowded rather hard, manages to keep his grasp still on a church, a square, a street, and a market, with an alley or two as extras.

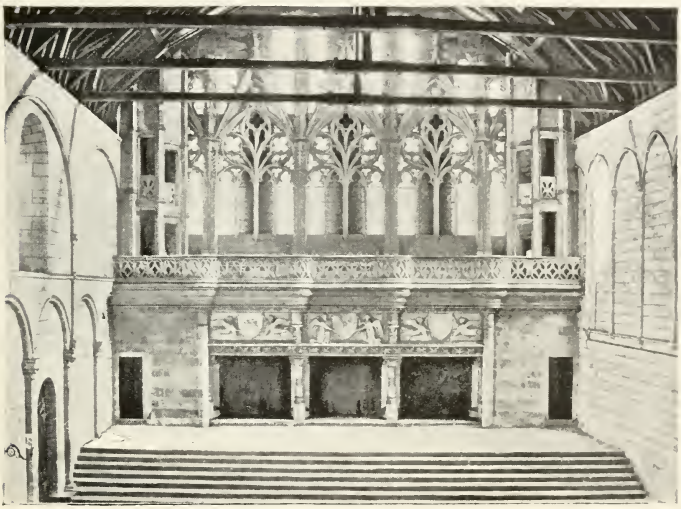
All these and many more religious outworks—churches, nunneries, monasteries, and schools of theology—rest back upon a solid mass of sacred buildings at the eastern angle of the town : the cathedral, Ste. Radegonde, Les Hospitalières, the Visitation, the Temple of St. John, the Union Chrétienne, the Convent of the Holy Cross, the Assumption, the Daughters of Our Lady, and the Carmelites,—a veritable fortress of ecclesiasticism ; and beyond all of these rise the twin pinnacles of Moutierneuf, where in a sealed chapel under the pavement Guilhem IX. reposes in his last sleep.[7]

To be sure many of these things are comparatively modern, but the tone of the place was apparently the same in Guilhem's day, for Poitiers had already been a stronghold of piety for centuries. Here St. Hilary dwelt, the staunch ally of Athanasius in his great battle with Arius, supporting life entirely in his last years with a broth of flour and bruised olives, eaten sparingly when the sun had gone down.[8] Here, too, dwelt Ste. Radegonde, the pious and learned wife of King Clotaire ; and within her church, founded only a twelvemonth after the son of Clovis reunited France, the faithful still gaze with reverence upon a footprint of God impressed upon the rock.[9] The cathedral, founded (1162) by Henry II. some years before Eleanor built what is now the *Salle des Pas Perdus*,[10] feels like a modern building in such company, but a church rose in the same place (66 or 67), it is thought, before St. Paul had "finished his course." Moutierneuf

feels modern, too ; but it was consecrated by Pope Urban himself (1096) when the troubadour-duke was twenty-five years old. The chiselled front of Notre Dame,[11] the richest Romanesque façade in existence except one in remote Apulia, invited worshippers long before Swegen the Dane overturned the throne of Alfred the Great (1013) ; St. Hilaire had been founded when Clovis conquered Alaric (507), and the elegant baptistery called the " Temple of St. John " existed at least a century or two before that year.

But in spite of his religious environment, Guilhem, our troubadour, delighted to set the churchmen at naught. Once, perhaps for a hit at the delinquencies of the monks, he sang of establishing a convent at Niort with loose women for nuns and the worst of the lot for abbess ; and William of Malmesbury recorded gravely that he carried out the idea. Another freak of his was more serious. For political reasons he married the widow of the king of Aragon, but he did not find her congenial. The wife of the viscount of Chatellerault pleased him better[12] ; so he carried her off and installed her at his own fireside. The bishop of Angoulême ordered him to surrender her, but instead of that he had her picture painted on his buckler so that she could be with him—as he said—even in the thick of the fight. The prelate—his crown was bald—threatened excommunication ; but Guilhem only replied : " They will see your hair well combed and well curled before I give up the viscountess." The bishop of Poitiers then took up the quarrel and actually began the formula of excommunication, whereupon Guilhem drew his sword and ordered him to choose on the spot : absolution or death. But the bishop was equal to the emergency. Begging leave to consider the matter an instant he completed the formula and cried, " Now strike ! " " No," answered the duke, " I don't love you enough to put you in Paradise," and he banished him instead.[13]

But licentiousness and violence did not prevent Guilhem from being a great prince, any more than they prevented his great-grandson Richard from being a mighty captain. Coming to power at the age of sixteen,[14] he found himself threatened in more quarters than one, but soon proved able by diplomacy and arms to defend his



SALLE DES PAS PERDUS, POITIERS.

rights.[15] All his life he was engaged in great or little wars, and his extraordinary valor is well attested. Twice he made himself the master of Toulouse. At the Council of Clermont, where the first crusade was proclaimed, he was the only prince of western Europe. Four years later (1100) he took the cross at Limoges and soon after led a host of 100,000 men toward Palestine.[16] In Asia Minor he, like so many others, found himself in the midst of perils against which no courage could avail, and in the end his army was so completely destroyed that he reached

Antioch as a beggar with only six companions. But even this did not quench his wit and good humor, for he composed a spirited poem on his expedition and made the world laugh and weep by turns over his experiences,—as he would us, no doubt, had not the poem disappeared. Neither did he lose his crusading ardor, for eighteen years later (1119) he enlisted against the Moors of Spain, and had a share in the great victory won (1120) by the king of Aragon. These are not the doings of a mere gallant. Indeed, it is clear from his charters that he esteemed virtue and valued people of worth ; and even the clerical authors of the *Histoire Littéraire* admit this.

In fact we can go much further. There was a deep religious vein in his family, and when he set out for the crusade against the Moors, already well in years and expecting never to return, he wrote a last song bidding farewell to life, that portrays him in a very different light.

A song I 'll fashion from my grief,
For that, meseems, will bring relief;
No longer can I serve my fief—
  Poitou and Limousin, good-bye !

An exile, and my work not done,
In war I needs must leave my son,
And grievous peril he will run,
  With those who mean him ill so nigh.

Alas, how hard it is to do,—
Give up the lordship o'er Poitou ;
In ward to Folco of Anjou
  His cousin and the land give I.

If by the king my liege forgot,
And Folco of Anjou aid not,
When Angevins and Gascons plot,
  Where can the boy for safety fly ?

Unless he prove him brave and shrewd,
With me not here to stay the feud,
He soon will find himself subdued,—
  Mere stripling, easy to defy.

If I have wronged him any way,
I beg my friend for pardon ; yea,
In Latin and Romance I pray
  For grace to Jesus throned on high.

Valor and joy my life have been,
But here the parting roads begin,
And I shall go where all who sin
  Will rest untroubled by and by.

A winning grace I gayly wore,
But that our Lord permits no more ;
My end is near ; the load I bore
  I try to lift, but vainly try.

To all I 've loved I bid farewell,
And pride—my knightly pride—I quell ;
God wills it : I will not rebel,—
  Oh may He take me when I die !

My friends, come all—this boon I crave—
And pay due honors at my grave ;
For near and far, in pleasures brave,
  I 've known the joys for which men sigh.

Farewell to joys and pleasures brave,
  Luxurious robes I now put by.[17]

The truth is that Duke Guilhem, like the three generations of his descendants whom we have taken for documents, erred mainly from an excess of hot blood which came to him as a part of his inheritance.

Thus fairies dowered me by night
  Upon a mount,—[18]

so he sang once to excuse his undignified pranks, and if we omit the fairies his excuse was perfectly sound. The very primordial cells of his body had a fecundity not given to ordinary men. To vault in armor clean over a horse was nothing to him, I am sure. To hunt for days with hardly a mouthful to eat was a diversion. To battle

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from morning till night and then flee or pursue from night till morning filled him with glee. Until the years were many on his back we may believe he never knew what it was to be tired ; and the call of sleep was only a soft, caressing touch of pleasant languor. The fountain of youth was in him, bubbling up in a flood of animal spirits that was forever sweeping away the promptings of a keen judgment. And—coming round now to our special point of interest—this fulness of life, this exuberance of animal impulses, qualified him to perform for literature a work of remarkable importance.

For he was fitted to bridge the space between the plebeian and the aristocrat. A nobleman in rank, he was equally a commoner in spirit. Descended through a line of princes from the father of Charlemagne, he could still feel at home in the cottage of the hind. As a child he saw the king of France come to Poitiers, more as a suppliant than as a suzerain, to ask aid against William the Conqueror, and half a century later (1126), in the last year but one of his life, he felt strong enough himself to wage war upon the king ; yet we see him, in the anecdote recorded by Etienne de Bourbon, dressing in many disguises, going forth to try various conditions of life, and finally concluding that merchants frequenting the fairs and the taverns had after all the most delightful existence.[19] He could ride at the head of a hundred thousand soldiers or trudge alone with equal satisfaction ; could pour courtly witcheries into the ear of a viscountess, or play the amorous vagabond with strolling wives. Indeed, it was his boast that he could "find his bread in any market"; and so he was able on the one side to understand and appreciate the popular verse of his day, and on the other to give it high social standing as a courtly accomplishment.

Whether Guilhem achieved much more than this may be questioned. No doubt he labored earnestly to improve the quality of the verse, and he believed that he succeeded.

> I wish the world at large to hear
> A poem toned to please the ear
> That 's coming from my workshop here;
> In this trade surely it is clear
> The palm is mine;
> For proof the piece will soon appear
> In binding fine.[20]

Indeed with so much intelligence and painstaking it would seem as if he must have advanced the art more or

less. But after all we find his metres few and simple, his versification far indeed from masterly, his manner rather crude even though direct and fertile, and his playfulness flippant and somewhat raw. Yet for planting poetry in the courtly world, for proving that careful verse was worth making and worth preserving, and for setting the example of patronizing the art—giving in these ways a powerful impulse at the right moment and in just the needed way—he fully merits his place as the first of the troubadours, and may claim high honor as the initiator of modern artistic verse.

This answers one of the questions that met us at the close of our last chapter, but not the other: Guilhem opened a courtly and artistic path for poetry, but he could not impose upon it a deferential and delicate attitude toward women. For one reason he was too great a lord; just as we find him almost the only troubadour not molested by talebearers, for the very good reason that no one dared cross his will, so it is likely that his combination of wealth, rank, charming wit, force of will, and personal attractiveness made a study of subtle blandishments unnecessary. For another thing he was lacking in refinement himself. Great liver, great laugher, great singer, great soldier, and great prince, he was greatest of all as a Don Juan.[21] It was because the adventure on the road in Auvergne revealed his essential nature, that I began with a tale apparently so unedifying. His poems illustrate the man with equal clearness. Accounts of his gallantries are given with all the details; and, along with perfectly frank boasts of his cleverness at everything he cared to undertake, we find the most naïve proofs that for him love was only an offhand amusement and a physical pleasure.

Of course he studied to please the fair sex; Dante held that poetry was first made in the vernacular for the sake of a lady who could not understand Latin, and this may

well have been the duke's chief motive in practising the art. Diplomacy as well as force he knew how to employ, and he laid down the rule very distinctly :

Full many a fair must he obey
Whoe'er the lover's part would play ;
For he must please them every way,—
  Whate'er befall,
And ne'er a word that 's boorish say
  In chamber or hall.[22]

But in his poetry the woman, no matter how much admired or how much longed for, always appears as an inferior, while it became a mark of the troubadour songs to represent her as the superior ; and even when he sang his prettiest he was condescending and cavalier.

Now to singing I 'll apply me
Ere new storms and frosts defy me ;
For my lady loves to try me,
  Proving if I hold her dear ;
But, no matter how she ply me,
  I never shall get free, I fear.

So I make a full surrender—
In her list one more pretender ;
Call me not insanely tender
  That my lady is so dear,
For 't is she alone can render
  Existence bright instead of drear.

Ivory 's dark if she but wear it :
Hers my heart with none to share it ;
And—by Gregory's head I swear it—
  If she will not hold me dear,
And in chamber or grove declare it—
  With kisses, too—my end is near.

What will you have gained from seeing
Hopeless love to exile fleeing?
Nun, it seems, you 're bent on being;
  Pain will end me, you 're so dear,
If you cure me not, agreeing
  That all my wrongs shall gain your ear.

Monk you 'll make me—always coy;
Why would you your own destroy?
All the world is ours to enjoy
  If we two but love, my dear;
As the minstrel I employ
  Will sing the air I wish to hear.

Her I serve with fear and trembling,
  For I 'm sure—she is so dear—
Naught in Adam's line resembling
  Her loveliness will e'er appear.[23]

No; for the final step in the evolution of troubadour poetry we must leave Poitiers and go back to Ventadorn.

Bernart's inferiority of rank to Margarida and still more to Eleanor, his position as a literal dependant in their households, and the certainty that a discourteous or even an indelicate expression would wreck his wooing—supplemented, of course, by his poetic taste—established a fashion which other court-poets followed,—which in fact they were constrained to follow, since nearly all were more or less completely in the same position. They were members of their lord's household; his wife was their lady, their queen; and if they dared put real feeling into the songs which celebrated her loveliness, it could only be in expressions the most respectful and the most refined. In this way the style was fixed even for poets who were not dependent; and so, re-enforced by the self-devoting spirit of chivalry, by the general disposition toward finer manners which manifested itself about the middle of the twelfth

century, by the lurking reverence of the Celtic race for woman,[24] by the veneration felt for Mary Magdalen, and by the growing worship of the Virgin, the conceptions which Bernart de Ventadorn—with the foresight of genius—first moulded into verse, came to dominate Provençal poetry.[25]

Rousseau held that love was a second birth; and in like manner we may call Poitiers the first and Ventadorn the second birthplace of troubadour song. But Eble the Singer, who begat the art if not the life of his famous pupil, was a vassal and follower of Guilhem; and so our duke, the grandfather-in-poetry of Bernart de Ventadorn, was the father of troubadour song in a double sense.[26]

XLIII

POITIERS AND TOLEDO

Guiraut Riquier. The Decline of Provençal Poetry and its Influence

THE origins of Provençal poetry lead us to think of its development, its decline, and its influence.

The stages of development and of decline may be said with reasonable accuracy to occupy each a century, though it must be remembered that birth and death always begin together. These two centuries may be divided into five periods. Again we must bear in mind, indeed, that nature's logic is broader than ours, and our divisions of her work are sure to be imperfect : there is no rigid line of demarcation. But the divisions assist both understanding and memory ; and, as the facts have already been studied in detail without regard to any system, we may now venture to arrange them.

I will propose, then, to make five periods : first, Dawn, from the first crusade (1096) to the second (1147) ; next, Morning, to the third crusade (1190) ; then, Midday, to the opening of the Albigensian wars (1209) ; fourthly, Afternoon, to the accession of French princes in Provence (1246) and in Languedoc (1249) ; and finally, Evening, to the last poem of Guiraut Riquier (1294).

In the Dawn we find Guilhem the Duke, Rudel, and Marcabru,—for only the chief names can be mentioned here. In the Morning, strong and vigorous, dewy to the end in spots though in spots already scorching, but every-

where pointing forward and not back, we meet Bernart de Ventadorn, Peire d'Alvernhe, Raimbaut d'Aurenga, Arnaut de Maruelh, Peire Rogier, and Bertran de Born. During the brief Midday, when the cult of poetry was warmest, but a consciousness of having reached the goal and even of having passed it, both in ideas and in style, began to be felt, we have Raimbaut de Vaqueiras, Peire Vidal, Arnaut Daniel, Gaucelm Faidit, and Guiraut de Borneil. Here belongs Folquet also, though his early conversion left most of his work in the previous period. Afternoon then crept on. The tendency to reflection and artificiality grew more and more pronounced, and poetry had its chief representatives in Peire Cardinal, Aimeric de Peguilha, and Sordel. Lengthening shadows then brought on the last period, and here we find the art in manifest decadence.

With decadence went neglect. Those who still sang were poorly recompensed and felt oppressed with a sense of isolation and abandonment ; and we see, for example, that Francesco da Barberino, though he remained quite a while in Marseille about the year 1300 and was deeply interested in Provençal poetry, makes no mention of Carbonel, a poet of Marseille, nor of any other troubadour of the day. For him and for the world at large the troubadour age was already far in the past. So it was in fact, and in this period of half a century Guiraut Riquier is the only poet at all worth our while : with him, by general consent, the canon of the troubadours is closed.

Riquier was peculiarly fitted for the position he occupied. In the first place his poetic life of forty years (1254–1294) covered almost the entire period of Evening, and enabled him to sum up the state of poetry in his life and writings. In the second place, he was completely absorbed in his vocation, took pride in being called a poet, and was most sincerely anxious to enhance the honor of his art. Finally,

the meagreness of his personal history sets him before us appropriately as a figure rather than a person ; for while we have more than a hundred of his poems we can say of himself, aside from unimportant details, only that he was born in Narbonne and counted two of the lords of Narbonne among his patrons,[1] that he sojourned with the count of Rodez and the king of Castile, and that he wooed without success a lady whom he called " Fair Delight " (*Belh Deport*). In his early years at least he suffered want, and though he could beg unflinchingly for patronage, he felt the indignity of it, and has recorded feelingly the dread and shame with which he entered the presence of a noble " to ask him for something that was his."

But Riquier was not a Dante, even though like Dante he little relished the bread of others. He was not even a Borneil mourning grandly over the decadence of the age, nor a Cardinal indignantly denouncing its crimes. Such magnificence was past. Poetry could no longer assume the tone of authority or the air of scorn ; and Riquier—a frivolous-earnest kind of a man, light-hearted yet thoughtful, witty but good-natured, educated but not profound, clever though not great, impulsive though not passionate—Riquier was deeply pained to see his beloved art neglected, yet went about receiving cheerfully such scraps of patronage, fame, and pleasure as it was possible to obtain.

His poems reveal clearly the poetic leanness of the time, for there is a total want of the overflowing life and energy that we found in the classic troubadours. To be sure this may be called his personal defect, but when the chief poet of the time is feeble we may certainly conclude that poetry does not command enough respect and admiration to attract men of power. Take a single illustration. If anything could inspire the troubadour it would be the assurance that at last his lady is won, and that she will be awaiting him when the stars appear ; but Riquier's

Evening-Song, the only *Serena* that we have, is plaintive instead of jubilant.

Once a lady gave her friend
What he craved, a rendezvous,
Where and when his quest should end ;
All that day he could not do
Aught but go about complaining,
And he said with many a sigh,
" Day, your waxing makes me die,
And night
Waits and murders my delight."

None could fail to comprehend
How he grieved ; the whole day through
His condition did not mend,
And the tears oft started, too,
For the hours were sad past feigning ;
And he said with many a sigh,
" Day, your waxing makes me die,
And night
Waits and murders my delight." [2]

Riquier's most interesting love-songs were a series of six pastorals,[3] and here we find the same autumnal quality. " The other day," he tells us, " I was loitering by the side of a brook, for so Love led me on that I might bethink me of song ; and there I caught sight of a gay, fair, and pleasant shepherdess keeping her flock. I wended that way. She was of seemly behavior and showed me a friendly temper at the first question. For I asked her : ' Maiden, have you ever loved, and do you know how to love ? '

" Without gainsaying she replied : ' Certainly, sir ; I am already betrothed.'

" ' Maiden, I am greatly pleased that we have met,— provided I can make myself agreeable to you.'

" ' No doubt you 've long been looking for me ! Were I silly I might think so.'

" ' Maiden, don't you believe it ? '

" ' Not in the least, sir.'

" ' My bonnie maiden, if you will have my love, I would have yours.'

" ' It cannot be, sir ; you have a sweetheart and I have a lover.'

" ' However that may be, maiden, I love you and would taste your love.'

" ' Sir, take another road that will bring you more luck.'

" ' I wish no better road.'

" ' You are acting foolishly, sir.'

" ' It is not folly, lady-maiden ; you are so attractive that Love gives me leave.'

" ' Sir, I wish this parley were over.'

" ' By my love, maiden, you are too harsh, for I beseech humbly.'

" ' I don't forget myself, sir ; I should be disgraced if I gave my confidence so lightly.'

" ' Maiden, my feelings overpower me.'

" ' Sir, you will win no credit in such a fashion.'

" ' Whatever I say, maiden, fear not that I would wrong you.'

" ' Sir, I am your friend if you remember to keep within bounds.'

" ' Maiden, whenever I am on the point of tripping I will hold myself in check by thinking of " Fair Delight." '

" ' Sir, I am thankful for your consideration, for you know how to be winning.'

" ' What 's that I hear you say, maiden ? '

" ' That I like you, sir.'

" ' Tell me now, blithe maiden, what has made you say so pleasant a word ? '

" ' Sir, wherever I go they are singing the sweet songs of Guiraut Riquier.'

" ' Maiden, let us not forget that word which I was asking for.'

" ' Sir, have you no favors from " Fair Delight,"—she who keeps you from improper gallantries ? '

" ' She will not be kind, maiden.'

" ' Sir, she does right.' [4]

" ' Maiden, she would be the death of me, did not faithful Bertran d'Opian give me comfort.'

" ' Sir, she guards you ill. And now you will be going on your way,—it makes me sad to think of it!'

" ' Maiden, I will come this way time and again.' "

So the love-making begins, but the end is twenty-two years in arriving. Six times during this rather protracted wooing the poet meets his comely shepherdess. Once, pretending not to know him, she declares that if he were Guiraut Riquier she is afraid he would carry the day ; but when the troubadour seeks to press this advantage he is fended off as before. Meanwhile the maiden becomes a wife, a mother, a widow, and the hostess of an inn ; and at the end Riquier, hardly knowing whether to woo the mother or the now grown-up daughter, woos them both together. It seems like a dream, and apparently the same flickering passion might have continued on with equal ardor to the daughter's daughter.

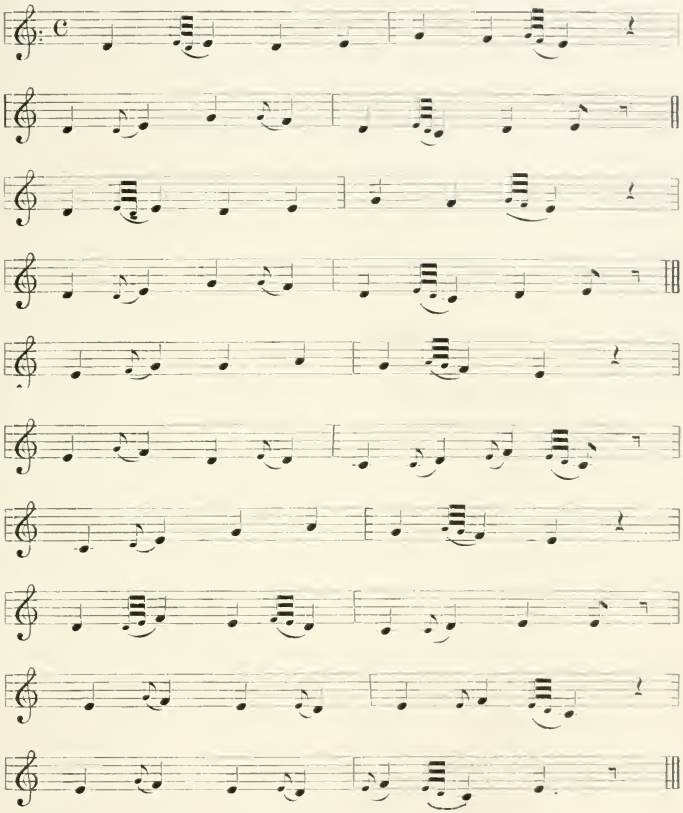
The grand aim of Riquier's life was to maintain the feeble hold of poetry upon the world, and if possible to strengthen it ; and his devices were not wanting in fertility and ingenuity.

For one expedient he practised every style of composition in the hope of discovering somewhere the magical word of power. Love-songs, pastorals, sirventes, tensos, morning-songs and evening-songs, epistles, didactic poems, and even poems expounding the classic troubadours,—all these and more were tried, and for specimens of four poetic forms we are wholly indebted to him.[5]

The vigor of popular poetry impressed him ; and—what is very curious—we now find the aristocratic family of troubadours endeavoring to renew its energy by marriages with its plebeian branch, disdained for five generations. The morning- and evening-songs and the round, for example, were popular forms practised by Riquier. So, too, was the pastoral, which perhaps he borrowed back from the poets of northern France ; for considerable discussion makes it pretty clear that the pastoral, after springing very early from the soil of the Midi and recording itself in the poetry of Marcabru and other early troubadours, was forgotten in the south, and at this late stage reappeared there as a traveller from the north. Still another alliance with popular verse was Riquier's use of the refrain, a device that he employed with no little skill sometimes.

Since my lady doth ordain
  That my hope shall prove fallacious,
Nor consents to grace my pain,
  Holding me with charms mendacious,
In the art of love I 'd fain
  Learn to be far more sagacious,
And this knowledge I can gain
  Down in Spain, in Spain the gracious:
    All the men are noble there,
    All the women sweet and fair.

Honor, joy, and gallantry,
  Courtliness and reputation,
Merit and sagacity,
  Company and conversation,
Love and liberality,
  Judgment, knowledge, education,—
These have made, as all agree,
  Spain, gay Spain, their habitation:
    All the men are noble there,
    All the women sweet and fair.[6]



THE ORIGINAL MUSIC OF "SINCE MY LADY DOTH ORDAIN" IN MODERN NOTATION.

Not satisfied with invoking the aid of popular verse, Riquier appealed also in the opposite quarter,—to regions essentially unpoetic. His didactic poems have already been mentioned, and his theory was not behind his practice. In his view poetry should be not merely instructive but learned. It should become the vehicle of moral and philosophical wisdom, and the poet should not only be a man of erudition but actually bear a professorial title. In little things as well as in great ones Riquier displayed this academic and pedantic spirit, this ambition to find a basis more dignified than mere poetry. As a rule his pieces were seriously labelled with his name and the date, and one of them bears this heading : "Song in the form of round, concatenated both as to words and music, by Sir Guiraut Riquier, made the year MCCLXXXII. in April. And the music of the second stanza begins in the middle of the first and goes on to the end, then returns to the beginning of the first [stanza] and concludes in the middle of the first [stanza] as is indicated. The whole song, then, is sung thus : the first, the third, and the fifth [stanzas] in one way ; and the second, the fourth, and the sixth in another way. And this song is the XXaIIIa." Imagine Bernart de Ventadorn concocting so dry and useful a heading for a song of his !

But Riquier was not yet satisfied that his beloved art would enjoy the esteem it merited, and he proceeded to invoke the aid of positive authority. Amfos X., the king of Castile, who entertained him cordially at picturesque Toledo, was the foremost patron of letters at that time. In history he cuts but a sorry figure. Powerless to control the subject princes of Spain, powerless over his own nobles or even his own children, he brought the great inheritance left him by his father to a miserable condition of distress and ignominy. Yet his failure as a monarch was the result not of ignorance or of vices but merely of

unfitness for command, and in the history of science and poetry we see him in a very different light. He was at once a savant and a poet. He established the first astronomical observatory in Europe. His scientific fame is recorded still by our English dictionaries in the term "Alphonsine Tables."[7] His verses, composed in the Portuguese dialect, entitled him to rank as one of the best lyric poets of the day. And his wisdom was extolled even more than his learning and his poetry. "If God had consulted me when He made the world, I could have given Him some good advice," he once felt authorized to say; and his title "The Wise," given by general consent, attests at once his attainments, his reputation, and perhaps his vanity.[8]

If any authority would undertake to assign the poets their proper standing in the world it would be such a king, and to him Riquier appealed in a long poem (1275). The world, he said, had confounded troubadours with joglars, real artists with bunglers, and as a consequence all were despised; and he called upon the king to classify the makers of verse, give each class a particular name, and reserve for the highest alone the name Troubadour and the title Doctor.[9]

We smile at the poet's amiable delusion that poetry could be rejuvenated by decree, but we find it pathetic, too. What could be more pathetic,—a literature moribund and struggling like a sick man to keep itself alive? Ignorant fellows drag its white locks forth to ribald merrymakings, until, as we learn from Riquier, the preachers denounce it from their pulpits. In Riquier himself it grows old gracefully, but—it grows old. It is no longer Strength singing to vent its joy, but Weakness singing to extract joy from the song. Instead of bearing his muse exultingly aloft as a satyr would a nymph, the poet seeks a quiet vale where he can recline upon her bosom.

TOLEDO.

In a word, Provençal song has passed from Guilhem, Duke of Aquitaine, to Guiraut Riquier, Doctor of Poetry, and the line of troubadours is ended.[10]

What a princely line it was !

In all we have work from some four hundred and twelve, besides the names of about seventy more, and the thirteenth century has bequeathed us biographies—or rather biographical notes—on one hundred and four. Some of this number were of lowly birth, ennobled by their talent ; but most of them inherited rank. Among them we count eight of the laboring class, five scribes or notaries, sixteen of good burgher stock, five who came of gentle families, twenty-nine brave knights, nine rich lords, six great barons, five viscounts, five marquises, ten powerful counts, two princes, and five kings. What other literature can show such an aristocracy of poets ? [11]

But the princely line ended, and we are met by two questions, which have not always been kept distinct : Why did the troubadours cease to be, and why did Provençal literature come to an end ?

The chief reason why the troubadours became extinct is a very simple one : they were a part of the aristocratic régime of the Midi ; and the Albigensian wars and spoliations which ruined their patrons cut the ground from under their feet. It is reasonable to suppose that even without such a cataclysm they would have passed away almost as soon as they did, for they were an outgrowth of the chivalric spirit, and as that could not fail to grow cold like all enthusiasms their poetry was fated to wither. Again, they were a fashion, and in time the nobles would have concluded to lay the fashion aside for a new one. At all events the natural evolution of society would have extinguished them in time. But this was not actually the history. The joyous, elegant life of the Midi was no

more ; and its nobles, impoverished by war, exhausted by extravagance, shorn by the development of the towns, crushed by the taxes of foreign masters, and even forbidden by the Church to live elegantly, were not able, even if they found the heart, to support the poets as their fathers had done. Only the cheaper—that is to say the inferior—poets were entertained, and the result could only be to bring the art into that disrepute which grieved poor Riquier so deeply.

At Narbonne, Foix, and Rodez, indeed, the cult was maintained for a long time, but even these courts were not rich enough to preserve its olden glories. The royal palaces of Castile and Aragon, and Este—the home of Peguilha—in Italy were stronger bulwarks. There Provençal poetry was able to hold its own among related but differing languages, as Paul Meyer has remarked, by a constant influx of poets from the parent stock—from the Midi, and even achieved the almost unparalleled success of imposing itself upon the poets of these foreign lands. But when the last generation of troubadours from the Midi passed away, local idioms reasserted themselves, the poets discovered that verse could be made in their own languages, too, and the Provençal became only a classic tradition. In this way the last period of the troubadours came to an end : Afternoon and Evening passed on into Night.[12]

But even if there were no longer to be troubadours why did Provençal literature perish ? It has been replied that its art and its ideas had been exhausted. No doubt the circle of the love-songs *was* narrow, and their wonderful technique degenerated into mannerism and artificiality; but there were other poetic forms. The sirvente offered a boundless field. Tales were popular, and opened the way to romances and novels. The vivacity of the Midi was naturally disposed to dramatic writing[13] also; dialogue appeared frequently in the songs, the tenso was a

favorite style, and we actually possess twenty-two lines of thirteenth-century drama saved by the strangest of chances. A vast body of Provençal writing has been completely lost, but it is thus clear from what we possess that it had ample room to develop and was already broadening.

No ; the death of this literature was due to a cause outside itself. In a word, the Midi took on the French civilization and thenceforth developed France-ward. At the end of our fourth period both Languedoc and Provence passed, as we saw, into the hands of French princes. The people of the south resisted, recording their struggle in the poetic league of Toulouse and no doubt in similar efforts that have been forgotten ; but all resistance was in vain. As Mistral has sung of the absorption of the Midi, "The stream must fall into the sea." The subjection of the south was necessary to make the France of modern history, and the extinction of Provençal literature was involved in the development of the French.[14] That was the law of nature.

But nature has other laws, and they have awarded this fatally sacrificed idiom its due revenge,—glory and influence.

Never, since the classical days, had so earnest an effort been made to produce poetry of high technical merit, nor had so perfect an accord been reached between substance and form. Never, since remote antiquity, had an artistic literature been evolved from purely native elements. Never at any time had the craftsmanship of lyrical composition been developed with such variety, richness, and beauty, nor the arts of music and verse been wedded in a bond so close and harmonious. No other people of the age had contrived so elegant a way to raise themselves from semi-barbarism to refinement of feeling and culture of intellect; and never in any age had love been expressed

with reserve so delicate and respect so full of devotion. To accomplish all this, to open anew before the human mind the paths of intellect and then to dominate the forms of its thought for generations was assuredly a glorious achievement.

The influence of Provençal poetry has been equal to its glory.[15] "All the lyric poetry of Europe," to quote Gorra, "was penetrated, pervaded, transformed under the action of the poetry that radiated from Provence." The literature of Spain was a direct outgrowth. Portugal, remote and politically unsettled, was very little visited by the troubadours, but it met them at foreign courts, especially in Castile and Leon ; and not only was its literature stimulated by that of Provence, but two thirds of the product shows a more or less conscious imitation of it.[16]

In Italy Provençal poetry penetrated the court of the Emperor Frederic II. from all sides, or, in Torraca's words, "as water penetrates a sponge." Frederic's wife, Constance, was that very daughter of the troubadour-king of Aragon, Amfos II., who made a home for Peire Vidal in Hungary when she occupied the throne there with Aimeric, her first husband. Frederic's court at Palermo was full of poets composing in the Provençal manner,—some of them Sicilian and Apulian, some from Bologna [17] and the north apparently, and some of them, according to Gaston Paris, from his German realms,—and the emperor himself made verses, too.[18] All the first lyric poetry of Italy leaned upon Provence.

The dominant influence of the troubadours in the north of France is now recognized by all the authorities. There was, no doubt, a vigorous native poetry—as we feel sure there was in Spain and Italy, though it has entirely disappeared—but this native poetry was not adopted by the cultured classes as that of the Midi was. In fact it was not fitted to play a rôle in courtly and cultured life and

control the formation of a polished literature, for it was epic instead of lyric, rough and martial instead of courtly, and in every way akin to the stern spirit of the north. Whether Eleanor, the granddaughter of Duke Guilhem, was the queen of France long enough to transplant the poetry of the south, we cannot be sure ; but at least she introduced at Paris its language and its courtly ideas. Her two daughters reigned in Champagne and Blois,[19] and her successor on the throne was a sister of their husbands. Three centres of Provençal poetry were thus established in the north, and no doubt the poets and minstrels journeyed constantly back and forth. The models of artistic literature came in these ways from the troubadours,[20] and some of the trouvères did not scorn to sing literal translations of Provençal poems.

The poetry of the minnesingers appears to have originated spontaneously in eastern Germany, and a native German love-song in rhyme is imbedded in a Latin composition of 1170 ; but in the west this indigenous poetry soon came in contact with troubadour art in Provençal and still more in French verse ; and, says Kuno Francke, " it is only under the indisputable influence of Provençal, troubadour song that love becomes the crown and glory of a rich and full-sounding lyrical verse." [21]

The debt of English poetry is far less, yet real. During all but the first of our five periods a large part of troubadour-land was English territory; Richard, a friend of the troubadours and perhaps a troubadour himself, was an English king, and Eleanor an English queen ; for generations troubadours were seen in the English court ; Bernart de Ventadorn and others appear to have sung upon English soil, and it is easy to fancy, at the least, that some seeds lodged in the crannies of English life and thought. Of indirect influence there can be no doubt. Italian literature long permeated ours [22] and especially at

two periods : one was the time of Elizabeth, when at least one hundred and eleven translations were made from the Italian into English, and the other was almost in the troubadour age. In both periods troubadour influences crossed the Channel,—and particularly in the earlier, for Chaucer's well drew from the Arno, and the Arno rose in Provence. Another line of inheritance gave us even more : French was for centuries the upper-class language of England, and it was a French leavened with troubadour poetry.

So much for the influence of the troubadours as literary artists. But their poetry was not only an art but a life. It had substance as well as form, and besides the idea of literature it embodied the idea of love. What became of that ?

Substance as well as form had a widespread influence, and indeed the two could not be separated. England was but slightly affected and Scandinavia not at all, but the rest of Europe received a general indoctrination, and the sentiments and ideas of chivalric love became a part of modern life.

But the doctrine had a special line of development and a culmination that must not be overlooked. It was Peire Rogier, as perhaps you remember, who took the first long step toward making courtly love a system. The movement continued and in the course of time love became wonderfully transformed. As Antoine Thomas has said, " Love put song into the mouths of the earliest troubadours, and song put love—more or less real—into the hearts of those who came after." In other words love became artificial and intellectual. The French poets especially refined the passion till it was almost a science, and the Italian poets made it still more unsubstantial and theoretical.

Then Dante came.

Dante was the typical troubadour spiritualized. The

stature of his character lifted his thoughts full to the level of this cloud-like, sublimated love ; and, breathing into it the fire of his exalted nature—as Bernart de Ventadorn had breathed himself into the poetry of his time—he changed a graven theory into a New Life. Just as the troubadour devoted all his powers to the praise of his lady, Dante wrote the *Divine Comedy* to celebrate a spiritual mistress with homage such as never had been paid before."[3]

To understand the troubadours we must remember this. As the eye follows the uplift of the earth into the mountain, rising higher and higher past hill and valley, past spring and torrent, past the black gorge, the scar of the avalanche, the glacier, and the crag, till it rests upon the summit robed in pure snow and shining in the level beams of dawn like a coal from the altar, so our thought of the troubadours must rise through all the planes of Provençal poetry, through its truth and its falseness, through its honor and its earthiness, through its pleasure and its pain, its joy and its grief, its wrong and its right, until we see the divine strivings of our poor, weak, glorious human nature, struggling forever on toward the spiritual, come at last with Dante to the abodes of bliss, and crossing with him the stream Lethe gaze in heavenly joy upon the unveiled Beatrice, the " splendor of living light eternal."

Il Paradiso is the culmination of Provençal ideas; and Dante Alighieri is the interpretation, the fulfilment, and the apotheosis of the troubadours.

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NOTES ON VOLUME TWO

CHAPTER XXIV.

1. Page 5.—No one has been able to find Montaudon or even to be sure as to the signification of the name. According to Klein, Montaudon = Montaldon < Montal = Mons Altus. Suchier sees Monte-Albedone in the name. The place appears to have been at no great distance from Orlac (Aurillac).

2. P. 5.—On monkish vices besides the indications of the text (to which many might be added) it may be found interesting to consult D. Duemmler in the *Zeitschr. für Deutsches Alterthum*, 1878, p. 256.

3. P. 6.—Nothing remains of the abbey of Orlac. Fragments dating, as is thought, from the eleventh century have been built into the church of St Géraud, but the church itself is not ancient.

4. P. 9.—The only thing we can say with certainty of the Monk's personal appearance is that his face was shaven, for we know that he detested monks who wore beards. I have represented him as jolly in spite of his satirical and contentious nature, because evidently he was a hearty eater and drinker, a man of animal spirits, and a popular "good fellow." A cold, cynical, snarling man would never have been made "lord" of the court of Le Puy, not to cite other proofs. His satire and his wrangling must be understood according to his temperament.

5. P. 11.—Vid. No. 41, p. 132.

6. P. 11.—The Monk's conversation with the abbot, etc., is imaginary, based on the fact that the king's order to the Monk seems to have been in imitation of a father superior's directions.

7. P. 12.—On women's painting *cf.* line 2445 + of the *Clef d'Amors* (No. 144): "*Leide chose est a regarder | que de veer fame farder.*"

8. P. 14.—The three stories are from Etienne de Bourbon. I have modified the form of the third.

9. P. 15.—Vid. No. 342, XIV., st. 14, 15, and 17. The last part of the first of these three stanzas is very obscure, but I venture to believe that I have caught the meaning. Saffron was a favorite seasoning. It came from the east and was pretty dear, because not easy to get. Klein challenges the authenticity of this poem, and behind him is probably a greater scholar than he; but the grounds seem not very solid, and I content myself with recording the opinion. I have made the translation "rough and ready" in imitation of the original.

10. P. 15.—Vid. No. 358, IV., p. 42, st. 4. "Answers," lit. "said."

11. P. 17.—The character of the Monk's amorous poetry is illustrated by this stanza: "Like one who is summoned to court for some slight offence and finds the tribunal unfavorable to him, and could easily take refuge in flight, but is conscious of so trifling a fault that he will not flee, but prefers to appear though full of anxiety, so I have been brought by Love to a place where right avails me not, where I dare not implore favor and am not capable of flight."

12. P. 18.—Though the text follows the general opinion that this was written by another hand, I have a suspicion that the Monk composed it in a spirit of good-natured amends for what he had said of others.

13. P. 19.—The better impulses of the Monk are shown in the following quotation from him, recorded by Francesco da Barberino, who lived A.D. 1300. "Who will prove to me that it is unlawful to love a lady as a true lover? If I love my friend for my own sake, I love him not truly; if I love him for his sake, I do love truly; if I love him for both our sakes, I still love; but if I love him for my own sake and against his, then I hate him. So I will love my lady for my own sake, that in the hope of pleasing her I may avoid vice and attach myself to virtue, and so be able to live a delightful life; I will love her for her sake,—that is, I will honor and exalt her name and her reputation, and I will be the guardian of her honor as if it were the honor of my friend. And if, perchance, the weakness of human nature excite within me some improper desire, I shall conquer this desire by the strength of her love, and I believe it will be a greater proof of virtue to have desires and repress them than not to have them."

14. P. 19.—The "literary baggage" of the Monk that has survived is seventeen or eighteen pieces. It is suspected that he wrote stories. According to Klein (No. 219) he was still alive in 1207, but his active period was the last quarter of the preceding century.

CHAPTER XXV.

1. P. 20.—The line between French and Provençal is determined by certain linguistic peculiarities, and varies somewhat according to the standard adopted; *e. g.* the line based on consonants is not the same as the line based on vowels. Of course it is impossible to fix it with certainty, and the rough indication of the text is enough for the general reader. For a more exact boundary take the following line drawn by P. Meyer: From the ocean a little north of Bordeaux, north of Gironde, east of Charente, north of Haute Vienne and Creuse, south of Allier, through the centre of Loire, along the Rhone so as to include a part of Ain and Savoy, the Alps to Ventimiglia. As M. Meyer says, to know the exact boundaries is of little importance. According to Strabo the line between the Belgian and the Celtic tribes was the Loire, and that was the nearest *natural* line between the French and the Provençal idioms, as Chabaneau remarks.

2. P. 21.—In speaking of Auvergne I include the province of Velay, which belonged, however, politically to the counts of Toulouse.

3. P. 21.—The supremacy of the name Provençal was doubtless aided by the fact that Provence (beyond the Rhone) remained long independent of France.

4. P. 27.—Margaret of Valois, wife of Henry IV., lived at Ussel (*Prov.* Uissel) in a castle situated where the market-place now is, directly across the street from the house shown in the picture. It is natural to suppose that the troubadour's castle occupied the same ground. Gui d'Uissel appears to have been also *prévôt* of Eymoutiers.

5. P. 27.—The names of his brothers were Eble and Peire. Gui wrote songs, and of the seventeen that we possess a number—particularly the pastorals—were pleasant parlor poetry for the day. From Eble we have four tensos with Gui, and from Elias five tensos with Gui, with G. Faidit, and with A. de Peguilha. The smallness of their fiefs may have been due to the fact that in the

Midi there was no rule of primogeniture. Peire "*descantava*" what the others composed, which signifies (as Restori thinks) that he supplied harmonies to their melodies. The group flourished about 1200.

6. P. 27.—The husband of Margarida was Rainaut VI.

7. P. 28.—The story of Gidas (probably a corruption for Gida or Guida) comes to us in MS. P. (XIV. century). Jeanroy has expressed the opinion that it was invented to explain the tenso of Gui and Elias, but it appears so bona-fide that it seems a little difficult not to feel that the author had some basis besides the tenso. The knight whom Gidas married is said to have been named Renardon. She was called Gidas of Mondas, perhaps the place named in Latin Monetas, near the abbey of Villemagne.

8. P. 28.—Of Maria de Ventadorn we shall hear further in Chapter XXXIV. The "particular friend" was the count de la Marcha. In connection with the friendship between her and Gui, it is interesting to note that there is still at Ussel a château-like house (a corner of it is seen at the right of the picture) long belonging to the viscounts of Ventadour.

9. P. 29.—Vid. No. 358, IV., p. 28, st. 6.

CHAPTER XXVI.

1. P. 31.—Arthur Young's literal mind was considerably upset by Auvergne. "Nature in the production of this country must have proceeded by means not common elsewhere," he observed.

2. P. 33.—The church has been abandoned. The labor of reaching it was so great that it might be termed the high-water mark of piety.

3. P. 35.—They say of the cathedral: "One enters by the navel and comes out by the ears," for the exit is by lateral vestibules.

4. P. 36.—The bishops of Le Puy occupied a position of special dignity; they held directly from the pope; they were counts as well as bishops, and they had the right to coin money. Some of their coins struck about 1200 are among the most beautiful of feudal France. Aimar (Adhémar) distinguished himself especially at the siege of Antioch, where he was the heart of all brave and noble effort.

5. P. 38.—We know nothing as to Cardinal's personal appear-

ance. As for his age, in his time few men knew just how old they were, but the biographer considered himself well posted.

6. P. 39.—The abbey of Chauleuges may be cited as one example.

7. P. 39.—Vid. No. 41, No. 77, lines 1–4.

8. P. 40.—It is evident that Cardinal studied Bertran de Born. Most of his verse-forms were borrowed. He was perhaps too much in earnest to cultivate an idle pride in originality, and indeed one so unique could not have been thought an imitator.

9. P. 40.—Vid. No. 358, IV., p. 350, st. 2.

10. P. 41.—Vid. No. 63, col. 173, st. 1.

11. P. 41.—Vid. No. 41, No. 77, st. 3.

12. P. 41.—Vid. No. 269.

13. P. 44.—Vid. No. 41, No. 111. In l. 13 I follow MS. R. because that reading alone gives an unmistakable meaning, and in line 24 I fill Appel's blank with Bartsch's *metoas*. L. 39, "nose," lit. "cheek." This fable is, according to Diez, the only one in Provençal literature strictly considered.

14. P. 44.—Vid. No. 358, III., p. 436, st. 1. L. 9, lit. "have her company."

15. P. 45.—Vid. No. 63, col. 174.

16. P. 45.—Vid. No. 358, III., p. 436, st. 3. Of about seventy pieces by Cardinal only three are devoted to the subject of love, and these are not exactly "love-songs," as the reader has perceived.

17. P. 47.—Vid. No. 358, IV., p. 364. I give the whole. A literal translation is as follows: "1. A new sirvente I will to begin, which I will repeat, at the day of the judgment, to him that made me and formed me of nothing, if he think to accuse me of aught. And if he wish to put me in the devils' abode, I will say to him: 'Lord, pray let it not be, for in the evil world I have travailed all my years, and keep me, if you please, from the torments.' 2. All his court will I cause to marvel when they shall hear my pleading, for I will say that he does wrong to his own if he think to destroy and damn them; for whoso loses that which he might gain, by good right has lack in consequence of his baseness, and he ought to be sweet and liberal in keeping his dying souls. 3. Never ought he to close his door, and St. Peter gets great shame in this

(for he is the doorkeeper), unless with laughter enter there every soul that would like to enter, for no court will ever be perfect that causes some to weep and others to laugh, and although he is supreme, mighty King, if he open not to us he will be asked to do it. 4. The devils he should banish [lit. disinherit], and he would have more souls for it [and] more often, and the banishing would please everybody, and he himself could pardon himself for it to my entire satisfaction ; he might destroy them all, for we all know that he could absolve himself for it. Fair Lord God, set about banishing the wearisome and oppressive enemies! 5. I will not to lose hope in you but I have my good hope in you, wherefore you must save my soul and my body ; and do you stand by me at my death ; and I will offer you a fine choice : that you return me there whence I moved the first day, or that you be forgiving toward my faults, for I should not have committed them had I not first been born. 6. If I am wrong in this and in hell should burn, by my faith it would be wrong and wicked, for I can well recriminate against you, since for one good I have a thousand times as much ill. 7. In the name of mercy, I pray you, holy Lady Mary, that with your son you be our good guide, so that you may take the fathers and the children and put them there where St. John is." (In Crescini's text the third stanza is in the second person : "Your gate," etc.)

Religious independence was not so rare at that day as we sometimes think. Walther von der Vogelweide, the famous minnesinger, is another illustration of the fact.

18. P. 47.—As the text shows, our information about Cardinal is very slight · but we know from whom it comes, Miquel de la Tor, a scribe of Nismes. The time of his poetical activity, as indicated by his poems, was the period of the Albigensian war, and is fixed as 1210–1230. In 1204 a Petrus Cardinalis was secretary (*scriba*) to the count of Toulouse, which fits well with the troubadour's education in letters and his partisanship for the count.

The following scattered quotations are worthy of record :

"Out of you [Esteve de Belmont] will be made the liquor with which other traitors will be anointed." "Whoso would hear a sirvente woven of disgusts, a mixture of shames, let him ask it of me, for I have spun the thread and can make both warp and woof. And I know well how to pick out the base and know their depravity. The noble and excellent please me, and I hate the false and treasonable." "A faithless man that sells his words." " Do

you know what becomes of the wealth of those who have gotten it unjustly? There will come a mighty robber, and he will leave them naught. His name is Death. With four ells of net he will catch them, and he will send them to an abode of misery." "A worthless life I prize less than death." "Who would reap must first sow." "All go to their reward—the deceived and the deceiver." "If she deceive me, deceiver she shall find me." "I never gained so much in anything as when I lost my lady." "I pray God to confound traitors, to overthrow and abase them." "Listen, thou that governest the church and covetest and attackest the rights of others: thou damnest thyself by the wrong." "If you should offer him a maravedi for telling the truth, and a barbarin for lying, the barbarin would win." "If a poor man stole a shroud, he would be a thief and would go about hanging his head; but if a rich man stole a shop and all in it, he would go straightway to the emperor's court." "If they can but get the property, it matters not whose eyes fill with tears." "Should you prick them in two or three places, you should not expect truth, but falsehoods, to come forth."

CHAPTER XXVII.

1. P. 48.—Polignac (*Prov.* Polonhac) is about an hour's walk from Le Puy.

2. Pp. 48 and 49.—Vid. No. 358, III., p. 298, st. 1 and 5. By inadvertence the first four lines were rhymed a a b b instead of a b b a as in the original, but as the piece is of no special importance it did not seem worth while to rewrite them. This scene is entirely imaginary, and so is what the lady says to herself. Her answer to Guilhem is from the biography. From the fact that the poem is addressed to Bertran it would perhaps seem natural to suppose that it was composed later in the course of the intimacy, but we do not know at what stage that name began to be used.

3. P. 49.—The positive statement that the viscountess (her name was probably Bellissenda) was blonde is based upon the statement of the biography that she was the sister of the Dalfin (see Chapter XXIX.). If like Baluze we suppose that she was his sister-in-law we lose this evidence, but still should suppose her of light complexion. We have no other indication of her personal appearance.

4. P. 53.—The trained archæologist Mérimée made short work

of many of the alleged evidences of Polignac's past history. The "mask" could not have been Apollo, and was probably not connected with an oracle as some have supposed; and it is not certain that the inscription to Claudius proves that he visited the spot, for it may have been brought there later. Still the traditions have their value in showing the awe that Polignac has inspired for centuries. Mérimée thought that the "Abyss" was constructed during the Middle Ages. The "Well of the Oracle" shows workmanship of the XV. century, but of course may have existed much earlier.

5. P. 54.—This number is a guess.

6. P. 54.—As to coinage an arrangement was made after a great deal of trouble by which the viscounts had a royalty of five deniers a pound on the coinage of Le Puy.

7. P. 55.—This was Heraclius III. The history of the viscounts at this time is very difficult for the accounts are meagre, proper names are seldom used, and the title was often applied at the same time to more than one person, *i. e.*, to father and son, or even to father and two sons. I should like to be a little surer that every act attributed to Heraclius III. was committed by him, for I have accepted some statements on authority not of the first order. There is no doubt however that he was a man of that kind, and this is the only essential point for us. His penitential entry into Brioude, which he had sacked, took place early in Sept., 1181. In 1198 he had been succeeded by his son, Pons III., and he was certainly dead before July 1, 1201 (Restori). One of his brothers was, like Gui d'Uissel, a canon of Brioude. We do not know at what point of his career his wife's affair with Sain Leidier took place. No. **139** records: "*Ils* [*i. e. Pons vic. de Polignac et Heracle son fils*] *renoncèrent* [*1171*] *à l'hommage qu'ils avoient exigé des vassaux de l'Eglise du Puy, entre autres. . . . Guillaume de St. Didier* [*Leidier*]."

8. P. 56.—Arnaut Guilhem de Marsan seems to have lived in the time of Amfos X. of Castile (1252–1284), and to have practised his arts of politeness so effectually as to win the love of the king's daughter. We have from him only this *Ensenhamen* (didactic poem).

9. P. 58.—For Marsan's *Ensenhamen* Vid. No. **41**, No. **112**. For the shortish robe *cf.* No. **144**, l. 2377 +: "*Lors ne soit ta robe si basse | que la biauté de ton pié passe.*" Just what Marsan meant by

his direction about the "*cabessalha*" and the "*ventalha*" is not clear. Appel translates "*ventalha*" indefinitely as "*schutz für den unteren Teil des Gesichts*," but Quicherat in No. 353 argues that it was the hood of the hauberk.

10. P. 58.—The biography describes Sain Leidier as a "highly honored man, and a good knight in arms, generous, most gracefully accomplished and courtly, a very true lover, and greatly loved and favored." This description and the facts of the story seem to mark him as the ideal *gentleman* of the day according to the standards of polite society. I have therefore intended to sketch such a type by applying to him the accepted attributes, especially as set forth by Marsan.

11. P. 59.—This conversation is imaginary, but the gist of it is given by the *razo*.

12. Pp. 59 and 60.—The form of this piece I obtained from a portion quoted in No. **269**, p. 334, and the substance of the rest from No. **142**, p. 262. Diez gives six stanzas. The lady's reflections are imaginary.

13. P. 60.—She was the countess of Roussillon (Rossilho), near Vienne (Isère), not the district of the same name on the Spanish border.

14. P. 61.—To St. Antoni (now St. Marcelin, near Vienne).

15. P. 61.—The lady's remarks are imaginary.

16. P. 62.—"Bertran, Bertran," etc., see No. **142**, p. 264.

17. P. 62.—I give the sequel of the story for whatever it may be worth as it is believed in the region of Le Puy. The Provençal documents say nothing of the results of the lady's vengeful expedition except that Sain Leidier transferred his affections quietly to the lady of Roussillon. No. **139** holds that this viscountess had for second husband the lord of Mercœur, in short that she was Sail de Claustra; but this view, besides being contradicted by the Provençal documents, is improbable. (Note 6, Chap. XXIX.) The vicountess is called "marqueza," which—so Restori argues—must have been her name and not her title; for as her father was a count and her husband a viscount she would not bear that title. But, I venture to suggest, she is called "marqueza de l'Esclache" twice in the will of the countess of Montferrand, and so may perhaps have had another husband and have taken the title from him.

Sain Leidier was a gentlemanly poet, not great in any way, but

on the other hand free from bad taste. His pieces were graceful, and he enjoys the distinction of being the first troubadour to employ in lyrics the Alexandrine, so important in French prosody. His active period was 1180–1200, and we have eleven pieces certainly from him (Paul Meyer) with several others in doubt. According to certain MSS. Peire Raimon of Toulouse lived a long time with him, but this is probably an error. His home was at St. Didier-sur-Doulon near Brioude, and for that reason he is often called G. de St. Didier.

His grandson, Gauseran de Sain Leidier, was a poet and has left us one or two pieces. He loved the countess of Vienne, daughter of the Marquis Guilhem IV. of Monferrat.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1. P. 66.—It may be thought that I have idealized Pons de Capduelh, if one merely read his poems and the scanty accounts of him, but it seems to me that I have only brought out the feelings and motives fairly discoverable in these texts. Very likely he was not conscious of all I have found in him; but that does not signify, for it was an unconscious age, and one truly noble is often —if not always—the last to perceive the fact. The biography makes but one criticism, that he was "close"; but this only means that he was prudent, for an unreasoning prodigality was the ideal of the time. As a poet Pons was not remarkable, which is perhaps not to his discredit as a man. His songs are pure, high-minded, artistic, pleasing, and full of feeling, without special originality or power; he possessed no little talent, but came short of genius.

2. P. 71.—The *Clef d'Amors* said: "To sing is a fine and noble thing, especially for a young lady."

3. P. 71.—Garin lo Brun was a noble castellan of the Velay, and lived during the second half of the twelfth century. He may be the Garinus Bruni who appears in history in 1174. He wrote neither *vers* nor *cansons*, but only tensos. Of these we have one (in effect a *canson*) and also an *ensenhamen*. A portion of the latter may be found in No. 63, col. 89. The following lines (not given by Bartsch) are worth recording: *Cortesia es tals | se voleç saber cals: | qui ben sap dir e far | per c'om lo deia amar | e se garda d'enueis | . . . Cortesia es en guarnir | e en gent acuil-*

lir ; | Cortesia es d'onrar | e es en gen parlar ; | Cortesia es en solatz.

4. P. 72.—We know almost nothing of Alazais except that she was such as to completely satisfy the mind of Pons, so that he loved no other. His poems, not being written for us, give no information about her, except of the most general sort. In describing her education and manner of life I have meant to give a picture of the well-bred lady of the day. Her personal appearance as I have described it was the accepted type of womanly beauty. I have not exaggerated her housewifely accomplishments, for—to give a single illustration—the wife of Girart de Rossillon, duke of Burgundy, is represented as cutting and making a man's garment after her husband's fall, and even as contributing regularly to their support by her unusual skill at needlework. The father of Alazais was Bernart VII. of Anduze. See note 6, Chap. XXIX.

5. P. 73.—Of course all that is said as to the inner life of Pons and Alazais is inferential. As for their public relations, we are told that "all good people" took pleasure in their love, and that on account of it "many good courts, many good tournaments, and many good social gatherings (*solatz*) were held."

6. P. 73.—Vid. No. **319**, IX., st. 1.

7. P. 76.—Four MSS. give an acccount of Pons's affair at Marseille. One says the lady was the wife of Roselin, but only one ; and it seems reasonable to suppose that this name is an interpolation. Certainly if Pons went to Palestine on the third crusade and died there, he did not pay court to Roselin's wife, for Roselin was in a convent until Barral, his brother, died (1192). The MSS. agree with the poems that the lady's name was Audiart, and Chabaneau suggests that she may have been the Audiart del Bauz mentioned in a piece of uncertain date. But this is of course mere conjecture and "Audiart" may have been only a disguise. In fact we have already seen Miraval and Raimon VI. apply that name to each other. The fact that Pons uses it in speaking of his Marseille lady is rather evidence that it was not her real name. For these reasons and those given in the text I think it was Barral's wife to whom Pons paid court. (Such I find the view of Zingarelli, the most recent scholar to touch upon this point so far as I know. See No. **458**, p. 22.) In one of the penitential songs (*Vos mi ren bella dous' amia*) he praises Audiart at the end ; which, according to Springer (No. 404), proves that it was to *her*

that Pons returned. But as his relations with Audiart were purely formal it was quite natural and proper to give her a farewell compliment on returning to his first love. Finally, it looks as if (see end of paragraph one of note 16 below) Alazais died before 1190, in which case Audiart cannot have been Roselin's wife.

8. P. 77.—Vid. No. **319**, VIII., st. 1.

9. P. 77.—The countess of Montferrand was the Dalfin's wife (see next chapter).

10. P. 78.—More will be said of the joglars and their music later. The ball is imaginary, but there is authority for every feature of it.

11. P. 79.—Very little indeed is known of the dances of this period, and indeed it seems likely that although people danced and danced often the art was not in a very flourishing state, for the dances of the past had fallen under the censure of the Church. I think, however, that what I have said is quite safe.

12. P. 80.—A glance through the Musée de Cluny will satisfy any one without reference to books of the elegance and fineness of the silk fabrics of this period. Geoffroi de Vigeois and others testify to the richness of stuffs and the luxury of dress. People revelled in color. Recall how Dante described the crimson in which Beatrice first appeared to him as "modest and becoming." If the ladies' dresses did fit pretty closely, we may reflect that on the other hand they were not at all *décolleté*.

13. P. 82.—Vincent de Beauvais divided eyes into four classes: black, grey, glaucous (including both green and blue), and *vair*. He defines *vair* eyes as those showing yellow rays, or red and white spots. Our only positive information about the personal appearance of Pons is that he was "large and handsome."

14. P. 84.—Vid. No. **63**, col. 123. I give the whole. The translation follows the original so closely in most cases that a literal translation seems unnecessary. A few points, however, require remark. St. 2, l. 7: lit. "St. Peter and St. John return her soul." This cannot mean "restore to life," for the poet thinks of her as definitively gone to the other world, and wishes to go there himself. Probably it refers to deliverance from purgatory, and St. John's name may be added to St. Peter's for the sake of rhyme, or because he was, perhaps, the patron saint of Alazais, or simply because of his special power. St. 3, ll. 4-9: "What avails beauty

or high worth [ever] maintained; or what avails good sense, honor, and gay conversation (*solatz*), graceful address, or any courtly endeavor; or what avail noble words or excellent deeds? Sad world, with a good heart I hate you! You are worth very, very little, when the best is said (*pos lo meils n' es a dire*)." St. 4, l. 4, lit.: "Whom the people praise, the Lord praises"; l. 6: the allusion is to the custom of scattering flowers on the floors on fête days. The poem is addressed to Andreu, an unknown friend of the poet.

The Provençal Laments (*planhs*) are in many cases notably full of feeling. Aside from the obvious reason for this, there was a special one: the lover was no longer restrained by the prudential considerations that had to be regarded while his lady was alive.

15. P. 84.—Vid. No. **358**, IV., p. 90, st. 4.

16. P. 84.—There is a question whether Pons was not alive after the third crusade, based chiefly on three facts: 1. A certain Pons de Capduelh appears in documentary history from 1195 to 1236; but it was common for a name to be handed down in a family. Besides, if the troubadour had been alive up to, say 1200, would he not have been very likely to appear in the Monk's satire, especially as the Monk was of the same region? 2. Roselin did not emerge from his convent before 1192, and the troubadour was said to have paid court to his wife; but, as already pointed out, it does not seem likely that Audiart was Roselin's wife. 3. It has been suggested that *apparently* the viscountess of Aubusson is the same who appears in the story of Gui d'Uissel, and she could not have become viscountess before 1193; but (even if we feel sure that this part of the MS. is correct) there is nothing in the MS. indicating that the friend of Pons *was* the same as the friend of Gui; and even if she were, we know that titles were often applied by anticipation. The arguments, therefore, do not seem strong. On the other hand, we have the statement in nine MSS., including all of the most authoritative, that the troubadour "took the cross, went beyond the sea, and there died." Restori states that Count Ozil was dean at Brioude in 1190 and bishop of Le Puy 1197–1205, which suggests that he gave up the world on account of his wife's death before 1190.

We have about thirty lyrics from Pons. Two extracts will show his feeling about love: "Humble and faithful and frank, I supplicate you, with loyal heart, good and worthy lady, for you are

the best in the world and most worthy and gentle and frank and noble, and most gentle and joyous; wherefore I love you—may I never have other profit—so truly that I think of nothing else, even when I pray God, whence on your account He forgets me." "Happy is he whom love keeps joyous, for love is the climax of all blessings, and through love one is gay and courteous, noble and gentle, humble and proud; wherever love is, one carries on a thousand times better wars and courts, whence arise worthy deeds; wherefore I have put all my heart in love; and since I have good expectation that it will enrich me, I do not complain of the distress or the pain that I bear."

CHAPTER XXIX.

1. P. 89.—Vodable is an old place. It was in existence at the time of the Roman invasion, and a Roman road going from the Spanish frontier to the north passed within about three miles of it. The peak is 70 metres high and 200 metres in diameter. The castle was destroyed in 1633 by the order of Richelieu, and at present only a few traces remain. Time has changed even the configuration of the peak a little. With the aid of an engraving of Ravel, cut in 1450, and investigations made on the ground, an artist painted over a door in a house in Vodable a complete view of the fortress, and by the use of artificial light a photographer from Issoire made me a picture of this painting (see p. 101). The two shields represent the gonfanon of the dauphin and his arms (the dolphin). It is curious that, as A. Prudhomme states, the emblem was not used until about 100 years after the name. The name was first applied as a Christian name, then as a family name, then as a title. Guilhem VII., the dispossessed count, adopted the title because it was that of his maternal family, the dauphins of Vienne.

2. P. 89.—Brunenc's bay stallion is merely a guess.

3. P. 89.—He was probably not so much an ambassador as a companion of the ambassadors (see p. 388). Technically it was not an "embassy" at all.

4. P. 90.—Perdigo was of Lespéron near Largentière (Ardèche). The monastery in which he died was called Silvabela. His political songs have been lost; the dozen or so pieces now extant are all on love. His good musical judgment is illustrated by his saying,

when some of his music was called too difficult, that the accompaniment must agree with the song. His music was of the "chiselled" sort, without much warmth. His poetry is not specially remarkable.

5. P. 94.—Vid. No. 41, p. 101. The original is rhymed thus: a a a b a a b; a a a b a a b; c c c b c c b; c c c b c c b; d d d b d d b; d d d b d d b; etc. All the rhymes are feminine, and the last word of the fourth line is always the same "*vilayna*." As the piece is not really a song, I have felt at liberty to discard rhyme. The bracketed words of l. 1 of tornada two are from Bartsch's edition. The translation of the last two lines is not quite literal, the meaning of the text not being clear.

6. P. 97.—It has been held by some that Sail was in fact the same as the viscountess of Polonhac, and Beraut her second husband. But the Dalfin evidently believed that she had solidly virtuous principles, else he would not have recommended Peirol to her, and he could not have entertained such an opinion of the viscountess after her famous scandal (see also note 17, Chap. XXVII.). Restori (No. 25) has conjectured that Sail's son was the husband of P. de Capduelh's mistress. Sail died before 1199.

7. P. 97.—Vid. No. 63, col. 139. The piece contains six stanzas and a tornada of three lines, of which I have taken st. 1 and 3. The changes of rhyme are noteworthy. Each stanza has three groups of rhymes, as may be seen in the translation. Group I. changes with each stanza, but retains a certain assonance: *volha*, *valha*, *trembla*, *ama*, *meza*, *amia*. Group II. changes at each odd stanza, and here, too, there is a partial regard for assonance: *chan*, *soven*, *valors*. Group III. does not change. In the translation I have tried to reproduce the character of the changes. The difficulties of the form imposed some freedom of rendering particularly in the second stanza, but evidently the poet had no precise ideas requiring precise expression.

8. P. 99.—Vid. No. 358, III., p. 271. The piece contains six stanzas (of which I give 1, 4, and 6) and one tornada.

9. P. 99.—Vid. No. 358, III., p. 273. The piece contains six st. (of which I give three) and two tornadas. The rhymes run: a b b c c d, d b b c c a, a b b c c d, d b b c c a, etc. The piece was addressed to "Comtessa" (for Sail inherited that title from her father) and directed to "Mercoill," perhaps a copyist's slip for "Mercuer."

10. P. 100.—The following are extracts from Peirol's pilgrim song which has been called (without justice, as it seems to me, though certainly it is fine and poetical) the best on the crusades (Vid. No. 358, IV., p. 101): "Now give I thanks to thee, true God and Lord of lords, since I have seen the river Jordan and the Holy Sepulchre, because thou didst bestow upon me so great an honor as to show me the holy place where thou wast born in the flesh, wherefore my heart is full of joy. . . . God give us now a good passage and a good wind, good ship and good helm, for earnestly do I wish to return to Marseille. . . . A poor substitute for King Richard has the world now! France with its lilies had an excellent king and excellent lords, Spain possessed a king as valiant, and Monferrat a good marquis, the empire a glorious emperor,—how they will rule who now occupy these places, I know not. Fair Lord God, didst thou act according to my judgment, thou wouldst have a care whom thou madest emperor or king, and upon whom thou didst bestow castles and towers, for because they are mighty they contemn thee. . . . Emperor [Frederic II.], Damietta [lost by your fault] is waiting for you, and day and night the white tower weeps for your eagle whom a vulture drove away,—dastardly is the eagle that is conquered by a vulture! Shame have you for that and the sultan has honor, and besides the shame, you all receive such hurt that our religion suffers."

11. P. 100.—According to Jeanroy the earliest piece by Peirol that we can date was composed at Vodable in 1189–1190, and he remained there until after 1200, for it is not until 1210 that we find him in Monferrat. He made his pilgrimage about 1221. Some have thought he really went to Palestine on the third crusade, but as Jeanroy says it is more than probable that he did not go. Diez thought his career began about 1180; but this date is advanced by Restori, who places Sail's marriage between 1150 and 1160.

We have about 35 pieces from Peirol. He appears to have composed stories as well as poems, but these have been lost. The order of the extracts given in the text is arbitrary. We cannot even be sure which of his songs refer to Sail; but it seems reasonable to believe, as she was his only high-born lady so far as we know, that his best pieces were composed for her. The Monk said that he lived at Clermont with a serving-woman, and an obscure stanza of Peirol's seems to support the charge of low life. The Monk's

"thirty years" were an exaggeration. Peirol speaks of the sun as throwing "itself through the cold crystal with such force as to cause a flaming fire on the other side"; so he knew of burning-glasses.

12. P. 102.—Pelissier was of Martel. His piece, the only one he has left us, was a *cobla* (stanza) of eight lines. Comtor was the daughter of Raimon II., and married the lord of Comborn.

13. P. 102.—The Dalfin's cousin was Robert, the bishop of Clermont (1195–1227) and later the archbishop of Lyons. He was the brother of Guiou, who will appear later in the chapter. The lady in this case was the wife of Chantart de Caulet, who lived at Peschadoires, near Thiers (Puy de Dôme).

14. P. 104—For Richard's sirvente, which was in French, see No. **370**, p. 13. "Wolf and fox," literally Aengris and Rainart, from an old tale; "fawn-colored hair" (*liart*, probably greyish-brown), this is the indication of the family complexion, to which an allusion was made in the account of the viscountess of Polignac; Richard's treasure was kept at his strong castle of Chinon,—of course all this is ironical.

15. P. 104.—Vid. No. **358**, IV., p. 256. Richard was Philippe's vassal for his French possessions. I have made some trifling omissions in the translations in order to disguise the identity of the king of England for a time.

The Dalfin had a quarrel also with one of his barons, Bertran I. de la Tor, accusing him in a poem sent by Mauret, a joglar, of abandoning noble ambitions and settling down to a life of enjoyment at home. To this Bertran replied in verse, quoting the proverb, "Like lord, like household," and saying, "I was good [for something] when I had a good lord."

In all we have eight or nine pieces from the Dalfin. According to Jeanroy he began to compose at the very close of the century, say 1199.

Among his knights were two brothers, Peire and Austor de Maensac (Manzat, near Riom). They were poor but gifted, and they agreed that one should have their castle and the other adopt the profession of poet. Peire took the latter and devoted himself to the wife of Bernart de Tierci (perhaps Thiers). So well did he please her that she allowed him to carry her away to a castle of the Dalfin's. Her husband tried to get her back by force and by the aid of the Church, but the Dalfin protected her and Peire. He is said

to have been a good poet, as well as an agreeable man, but probably we have none of his verses.

The Dalfin's wife, called the countess of Montferrand, was the friend of P. de Capduelh and the mistress of Gui d'Uissel.

CHAPTER XXX.

1. P. 105.—The Romans could not allow the town of Gergovia to live and thrive as the witness to a Roman defeat.

2. P. 106.—Authorities differ as to the early history of N. D. du Port.

3. P. 106.—Enric is Provençal for Henry. To distinguish the one from the other I shall call the father Henry and the son Enric. The name of Henry II. is so familiar that I could not well adhere to the Provençal form, but the same difficulty does not exist in the case of his son.

4. P. 107.—Peire Rogier seems to have been a few years the junior of Peire d'Alvernhe. The limits of both careers are, however, uncertain.

5. P. 107.—The description of Peter the Hermit is authentic.

6. P. 112.—The essential character of "Gothic" architecture was due, of course, to constructional requirements. I refer here to its ornamental features.

7. P. 114.—The obscurity of his verse is doubtless due in part to bad copying of the texts, but he loved studied comparisons, rare words, and difficult rhymes. We have over forty pieces from him, the latest of which (1147) appears to be the piece given at the end of this chapter. We may suppose with P. Meyer that his career if not his life ended about 1150. His biography may come from Sain Circ.

8. P. 115.—Though so bitterly opposed to the gallantries of husbands, it is significant that Marcabru did not condemn married women for loving, from which we may perhaps infer that in his opinion married women would love others only when neglected by their husbands. We have seven songs from him in praise of true love. His own misfortune is clearly expressed thus: "I was a simpleton to take service with Love, but now have we separated. I have been joyous in love; but surely I shall be so no more, for I have been deceived and betrayed and I forswear it altogether."

9. P. 116.—For Marcabru's scornful self-assertion take these lines quoted by Diez, "I am so shrewd and artful that nobody can easily get the better of me. I eat the warm, soft bread of the fool and let my own cool. While the fool's bread lasts I assure him of my friendship, but when it is gone I revile his bread and make him long for mine. . . . I hunt in another's forest when I will, but my own property lies so close that no one but myself can enjoy it."

10. P. 116.—Aldric was of Vilar (probably Auvillars, near Moissac, Tarn-et-Garonne). We have only the sirvente addressed to Marcabru. The name of Marcabru's mother was Maria Bruna. As Jeanroy says, Marcabru was brought up by "Public Charity."

11. P. 116.—According to Suchier's reading of the text the boy Marcabru found a home with Eble (II.) of Ventadorn, a poet and generous lord; according to Chabaneau he was at Blois (Bles).

12. P. 117.—As a poet Marcabru belongs to the popular rather than the courtly style. His teacher was Cercamon (so called because he roamed over "the whole world"), a Gascon poet (1120–1135), from whom we have four or five pieces, and who is noteworthy as the first in whose verse appears the spirit of *languishing* love. He wrote pastorals but they have been lost. Marcabru shows the influence of folk-song,—particularly in his didactic vein, his fondness for refrain, his avoidance of the ten-syllable line, and his descriptions of nature (Suchier).

The following quotations are from Marcabru: "There is one thing that excites my wonder: I see avarice and fraud budding and blooming at all times. Wherever I go, I nowhere find courtly character, lofty conduct, worth, propriety, and joyousness. The sharp tongues of these backbiters (may God confound them!) undermine excellence and promote baseness." "The young people are becoming false and treacherous. Generosity is no more. It is a settled thing that propriety is disappearing and the mother and daughter alike are governed by base motives." "Young-heartedness no longer exists, for two arrows have struck her: baseness and covetousness." "I believe that the world cannot last much longer according to the words of Scripture, for the son betrays the father, the father the son. Young-heartedness has left the path and is destroyed; and generosity, her sister, is privily stealing away." "I hear no song nor echo and I see no blossoming branch; but a strange cry comes to my ears. It is gladness lamenting because

she is scourged by baseness. Excellence is banished and the best are deemed of no account." "Out of thousands I find not forty that love excellence. They have besieged her in a castle and shoot at her with a hundred catapults. . . . Every one cries: 'Fire and flame! Upon it! Into it! Take her prisoner! Let us throw down gladness and young-heartedness and then excellence will be done for.'"

"He that is anxious about love dies verily of hunger and cold. . . . A fool's load indeed bears he that is disturbed by love. Lord God, how unlucky was the birth of him that is nourished on such madness." "I will not give over upbraiding husbands for their manifest offences. . . . They resemble the polite ass who took it into his head to play with his master, seeing him leaping with his dogs." "False friends, base lovers, degrade love and exalt crime. Yet think not that love itself is becoming worse, for its worth is as great as ever. At all times it has worn true colors and ever the same appearance. No man knows the end or the beginning of its worth." "So long as good young-heartedness was father of the people and true love their mother, honesty was maintained both openly and secretly; but now it is debased by nobles, kings, and emperor. . . . Love, for whom I plead, is of noble descent." "Whoso will lodge love in sincerity must bestrew his dwelling with courtliness. Folly and boasting let him cast out. For servants he must have blameless worth and generosity." "O true love, source of good! While thou dost illuminate all the world, I pray thee for favor against the torment [of hell],—protect me, that I never dwell therein." "Never will I believe, though one make oath of it, that wine comes not from the cluster and that a man is not made better by love."

13. P. 119.—Vid. No. 41, p. 96. Lozöic in line 26 is the Provençal form of Louis (VII.). A literal translation is as follows:

"1. At the fountain of the orchard, where the grass is green by the gravel in the shade of a cultivated tree amid the comfort of white flowers and of the new wonted song, I found alone without companion her who has not wished my company. 2. It was a young lady of beautiful person, daughter of a castle's lord; and when I thought that the birds and verdure gave her joy and that she would listen to my address because of the sweet new season, soon was her concern changed. 3. From her eyes she wept by the fountain, and deeply from her heart she sighed. 'Jesus, king of the world,'

she said, 'through you grows upon me my great grief; for your dishonor overwhelms me, for the best of all this world go to serve you—but it pleases you. 4. With you goes away my friend, the fair and the graceful, the noble and the mighty; therefore there is left to me the great grief, the oft longing, and the tears. Oh accursed be King Louis, who causes the summons and the preachings, on account of which the pain is entered into my heart.' 5. When I heard her lamenting, I came toward her to the clear stream. 'Fair one,' said I, 'through too much crying features and color suffer. And there is no need of your despairing, for He that makes the forest leave can satisfy you with joy.' 6. 'Sir,' said she, 'well do I believe that God will have pity on me forever in the other world, as on many another sinner; but here He takes from me that thing out of which grew my joy. But He counts me of little worth and far has He removed Himself from me.'"

The reader has not failed, I am sure, to remark the simple structure of this piece, in comparison with the work of later poets.

The crusade preached at Clermont was the first (1096), the one to which the quotation from Peirol referred was the third (1190), and the one that gave rise to Marcabru's poem was the second (1147). This second crusade was not popular in the Midi, but it is not quite true, as has been said, that Marcabru's is the only troubadour song upon it.

CHAPTER XXXI.

1. P. 120.—About the year 1000 there were only a million free people in all France (Kitchen).

2. P. 120.—All the names in this chapter are fictitious except Montpellier, Limoges, Arles, and such well-known places. I wished to lay out an actual route, but did not succeed in finding one that combined within a suitable space all the features I desired to introduce. The time is supposed to be toward the close of the twelfth century.

3. P. 121.—The free-lances (*routiers*) were a fearful scourge, especially in Limousin, Poitou, and Gascony. They were mostly men of Brabant (or at least the mercenaries commonly known as Brabantines), Navarre, Aragon, and the Basque districts, to whom desperate characters nearer home joined themselves. The unsettled condition of the country was a general cause for their exist-

ence, but there was a special cause: viz., a lord or a king (*e.g.* Henry II. or Richard) would hire a band of mercenaries for a term of service and at the end of the term discharge them. It was very natural for such troops to retain their organization, move a little way off and live upon the country. Castles of moderate strength were often captured by such bands, and even strong towns feared them. Merchaderius, the famous captain who was with Richard I. at Chalus, was a leader of such freebooters. All the strength of lords and prelates, the terrors of the sword and of excommunication were unable to end the scourge; but finally Durand, a carpenter of Auvergne, announcing to the bishop of Le Puy that he had been commissioned by God to save the country from this terror, excited a popular uprising. A confraternity, distinguished by a linen hood, was established, and by ruthless means they quelled the *routiers*. Many of these lawless characters enlisted under Montfort. They were at their worst about 1140–1160.

4. P. 122.—The fair-ground described in the text is that of Beaucaire, where a fair has been held annually for a thousand years. The view of René's castle across the Rhone in Tarascon, shown in Chapter I., was taken from this spot. Though shorn of much of its glory now, this fair, as Millin testifies, was still a great institution in the early part of the present century. The fairs of Beaucaire, of Troyes, and of St. Denis (the famous Lendit, or rather L'Endit, held near the abbey, June 11–14) were the most noted of France.

5. P. 123.—All the commerce of the south came to be regulated by the Consolato del Mare, while that of the north obeyed the Lois d'Oleron and the Ordinances of Wisby, so that trade was better controlled than one might at first think. The merchants of Languedoc elected a captain-general to protect their interests at certain fairs of northern France.

6. P. 124.—Six-thread silks, ornamented with gold and gems, were made at Palermo in 1189, and fine silks were manufactured in France also during the twelfth century. *Cisclaton* was not always red.

7. P. 125.—There were sixteen needle factories at Paris in 1292, and the pin-makers were important as early as 1268; so that we may suppose these articles were made and exported long before.

8. P. 125.—The secret of the lead enamel passed from the Greeks to the Romans and from them to the Gauls. In the twelfth

century the pottery business had become enormously developed in France.

9. P. 125.—*E. g.* a *mark* weighed 226.28 grammes at Limoges, but 239.11 grammes at Montpellier. One *pound* = two *marks* or twenty *sous;* one *sou* = twelve *deniers;* one *denier* = twenty-four *oboles;* but in the time of Philippe Auguste the *pound* came to be divided into twenty-four *sous* (each weighing 13.356 grammes); but *sou*, *denier*, and *obole* were names of values rather than coins. In 1060 an ox was worth five *sous*, a horse twenty, and a mule thirty. 7000 *sous* of the Melgueil mint were sufficient dowry for the daughter of a great noble. Gold was from ten to twelve-and-one-half times as valuable as silver. Gold first became common during the reign of St. Louis.

10. P. 126.—These hawkers existed at Paris, and may be supposed to have existed elsewhere.

11. P. 127.—To be whipped naked through the streets was the punishment for adultery at Montpellier. The other usages attributed to that city were in force either very soon after 1200 or already before that date.

12. P. 128.—Though the citizens of the towns elected their own magistrates, the government was not a democracy. The plebs usually had little or no voice, and the power rested with the city nobility and the burgher notables. The cities—*e. g.* Béziers, Montpellier, Nismes, Marseille, Narbonne, etc.—were personalities, as corporations are now, occupying the place of feudal lords, with their suzerain and perhaps their vassals. It had not been difficult for the cities of southern France to gain this emancipation; for the lords saw that the strict feudal régime hindered commercial and industrial development, and therefore was opposed to their own interest. We find such free cities there from the eleventh century. This system extended as far north as the mountains of Auvergne and Limousin; above Orléans the system was that of the "sworn commune."

13. P. 128.—At Paris five guilds or corporations were well established in 1160. These organizations were to a considerable extent persons, and could buy, sell, and hold property.

14. P. 128.—Prostitutes had a distinctive dress almost everywhere. At Arles, for example, they were not allowed to wear veils. All these "signs of infamy" appear soon after 1200, but probably existed earlier.

15. P. 128.—Most serfs were born thralls ; others became such : 1, by marrying a serf; 2, by living on servile lands; 3, by war; 4, in punishment either for their lord's crime or their own. A notable part of the population of the fields remained servile to the end of the thirteenth century. Household serfs were considered inferior to those in the fields. In some parts of the Midi there was actual slavery. A peasant-serf was attached to the land, and while that could not be taken from him or his heir, he and it could be sold or given away together ; while, although the free peasant (really a tenant-farmer) did not own his land (though he could dispose of his rights in it), and paid dues for the use of it, neither he nor it could be sold away. Luchaire specifies about forty kinds of dues to which peasants were liable. Serfs were seldom enfranchised except at a high price.

16. P. 130.—There were taverns in many towns, but they appear to have been dirty, noisy, and often of bad repute. Travellers of quality—and others—lodged at the castles or the monasteries.

17. P. 130.—Such a set of hangings was actually ordered in 1133 by the abbot of St. Florent

18. P. 133.—Initiations into knighthood occurred usually about Easter, Ascension Day, Pentecost (about the last of May), or St. John's Day (late in June). The candidate was between the ages of 15 and 21. The rites of chivalry, sprung from a German custom as old as Tacitus, were originally simple, even rude, and without symbolism. At our period they were intermediate in character between the earlier and the later character, the church having asserted a voice in the matter from the time of the Truce of God, about the middle of the eleventh century.

19. P. 133.—As a rule donjons of the twelfth century were square and those of the thirteenth century round, but the rule has exceptions. The floors of halls were sometimes covered with straw in winter—Philippe Auguste's palace, for example.

20. P. 136.—People sometimes washed their hands, in the order of rank, at fountains or jets outside the entrance to the hall; sometimes the servants carried ewers, basins, and towels from guest to guest, pouring the water from the ewer upon their hands and catching it in the basin. In the poem on Girart de Rossillon, for example, the usual formula is "they called for water" to wash with.

21. P. 137.—The work of the castle was done by serfs, free household servants, free artisans living in or near the castle, enforced levies (*corvées*) of vassals, and in certain cases—as already shown—esquires.

22. P. 138.—A writer in No. 23 has said, "The most sumptuous official banquets of to-day are very tame and very modest compared to the great feasts of the Middle Ages." According to Paul Meyer: "The splendor of fêtes about which we know astonishes the imagination."

23. P. 139.—Amanieu de Sescas (St. Martin-de-Sescas near La Réole, Gironde) was the author of two extant love-epistles and two *ensenhamens* (instructive poems), one of them for a young man, the other for a young woman. He was probably at work in 1280.

24. P. 140.—The rule about taking small morsels, etc., is from "*Castoiement que le pères ensaigne à son fils*," written originally in Latin, by a Spanish Jew in the twelfth century. "Etiquette books" were numerous.

25. P. 140.—Hugues, canon of St. Victor at Paris, died in 1141.

26. Pp. 141 and 144.—Mediæval "tennis" (*jeu de paume*) differed considerably, of course, from the present game of that name, and the same is true of backgammon.

27. P. 144.—Bartholomew of Glanvilla (No. 61) specified as the requisites for a fine supper: 1, a suitable hour, neither early nor late; 2, a safe, pleasant, and ample space; 3, an air of good humor and liberality on the part of the host; 4, a plenty of viands, so that the guest might please his taste; 5, a variety of drinks; 6, willing servants; 7, agreeable and friendly company; 8, pleasant music; 9, a plenty of lights; 10, delicate and fine cooking; 11, a seasonable conclusion; 12, quiet and repose afterward.

28. P. 144.—The first romance on Alexander was composed in southeastern France during the first half of the twelfth century by a certain Alberic, who with those who followed him eliminated, by the aid of the Latin historians, some of the fables that had gathered about his name, but to please their audiences made him over into a feudal prince. His name and fame were familiar to the lettered before the romancers took him up.

29. P. 145.—The story of Tristan and Yseult was a great favorite; six troubadours mention it. Of the Grecian heroes Ulysses was

not sentimental enough to be really popular. Though Homer was hardly known except by name, the Trojan war was a familiar theme, information being derived from an account pretending to come from an eye-witness. Of course all the classical stories were curiously distorted.

30. P. 147.—To "pick and rub the teeth with something bitter—gentian, sage, or the bark of peach, alder, or olive, for example . . . preserves the teeth, helps the tongue to speak, purges the head of phlegm, keeps the sight clear and fair, and makes neck, arms, and buttocks thicker and fleshlier." Vid. No. **421**.

31. P. 147.—In summer the perfumes of rose, violet, and lily, and in winter those of musk, aloes, balsam, and the like, were thought not only to cheer the heart, but to "sharpen the wits, make the blood course through the veins, and cause the skin to shine."

32. P. 148.—The *Sortes Apostolorum* was a device for consulting auguries. A specimen has been discovered. It consists of 56 sentences on a sheet of parchment, with a colored string attached to each and carried to the margin. It was very common also to learn the will of heaven by opening the Bible at random for a text. See No. **76**, XLI., p. 465.

33. P. 148.—Breakfast was usually at from 6 to 9 according to the season, dinner about 1, and supper from 6 to 7, but the hours varied. Time was usually indicated by the church or monastery bells, thus: matins at midnight, lauds = about 3 o'clock, primes = about 6 o'clock, tierces = about 9 o'clock, sextes = noon, nones = about 3 o'clock, vespers = about 6 o'clock, complines = about 9 o'clock. As the Breviary of Love informs us, the hour (*i. e.*, one twelfth of the time from sunrise to sunset) was divided into four points, the point into ten moments, and the moment into twelve onces. The monk who rang the bells at night relied upon the stars, the burning down of candles, the number of prayers he had repeated, etc. Water-clocks were known, and some could strike. Sun-dials were common.

34. P. 148.—We must not imagine that everything was splendid about a castle, and everything grand in the daily life of the men who bore titles. The great Philippe Auguste of France, says Lacroix, though he spent millions on armor, horses, crossbow bolts, and machines of war, had a very small household,—a chan-

cellor, a chaplain, a butler, an esquire, a few Templars, and some men-at-arms. His children had new suits of clothes only thrice a year. And while he could appear on state occasions in brave finery, his good robe was immediately taken off, folded up, and put away in a chest for the next occasion.

This chapter—though of course a mere outline—is based upon a great number and variety of sources, but every item—from the elm tree in the town square to the dog under the lord's bed—rests on good authority. It should be remembered, however, that authorities are incomplete and differ, and of course usages varied, so that pictures unlike this one in a number of details might be equally correct. All the stories were current during the troubadour period; the conversation between Sir Jaufre and Brunessen is adapted from the *roman* of *Jaufre*, etc. It is well, perhaps, to remind the student that much of our information about this period comes from poems, and there is danger of taking these too literally. "Never," says Jeanroy, "did fiction enjoy such favor, and it would seem that the boldness, the improbability, of the inventions were the measure of their success."

A bibliography of works on mediæval life may be found in No. 23, LXIII., p. 241.

CHAPTER XXXII.

1. P. 151.—Ventadour is the modern, Ventadorn the mediæval name.

2. P. 156.—The descriptions of Eble, his wife, and Bernart are imaginary (except that Margarida appears to have had a fine figure, smiling lips, and beautiful eyes)—and so of course are the cavalcade, the furnishing of the lady's boudoir, her dress, and the scene between her and Bernart. I am not the first to discover signs that she and the viscount were not on the best of terms.

3. P. 159.—Suchier thinks that Bernart began to compose between 1148 and 1150; but he was a master of the art before 1150 and it seems reasonable to suppose that he began to practise it considerably earlier. We may suppose that he was born about 1125–1128.

4. P. 159.—The viscountess was Margarida of Torena (Turenne) who had for her first husband Aimar IV., viscount of Limoges (who died in 1148), and for her second, Eble III., viscount of Ventadorn

(who married her in 1148 and repudiated her in 1150). She gave Eble a daughter shortly before he repudiated her. Margarida had three nieces, daughters of Boson II., viscount of Torena, who were famous in troubadour annals. One was Maria de Ventadorn. Another was Maeut, wife of the lord of Montanhac, to whom Bertran de Born paid court.

5. P. 161.—It may be thought that the furnishing of the apartment would be more in keeping with the luxury of the next generation. That would not detract from the value of the description, for my object is to give a picture of the troubadour age in general. But I think it fair to suppose that Ventadorn was more beautifully and richly furnished than other castles of the region, for the former lord, Eble II., was rich, liberal, and progressive. We must remember, too, that the Midi was much farther advanced in refinement and luxury than northern France, from which, rather than from the Midi, our data are mostly derived. Still further, we know that one of the great arteries of commerce with the Orient lay not far away, and that Limoges and Poitiers, both of them near Ventadorn, had already been long the seats of fine industrial art. During the 12th and 13th centuries the jewelry of Limoges, particularly the gilding and enamel, went all over France ; and at Poitiers were made tapestries that were famous as early as 1025, for we find an Italian bishop writing at that time to the count of Poitou for a piece of this work. Emériс-David says these tapestries were adorned with the figures of kings and emperors, animals and persons from pious histories. According to a MS. of Erec and Enide, Limoges, too, had a tapestry loom in the 12th century ; the tapestries were probably a sort of embroidery. Even a slight investigation will satisfy any one that the skill of this period has been underestimated. De Farcy says of it : "*Le dessin s'est perfectionné ; a-t-on jamais manié le pinceau, le burin ou le ciseau avec tant de hardiesse et d'énergie? On reste confondu devant certaines lettres historiées des bibles et des missels ; l'éclat des splendides verreries de cette époque, l'harmonie de leurs couleurs, dépasse tout ce qui s'est fait par la suite ; que dire de la sculpture, de l'orfèvrerie, de ces merveilleuses pommes filigranées et émaillées des chasses et des reliquaires?*" It should be remembered that the contact of the crusaders from 1099 on with Byzantine elegance and luxury stimulated powerfully the tendency toward luxury that prevailed in France. Finally, we should bear

in mind that, as A. Leroux says, Limousin enjoyed a much more settled peace than the regions about it until the quarrels of Henry II. and his sons began. But we must, on the other hand, beware of conceding too much. The best skill of the troubadour time was, after all, rude and circumscribed. Conventional flowers, for example, were not superseded by flowers drawn after nature until about 1200, and up to about the same time chairs and cabinets were made by the men who made doors—the finer art of joinery was unknown.

No feature of the description of the boudoir is without a basis. For instance, the mosaic is a copy of one of the 12th century, preserved in the Musée de Cluny, except that I have changed the saint for one better known in Limousin; and the pillars and plaques are from the poem on Girart de Rossillon. We learn from the same poem that gold mosaics were known in France from a very early period.

It is interesting to contrast with the comparative peace, luxury, and culture of southern France the condition of England at the same time. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle says of the period of Stephen's reign (1153): "The ancient martyrs were not so ill treated, for they [the nobles] hanged men by the thumbs or by the head and smoked them with foul smoke. They put knotted strings about their heads and twisted them till they bit into the brain. They put them in dungeons with adders and toads, or shut them into close boxes filled with sharp stones, and pressed them there till their bones were broken. Many thousands they killed with hunger and torment, and that lasted the nineteen winters while Stephen was king. In those days if three or four men came riding toward a town, all the town fled hastily before them, believing them to be robbers."

6. P. 162.—The conversation is imaginary.

7. P. 165.—Vid. No. 41, p. 56. The poem contains seven stanzas, but so long a piece would not suit the circumstances of the text (in later times the love-song contained by rule only five stanzas). The omitted stanzas (3 and 5) are as follows: "I have never had control of myself, nor have I been my own from the hour when she let me see [myself] in her eyes [as] in a mirror that delights me; mirror, since I have mirrored myself in thee, deep sighs have killed me, for I have lost myself as did the fair Narcissus in the fountain. In this my lady shows herself indeed a woman—where-

fore I recount it—that she will not what she should, and what is forbidden does; I have fallen into harsh mercy and I have indeed been doing like the fool on the bridge [*i. e.*, idly dancing (?)]; and I know not why this befalls me unless I have risen too high in [lit. against] the world." There is a tornada of four lines addressed to Tristan, again forswearing love and announcing his departure.

It seems very probable that "Tristan" was a name for the viscountess, and that the song was actually composed under circumstances like those suggested in the text. The first stanza of this piece is perhaps the finest bit in all Provençal literature. It is literally as follows: "When I see the lark move her wings against the sunbeam so that she forgets herself and lets herself fall because of the sweetness that goes to her heart,—ah! so great envy comes to me of whomsoever I see rejoicing that it is a wonder to me that my heart does not burst at once for longing."

The music of the piece is, like nearly all my specimens of troubadour music, from Restori, whose recent investigations have thrown into the shade all previously done in this department. It comes from MS. X, dating from about 1200. In the form taken from this MS. lines 6 and 7 are given but seven notes; to obtain eight I have broken the four sixteenth-notes of line 6 into two groups, and have taken line 7 from the text of MS. W, which is not quite so old as X. In rendering the specimens of troubadour music one may ignore the accents of the measure for in the originals there were no bars.

8. P. 166.—Vid. No. 41, p. 55. The piece contains seven stanzas, but I have shortened this for the same reason as the other. The omitted stanzas (5 and 6) are as follows: "O God, would that true lovers were distinguishable from false, and that liars and traitors bore horns on their foreheads! All the gold of the world and all the silver would I have given, if I had it, simply that my lady might understand how truly I love her. When I catch sight of her, it appears in my eyes, my look, my color, for I tremble with fear as doth the leaf against the wind; I am so overcome with love that I have not sense enough for a child, and a lady may [well] have great compassion on a man so vanquished." There is also a tornada of three lines addressed to Cortes,—possibly the viscountess, more probably Eleanor, possibly some one else. St. 4, l. 3: "ten times an hour," lit. "a hundred times a day"; st. 3,

l. 1 : the "ring" is not in the original, but it is easy to suppose that like other lovers even partially accepted Bernart had been given this token ; if so, he would naturally swear by it in such a case. Note the playfulness of the last two lines. I have repeated the rhyme "blest" as Bernart repeated "*amor*." Observe the peculiar play of the rhymes, two moving back and forth from stanza to stanza while the other two hold their places. Note also that the former are related in sound (—ing : —ence) as they are in the original (—*an* : —*en*).

9. P. 167.—Bernart's words, except those in brackets, are from his poems.

10. P. 168.—It has been conjectured by Diez that the cause of Bernart's first dismissal was a song in which he asked for a kiss. He continued to address songs to her from a distance, until softened by his devotion Margarida seems to have recalled him and to have given him the kiss.

11. P. 171.—The scene between Bernart and the viscountess I have attempted with great hesitation for several reasons, but the book would have been incomplete without some explanation of the way the ladies felt ; and I wished to show rather than describe, if I could, their state of mind. Possibly I have made Margarida too imaginative to be typical, but certainly not too emotional, as any one who has read *Flamenca* will testify. I am indebted to *Flamenca* for her feudal conceptions, but I have endeavored to allow for the later date of the poem. Neither have I overdrawn Bernart's emotions, but the opposite. In *Flamenca* we see the lover tremble, shiver, gape, sob, moan, and faint ; nor were these emotions always feigned, as one might suppose from the unsympathetic way in which they are discussed in scientific studies of this literature. Compare what Dante wrote in the *New Life* : "I seemed to feel a wonderful tremor begin in my breast on the left side, and extend suddenly through all the parts of my body. Then I say that, dissembling, I leaned against a painting which ran around the wall of this house, and, fearing lest my trembling should be observed by others, I lifted my eyes and looking at the ladies saw amongst them the most gentle Beatrice."

Bernart, in one of his poems, refers to a certain pine tree (perhaps the one that I have supposed to stand in the garden) as associated with his lady's yielding to him, but the scene in the boudoir might have occurred first.

12. P. 171.—I do not recall that any one has suggested before that Bernart's father may really have been Eble II., but it seems a reasonable conjecture.

Of this Eble's poetry we have nothing, but Geoffroi de Vigeois tells a story that gives us an idea of his character. One day he appeared in the castle hall of his lord, Guilhem IX., the troubadour-duke of Aquitaine, when the latter was at table. A bountiful repast was served him, but not without considerable delay; and Eble, who was on a footing of intimacy with the duke, rallied him jocosely on the commotion it made in his establishment to provide a meal even for "a little viscount" like himself. Not long afterward the duke presented himself with a company in the hall of Ventadorn at meal time. But Eble was not embarrassed; and, while he was having water brought for his guests to wash, his servants went out (for a country fair chanced to be on) and without loss of time had so many eatables ready that it seemed as if they had long been preparing for the wedding of some prince. In the evening a peasant (for evidently Eble was a popular lord) drove into the yard with a wagon full of fine cakes of wax, and after calling upon the duke's men to see how things were done at the castle of Ventadorn, dumped the precious load on the ground and drove away as if it were an everyday occurrence. The duke went home greatly impressed in Eble's favor, and Eble gave the peasant an estate in perpetuity,—an act of notable significance in an age when the ownership of land was about equivalent to a patent of nobility.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

1. P. 175.—The same can indeed be said of no other dialect of the Midi (Chabaneau); still the view that the tongue of the troubadours was Limousinian, though in principle correct, must not be held too stiffly. Forms not Limousinian were used, especially toward the close of the thirteenth century. The language of Provence (beyond the Rhone) was farthest from the literary tongue.

2. P. 175.—As Paul Meyer says, "What we call Provençal is only an arbitrary selection from the family of Romance tongues that occupy Italy, southern and western Switzerland, most of ancient Gaul, Spain, and Portugal." On its boundaries see Note 1 on Chap. XXV.

3. P. 176.—Vidal's treatise enjoyed extraordinary currency; for example, it was (badly) translated into Italian by Terramagnino between 1250 and 1280. In Spain it so fixed the term "Limousinian," that this word is applied even now (Chabaneau) all over that country to the speech of Catalonia, which is descended from the tongue of the troubadours. The earliest historian of Spanish poetry, the marquis of Santillana (born 1398), called himself Limousinian, though Jaufré de Foxà, a Catalan who composed in Provençal at the end of the thirteenth century, used "Provençal."

U. Faidit, who wrote a Provençal grammar for the use of two Italian nobles, called it *Lo Donatz Proensals*, but it was not known outside of Italy. His choice of name was probably controlled or influenced by the nearness of Provence (beyond-the-Rhone). Vidal called his book *Ragos de Trobar*.

4. P. 176.—The poets whose mother-speech was Limousinian were many: Chabaneau counts up forty lyricists in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

5. P. 176.—The multiplicity of dialects in the Midi, though great in the troubadour age, was less than it is now. At Rocamadour a priest told me that if he moved even nine or ten miles he found it necessary to learn both new words and new idioms. This diversity of dialects was not principally due to diversities in the Latin introduced in different places (though legions and colonies going at successive periods would each carry and fix in its abode the home speech of its own period), but to the fact that linguistic changes, which are constantly taking place, are not perfectly uniform over a large area.

6. P. 176.—The struggle between Latin and the native tongues did not end in favor of the Latin until the fourth century. Then came the barbarian invasions, especially of the Burgundians in the eastern and the Visigoths in the western part of the Midi; but the language was not essentially modified, though as Mackel has shown, Germanic elements are discoverable in Provençal.

7. P. 180.—Carducci sums up Bernart's poetic merits concisely, as liveliness and delicacy of sentiment, beauty of imagination, naturalness of style, and ease of versification. Fauriel spoke of him as having "A fine ear, a sweet voice, a lively and delicate imagination." Bernart never visited Italy, but he was greatly admired there and as early as 1215 Boncompagno regarded him as

the most illustrious of the troubadours. Bernart looked upon his poetic talent as a gift of God.

8. P. 183.—Bernart's versification was comparatively simple, as the translations show. This was partly due to his early date, but not wholly, perhaps not mainly; some of his contemporaries were much less simple. The niceties of technique he did not value highly: he allowed hiatus even as bad as *je e*, and he was easy in holding to the rules of rhyme, permitting himself to employ the same word twice with the same meaning. On the other hand his sense of rhythm was instinctive, and we find in his pieces rhythms akin to our own. He was the first to use the line of ten syllables which became so popular with the troubadours, and Suchier has suggested that perhaps it came to him from the north and marks the first influence from that quarter. One of his pieces is in exactly the form of and is similar in tone to the German folk-song, *So Viel Stern am Himmel stehen*, but the resemblance may have been accidental. His music departed a good deal from the popular style though not nearly so much as later music. He is the earliest from whom we have a considerable number (19) of airs.

9. P. 183.—Though a poet, Bernart was not ideally romantic; he desired substantial favors and if disappointed spoke out.

10. P. 184.—Bischoff and Carducci have believed that love for a man of rank, probably the lord of Beaucaire, led Margarida to banish Bernart; but it seems to me that Suchier is right in pronouncing this inference from expressions of the poet much too fanciful. The motive attributed to her in the text appears reasonable and adequate. She had been overpowered by her lover, and finding the consequences disagreeable punished him for them.

11. P. 184.— Eble went finally to Monte Cassino in Italy, became a monk, and died in 1170.

12. P. 184.—Margarida married Guilhem IV., count of Angoulême, in 1150, so that she was without a husband but a very short time. Evidently she was very attractive.

13. P. 184.—We do not know what Bernart did when Margarida banished him, but it may be supposed that he roamed about for a time and returned to Ventadorn after she left the place. Bischoff thinks he was there until 1153, the year when it is generally supposed that he went to the court of Eleanor in Normandy.

14. P. 184.—Eleanor (as she appears prominently in English

history I use the English name) was divorced from Louis VII., March 18, 1152, and married shortly after to Henry of Anjou, duke of Normandy, who became Henry II. (Plantagenet) of England in 1154.

15. P. 184.—Eleanor had probably heard of Bernart when in Poitiers, for Ventadorn belonged to her possessions, and very likely she had met him there. Our knowledge of his movements while associated with her is derived from very scanty hints in his poems; and, as Jeanroy has said, Bischoff's chronology of the poems is far from certain. *Bel Vezer* and *Tristan* refer almost certainly to the viscountess, while the names *Conort* and *Aziman* signify with little doubt Eleanor. Other names we cannot be so sure about. The poet took special care to conceal the identity of his ladies. Eleanor was of about the same age as Bernart.

16. P. 187.—Vid. No. 63, col. 62. I give the whole. In the original all the rhymes are feminine except those of lines 9-11 of each stanza, a feature that could not be imitated satisfactorily in English. The number of syllables in the successive lines of each stanza is 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 7, 6. Observe the special way in which the rhymes change from stanza to stanza, while the rhymes of lines 9-11 are always the same. The last word of line 9 is always "*amor*," like "heart" in the translation. In two cases I have repeated the same rhymes (*depart* and *start*) in imitation of Bernart's easy style.

17. P. 188.—Bernart certainly knew some lady in Narbonne and a lady in Vienne. He had a tenso with Peirol at this period.

18. P. 188.—The abbey of Dalon was founded in 1114 and merged in the order of Citeaux in 1162. The quotation is from William of St. Thierry's description of Clairvaux. "Dalon" is the name of the stream,—only a brook, undermining its soft banks at every shower. The abbey was wealthy and populous up to the time of the Revolution, but at present nothing remains except the two bays of the church and some other fragments built into a barn of the château, belonging now to the Countess d'Absac. The château, the only building thereabouts, is little more than a farmhouse, but its pillared and vaulted kitchen, with a fireplace big enough to roast a whole ox and a chain strong enough to support it, tells of other days. The lake of Born is a little more than a mile distant, Hautefort four or five miles.

19. P. 188.—It is probable that Bernart lived but a short time after he entered the abbey. About fifty pieces of his have been preserved. The main facts of his life—his affair with Margarida, his connection with Eleanor, his sojourn with Raimon, and his end at Dalon—were told to Sain Circ by Eble IV., son of Margarida's husband, but Sain Circ's account of them is not wholly free from error.

The following quotations from Bernart's poems will be found of interest: "It is extremely wearisome and annoying to be always praying for pity." "A brave man grows bold where a coward loses heart" (said to him by his lady). "Where a man has his treasure there a man wishes to have his heart also." "Whoever looks for good sense in love has no good sense himself." "Only the true love draws to itself like a loadstone." "The fool fears not until the ill befalls." "It is very hard for me to treat handsomely always one who shows disdain for me." "The singing of the birds begins to be in season, and I hear the stork and heron call. Through the gardens I see the lilies fresh and green. The blue flower is springing among the bushes, the streams run clear above the sands, and yonder the white blossoms of the lily open." "I am not changeful as ladies are." "Love conquers all things and compels me to love her." "Love makes rich and poor of one rank." "Each must stick to his trade." "Her beauty brightens a fair day and illumines a black night." "I have been careful of myself since I have had in view for love the most beautiful [of ladies]." "Sorrow and grief e'er follow gladness, and sorrow is followed by success and joy; and I believe that were there not sorrow we should not know what gladness is." "I would that all Christian folk might have as great joy as I have." "My desire twists and turns in many fashions and goes and comes." "I recognize that God is doing me great good and great honor, for I love the fairest,—and she me, I am sure." "My heart, the best friend I have, lady, I send you as hostage against my return." "Singing is of little worth if it move not from within the heart." "The happy man has rest and repose, the unfortunate wears himself out." "My mouth is fasting for a sweet kiss." "I would swear to her by herself and by my good faith that the favor she might show me should never be made known." "Though all the world were placed beside me I would rather have the joy that deceives me." "Many words about love are a weariness and have the look of deceit." "A base and false heart has the man who loves

yet does not try to make himself better." "In great distress and bitter pain lives he that serves an unkind lady." "Still water is worse than noisy." "Be silent, mouth, you can speak too much, and it surely brings you into trouble." "It is folly and childishness for one who possesses the bliss of love to dare open his heart to any one." "[Her kiss was] like the lance of Achilles, whose wound could not be healed unless one made it strike the same spot again." "Love who compelled me to love her conquers all things and in a little while will bring her to the same disposition." "I have joy in the nightingale and joy in the flower; I have joy in myself and greater joy in my lady. On all sides I am compassed and girt about with gladness, but she is a joy that surpasses all the rest." "By heaven! lady, we are not turning love to very good account. The time is passing and we are losing the best of it." "When the sweet breeze blows from your land meseems I scent an odor from paradise." "Love, what think you? Do you find a greater fool than I?" "When I beg my lady on my knees for pity she finds fault and quarrels with me; the water flows down my face, she gives me a loving look, and I kiss her mouth and both her eyes." "Lady, I am and ever will be your liegeman equipped for service." "A lover who is not jealous loves but little." "Love follows after one that flees and repulses one that pursues." "Her heart is so vain and fickle that sometimes I have it and sometimes I have it not." "I go about hunting for my self, who puts me on trial for folly." "Because they do not at once have what they would, they go about declaring that love is no more." "I am often so deep in thought that robbers could carry me off without my knowing what they were about." "It seems to me Christmas when she looks at me with her beautiful spiritual eyes." "The nightingale rejoices by flower and bough and such a longing seizes me that I can but sing; yet I know not of what or of whom [to sing] for I am in love neither with myself nor with another." "The sweet song that the nightingale makes awakes me at night when I sleep—I awake overwhelmed with joy but made thoughtful and anxious by love." "She will do wrong if she bid me not come where she disrobes, that I may be by her command near her by the edge of the bed and draw on her shoes, dressing her well and humbly on my knees if it please her to reach me her foot." "In the water that I weep from my eyes I write more than a hundred letters of greeting and send them to the best and the most charming [of ladies]." "Many a time shall I recall what she did to me

at our parting, when I saw her cover her face, for she could neither say me 'Yes' nor say me 'No.'" "There is no lordship in love, and whoever seeks it makes Love like a boor; for Love wills nothing that should not be,—poor and rich he makes of equal rank." "Never again will I trust auguries and lots." "Singing can scarce avail unless the song move from the heart within; nor can song move from the heart unless there be sincere and hearty love; wherefore is my song the best, because to the gladness of love I devote my mouth, my eyes, my heart, and my intelligence." "I have learned by reading that a drop of water falling over and over again in the same spot pierces the hard stone: [therefore I will persevere in my courtship]."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

1. P. 191.—The church dates from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

2. P. 192.—According to No. 296, Faidit was born about 1156 and began to sing perhaps in 1173. Then for twenty-one years he roamed about as a joglar. In 1194 Bonifaz, marquis of Monferrat, set him on his feet as a poet. (This seems better than the view of Diez, who thought Faidit did not go to Italy until after the death of King Richard, 1199.) His nature was so coarse that all these hard years among the castles were needed to teach him the courtly style.

3. P. 195.—All that we know of Faidit's personal appearance is that excess in drinking and eating made him extremely fat.

4. P. 196.—Peire de la Mula (about 1200) was of Monferrat, and lived with Ot del Carret, who was podestat of Genoa in 1194, and who owned the fourth part of Cortemiglia. He wrote "*coblas*" and sirventes; of the latter we have two. The comparison between the joglar and the robber is from a tenso between an unknown Bertran and an Augier who was perhaps the Auzer who appears in connection with Sordel. Possibly these two were one with Augier Novella of St. Donat, near Vienne on the Rhone, who frequented Italian courts in the time of Frederic II., and from whom we have five or six lyrics.

5. P. 196.—Joglars, like pilgrims, were made useful as the carriers of letters and messages for lovers, and did not always prove reliable. They also served somewhat as musical colporteurs, sup-

plying the castles with new songs ; and of course they were famous gossips.

6. P. 198.—The chief poems on the duties of joglars were two by Pons Guiraut de Cabreira (Cabrera), a Catalonian at the court of Amfos II., who has left us nothing else, and Guiraut de Calanson, a Gascon, who flourished a little later (1200–1211), and wrote in imitation of the former. These two poems demand a great deal of the joglar but must be considered probably as setting forth an ideal rather than as showing the actual state of the profession.

The wife of Pons Guiraut, Marquesa by name, daughter of the count of Urgel, was celebrated by Bertran de Born. Calanson is described in his biography as a learned and acute man, but unpopular and lightly esteemed. He travelled over the Midi, and beginning as joglar rose to be troubadour. Besides the piece on the joglar we have about a dozen lyrics from him. One of these contains an allegory on Love to which reference was made in connection with Peire Rogier. Guiraut Riquier wrote an expository poem upon it, which seems to indicate that it was well known. Calanson's language was not always clear.

7. P. 199.—Tiersot said that the troubadours and trouvères composed freely without regard to rules, and Fétis added that most of the troubadours were unable to write out their melodies, which were little more than reminiscences of oriental airs. But Groeber has shown that many of them were capable of reading and writing, and the theory that they imitated the Arabs must be abandoned in respect to their music as well as their verse. The peculiar musical embellishments formerly thought to indicate an Arab source have been found to come from ancient popular usage.

8. P. 199.—Among the troubadours especially distinguished for their music were A. de Maruelh, B. de Ventadorn, Sordel, Zorgi, Sain Leidier, Vidal, Cardinal, P. de Capduelh. Peguilha and Faidit sang badly. Borneil had a poor voice. Brunenc was an exception for he did not compose. The popular airs upon which the troubadours' melodies were based were the songs and dances of spring. Of course, it is to be understood that besides working up popular airs already in existence they invented new ones of a similar kind. Of course, too, there were varying degrees of skill and musical knowledge among them.

Eleven MSS., designated by Monaci's letters, contain what we have of the troubadour music, 244 melodies. Of these, 18 appear

in three MSS., 31 in two, and 195 in one MS. only. The substantial identity of the same melody appearing in independent MSS. establishes the authenticity of the music, a point questioned before the recent examination of the MSS. The oldest MS., called X, comes from the beginning of the thirteenth century. W is also of that century, and independent. G and R, Italian collections, are of about 1300. Peirol is especially fortunate, for seventeen of his poems are accompanied with music. Only two tensos have airs—one of these is Peirol's discussion with Love about joining the Crusade. As a rule it is believed that the tenso was indifferent about musical accompaniment, and the realistic sirvente dispensed with it entirely. Marcabru is the oldest troubadour from whom we have music.

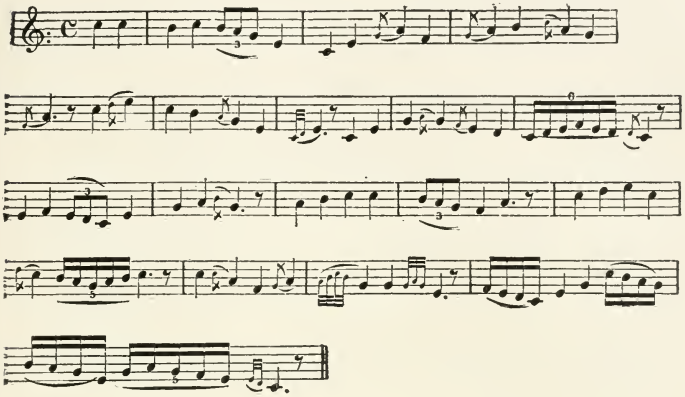
Restori sums up the musical development thus: "The fresh and limpid phrase, symmetrically repeated; the short and natural cadence, almost always upon the tonic; the uniform and simple period—both musical and metrical—gave way to the continuous melody, to tonal indecision, to an artificially wrought strophe."

One gets a wrong idea of this music from the theory of mediæval music as set forth particularly by Coussemaker, (1) because this theory related primarily to harmony (polyphony), and (2) because the theorists were influenced by considerations wholly unmusical, *e. g.*, the doctrine of the Trinity made theorists feel that only ternary measures were admissible in music; yet it is practically certain that popular dancing and singing used even measures, regardless of theories and theology. Troubadour music gave a note or a separate group of notes to each syllable, and this is a mark of popular origin, distinguishing it from the music of the Church, the Gregorian.

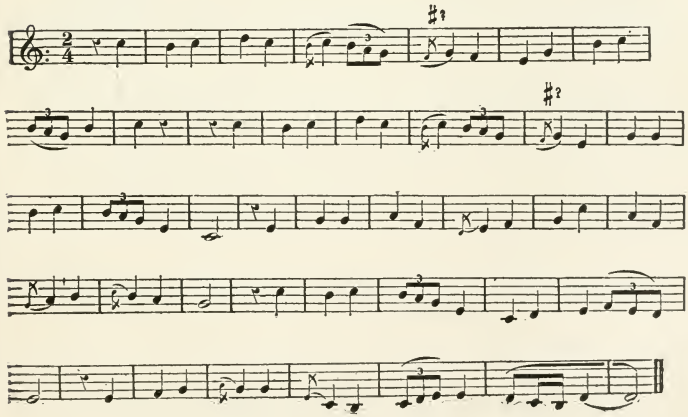
The precise relation between the structure of the melody and the structure of the stanza is as yet little understood; for, says Restori, "though we agree that the lyric-melodic art of the Romance people originated from popular forms, the true nature of that art, the essential reasons for the structure of the strophe, can only be understood on condition that our studies go back along the course which the art of music has followed in its development, and this—beyond a certain point—we lack the means of doing." It is natural to suppose that at a certain time a particular type of strophe was accompanied with a particular type of melody, but this time is beyond our ken, and in the oldest and most spontaneous of the artistic music we find an absolute independence. Still

further study along the parallel lines of metric and melodic structure may yet give solid results. Besides Restori, Appel, Jacobsthal, and G. Amelli are studying troubadour music. The following specimens are from Restori (No. 25).

I. VIDAL'S SONG, "NOW TO FAIR PROVENCE" (CHAP. XVIII.).



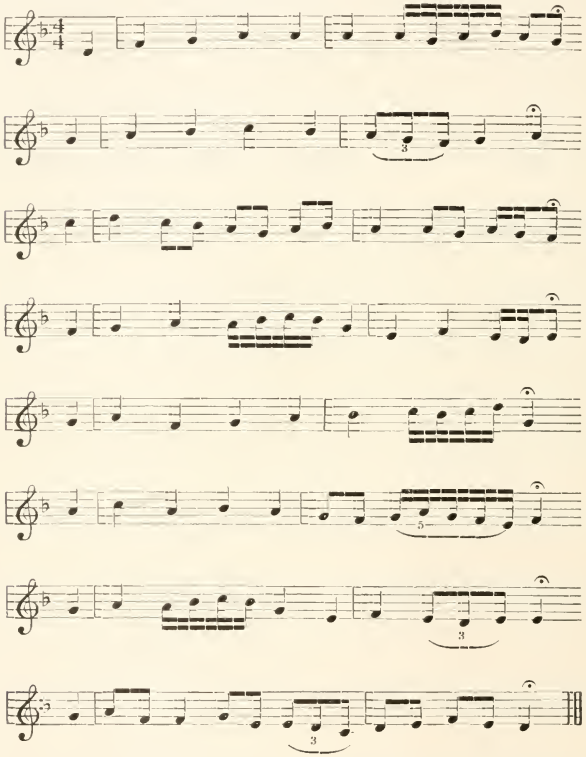
II. P. DE CAPDUELH'S SONG, "HOW GLAD A CHEER" (CHAP. XXVIII.).



9. P. 199.—The "fresh and musical effects" of the best troubadour art were particularly due to the logical development and rhythmical return of the melodic phrase and the sense of tonality.

10. P. 200.—Besides the three kinds of notes—*longa*, *brevis*, and *semi-brevis*—there is also found occasionally the *plica*.

11. P. 200.—The lack of measures did not injure troubadour music, for it was only in one part; but in transferring it to modern notation some violence has to be done. Pauses were indicated more or less by a kind of bar, as appears in the facsimile, but pauses were not the same in all the stanzas. The facsimile represents an inferior version of the air given in Chap. XXXII. For comparison I give a transliteration of it kindly made for me by Mr. Gilchrist and Dr. Clarke of Philadelphia.



12. P. 201.—Restori remarks that while most of the melodies conclude with a cadence that preserves the pitch (unison, 5, or 4),

some end on 2, which suggests an instrumental cadenza on the tonic (see P. de Capduelh's song above). He also calls attention to the word applied to Peire d'Uissel in his biography—"*descantava*"—as probably meaning that he added a harmony to the compositions of the others.

13. P. 201.—The three medallions are from No. 143, p. 36. The other pictures (on page 196) I had carefully copied from photographs of the *Porta della Gloria* in the famous pilgrim church of St. James de Compostella in Galicia, Spain. This church, though in a remote corner, was not a local affair. The one who planned it was clearly familiar with St. Sernin of Toulouse. The sculptures, done by Mestre Mateo, bear the date of 1188, and so are our best representation of the principal instruments employed at the climax of the troubadour age. They are in the hands of an orchestra of twenty-four elders.

The viol was structurally weak, for the sides were round or simply bent in without corner-pieces, and the front and back were flat as in the guitar. It must have had a guitar-like tone. The strings varied from two to five. When there were five the two highest were frequently tuned in unison to strengthen the sound, and occasionally to deepen the bass the lowest string was attached to a peg outside the head. There were three ways to tune the five-stringed viol. Calanson mentions one instrument with seventeen strings. One of the cuts shows the organistrum, a sort of hurdy-gurdy, made to sound with a wheel and stopped with keys. Kettle-drums were used. The giga, a kind of fiddle with a clear high tone, was enjoyed at dances; from it a certain kind of dance took its name,—*gigue*, jig. There were also simple instruments for marking time, such as a hoop set with bells. The rebec had only two strings with a compass of nine notes; this was often represented in the hands of madonnas and saints, especially by Venetian artists. The bow was simply a bent stick strained with hair. The fingers and the plectrum also were used as at present to set strings in vibration (*e. g.*, harp and lute). Other instruments were the reed-pipe, the Pan-pipes, the flute, both single and double (blown at the end), the bagpipe, many varieties of the viol- and lute-forms, and still others of which we know only the names. There were also instruments for military uses. When a troubadour accompanied himself he perhaps used an instrument of the harp or lute family; but an accompanist was as likely to use some kind of a viol.

14. P. 202. — The terms "joglar" and "troubadour" seem to have overlapped. The troubadour was one who made artistic songs, the joglar one who made a living as an entertainer. Only poets of independent means were, strictly speaking, troubadours. The joglar shared the winnings of the troubadour whom he accompanied. These winnings were gifts of money, clothing, horses, equipments, in short anything of value at the donor's pleasure.

15. P. 202.—Alais is a considerable town near Anduze. The woman's name was Guilhelma Monja.

16. P. 202. — Faidit had an acrimonious passage at arms with Elias d'Uissel, who taunted him with his obesity, his poverty, his wife, and his worthless son; and the Monk referred sarcastically to his marriage.

17. P. 203.—The name Richard was Richart in Provençal.

18. P. 203.—Faidit went crusading, but there are differences of opinion as to the time. According to Restori, for example, he joined in both the third and the fourth crusades; Schultz, in holding that no troubadour took part in the fourth except R. de Vaqueiras, assigns Faidit to the third only; while Diez (No. 142) assigns him to the fourth, which certainly he used his talents to promote.

19. P. 203.—Green (*Stray Studies*) sees in Richard's "lavish recognition of municipal life" more than a wish to obtain money from the sale of charters; but John followed the same policy. Still a careful estimate shows that Richard had great ability and zeal for work, was by nature severely just, stood in advance of his time as captain and military engineer, and toward the close of his life showed signs of becoming statesman as well as soldier; it was the force of his passions that made him a "wild boar," as Born called him, and betrayed him into excesses of all kinds.

20. P. 203.—Chalus is Chalus-Chabrol, not far from Limoges, a quaint, dried-up village. Through it flows a little stream, the Tardoire, and just between the two hills of the place the stream becomes a pond walled up on four sides. Along one of the sides grows a double row of maples and beeches; along another runs a long arbor of *charmille*, covered with ivy. On the opposite side winds a path, shadowed with trees and bordered with roses, peonies, pinks, dahlias, and a dozen other blossoming flowers, where one could sit in an alcove under a great fir tree, were there not too

much to see. On the last side, through a mass of evergreens and locusts overhanging the path, enters the Tardoire, spanned with rustic bridges covered with ivy and roses. Here is a grotto, there a cascade, and yonder an old-time water-wheel revolving slowly and ponderously. A more delightful spot could scarcely be imagined, especially as its beauties are pointed out by the proprietress herself. Looking through the shrubbery you find on each side rising above the hills, an ancient tower,—one the tower of Chalus, the other that of La Vallette. Just below in the meadow is a grey rock some eight feet long, the nose of a covered ledge : this is the Rock Maumont, upon which according to credible tradition the king fell. He was wounded March 26, and died April 6, 1199. He was within his right in claiming the treasure, and he needed money badly to provide for the defence of his territories against the king of France.

21. P. 204.—It has long been debated whether Richard should be classed among the troubadours. His sirvente against the Dalfin was in French, and it is now believed that the prison-piece attributed to him was also originally in that tongue. We have two lines of a Provençal poem attributed to him in the song-book of Francesco Redi, but it is not safe to build a conviction upon them. Still, as he was a poet, a friend of troubadours, and familiar with their language, I do not see how we can doubt that he composed verses more or less in Provençal.

22. P. 204.—Vid. No. 41, No. 82. This Lament is the only one of which we have the air (Springer). It is found in three of the French MSS. The original contains besides the tornada six stanzas, of which I give 1, 2, and 3. In the remaining stanzas the poet speaks of the loss to courts and tournaments and those dependent on Richard's bounty, and the gain of the Turks and Saracens. He expresses the fear that no one lives who can recover the Holy Sepulchre, and pays a compliment to the memory of Richard's brothers.

The music is after Restori from MS. G, Italian, of about A.D. 1300. (The older versions in MSS. X and W are defective.)

23. P. 207.—Maria is supposed to have been the daughter of Boson II., viscount of Turenne, who died June 19, 1143 (Mas Latrie). I follow Schultz and R. Meyer in taking 1191 as the earliest supposable date of her marriage to Eble V. (she was his second wife) though others have held that the marriage took place

before 1183 because apparently the history of Geoffroi de Vigeois mentions it, and his history was completed in that year. She died in 1219. I must confess that it seems as if she must have had another father than Boson II., for Faidit was still courting her in 1204 when she would have been at least sixty years of age; but I know of no way to prove the usual view incorrect. Maria's accepted lover was Ugo (IX.) lo Brun, count of la Marche (Marcha), who died in 1219. Very likely, as Diez suggested, Faidit was first attracted to Maria by a wish to find a worthy theme. His relations with her seem to have begun about 1190 and to have ended about 1204.

24. P. 212.—Almost nothing remains of the castle of Malemort (*Prov.* Malamort) except the huge corner shown in the picture. Behind it a line of cottages, ragged and brown, streams away toward the hill, which were evidently built of its débris, as a comet's tail is developed from its head. The routiers got possession of the castle and held it for some time, but the viscount and the bishop of Limoges, joining forces, took it in 1177, and their troops literally exterminated all persons found there. The name of Audiart's husband was Peire.

25. P. 217.—Vid. No. 41, p. 112. I give the whole. L. 19, *lit.*, "the fair greetings and the honored deeds and the pleasing words of our lady, and the gifts of loving demeanor and the sweet looks [that presage the joy of love]"; l. 29, *lit.*, "mead and garden"; the winds specified by Faidit are those that troubled a westward voyage.

26. P. 217.—According to R. Meyer's reckoning Faidit passed 1202–1204 on the crusade, returned then to Limousin for a short stay, sojourned for a time with a certain Isnaure in Provence, resided chiefly with Raimon d'Agot, lord of Sault (near Carpentras), devoted himself to Jordana of Ebrun (Embrun near the Alps) during 1205 and 1206, and toward the end of 1206 began his relations with Margarida, vicountess of Aubusson (*Prov.* Albusso), which occupied 1207 and 1208.

Jordana of her own accord showed him love, but was afterward thought by Faidit and the public to have accepted Amfos II., count of Provence. According to the biography Faidit begged her to forgive him on the grounds that he wished to take the cross and go to Rome, but could not do so rightly if there were ill will between him and any one else, and that she must pardon him if she

wished God to pardon her. Faidit's name for her was "*Bels Espers*" (Fair Hope).

Margarida was the wife of Rainaut VI., to whom Gui d'Uissel paid his addresses. She suffered Faidit once to kiss her neck as he was saying good-bye, but her accepted lover was Ugo de Lesigna, son of the lover of Maria de Ventadorn. As they could not do as they wished at her home she gave him a rendezvous at Faidit's house in Uzerche, and again at Rocamadour, leaving home on the plea of a pilgrimage.

27. P. 218.—He lived until 1216 (Chabaneau; according to Diez until 1235). Uzerche seems always to have been his "home." We have about seventy pieces from him, which unfortunately contain but few historical or autobiographical data. The defect of his verse and of his music lies in the fact that they give the impression of being labored, of being wrought instead of inspired.

CHAPTER XXXV.

1. P. 219.—I have no authority for my picture of Born, but it was interesting to me to find after drawing it that I had, without being aware of the fact, sketched very closely the personal appearance of Defoe, with whom Born will be compared later. Full beards went out of style during Henry the Second's time, but came back during Richard's. I have made Born small partly because I hardly think his bumptiousness would have been endured from a large man.

2. P. 220.—The portrait of Henry is authentic. I have supplemented Giraldus Cambrensis from the monumental effigy at Fontrevault. The costume is from the latter. To be sure, the painting of the effigy (done in 1636) was the third or fourth, but the painter would naturally try to reproduce the previous coloring; and while not authoritative the costume is every way possible. The garment called bliaut is, in the effigy, the dalmatic. "By God's eyes!" was Henry's favorite oath.

3. P. 220.—Henry conquered Scotland in the sense of compelling the king to do homage and surrender a portion of his territory.

4. P. 221.—The authority for the words of Henry and Born (for the rest of the scene I am responsible) is a Provençal *razo*, but its historical character is far from unquestioned. Thomas doubts and Stimming rejects it. I have introduced the scene because, whether

true or not, it paints both of the men to the life, and because it has become a part of Born's literary story (*e.g.*, see Uhland's poem, "Bertran de Born"). I venture to add that I think Stimming (No. 412) too positive in rejecting it, as he does, simply on the ground that Henry was not present at the capture of Autafort. (His words, p. 25, are, "*Ebenso wenig kann . . . die schöne Scene . . . geschichtlich sein, aus dem einfachen Grunde weil, wie wir gesehen haben, der König bei der Einnahme von Autafort gar nicht zugegengewesen ist.*") But the castle fell July 6, 1183; Henry and Richard were together at Angiers on July 3 (No. 155); they were probably not far apart three days later; when Henry was on the ground Richard was only his lieutenant, so that whatever Richard did could be said to have been done by Henry; and it would be very natural for Richard to send Born to Henry to be judged. This was the more natural because Henry doubtless had a special interest in Born's case. Accordingly Norgate (No. 323) states that when Born asked Richard to give him back the castle, Richard sent him to Henry. It should be noted that Stimming admits that on his theory he cannot explain how Born recovered his property in 1183.

5. P. 221.—It is impossible in a sketch like this to treat the historical questions connected with Born; my only aim is to set forth the man, the poet, and the times, and I leave the reader to find fuller information in No. 429 or No. 412.

Born's chronology is in brief as follows:

1114. His grandfather, Itier, appears in the records of Dalon.

? His father, Bertran, married Ermengarda. They had three sons, Bertran (the poet), Itier, and Constantin. Itier probably died young.

1135–1140. Bertran (the poet) born.

1159–1169. A document written between these dates shows that Bertran and his brother Constantin were joint possessors of Autafort (the right of primogeniture did not exist in the Midi), which originally belonged to the family of Lastours (the castle of Born had passed to another family).

Bertran married Raimunda. They had two sons, Bertran and Itier, and a daughter, Aimelina, who before 1193 had married Seguin of Lastours, and had two sons.

1192. The poet's sons knighted at Le Puy ; at this time he had another wife, Philippa, who bore him two sons, Bertran (the younger poet of the name) and Constantin (perhaps this name suggests that he and his brother had become reconciled).

1173–1174. First revolt of King Henry's sons, in which Born appears to have had no part.

1181. Born was requested by the count of Toulouse to write a sirvente for him against Amfos II. of Aragon, who was besieging Toulouse, an evidence that Born had become famous.

? He dispossessed his brother Constantin ; neighboring nobles took Autafort and reinstated Constantin.

1182. Constantin, again ejected, appealed to Richard who attacked Autafort, but was called away by more important affairs) and to Henry (who, however, left Bertran in possession).

1182. The love affair with Maeut began before the end of this year. During the winter, at Argentan, Born celebrated Richard's sister. In the spring of 1183 began his troubles with Maeut.

1183. Enric (Henry-of-the-Short-Mantle), eldest son of King Henry, headed a revolt of the nobles (including Born) against Richard, count of Poitou and duke of Aquitaine. The king's influence secured peace. Born was incensed that Enric laid down his arms and attacked him in a sirvente. The barons refused to recognize the peace because they had not been considered ; and soon Enric, apparently stung by the reproaches made against him, joined them again ; but his death, June 11th, killed the enterprise. Richard attacked Autafort, aided by Amfos II. of Aragon, took it July 6th, after a week's siege, and gave it to Constantin. Bertran recovered it, however. Several sirventes and the two Laments were written during this period.

1184. Two poems against Amfos II., etc.

1187. Born interested in the war between France and England, which, however, was terminated by the pope's legates before a battle took place.

1188–1195. Born sang of the crusades, of a war between Richard and the count of Toulouse; in praise of Conrat of Monferrat, and on Richard's release from captivity.

1196. He was a monk of Dalon, January 8th.

1215. He died.

The chronology of the poems does not appear, however, to be settled finally even by Stimming's second edition. For example, P. Boissonnade, in No. 2, VII., p. 275, holds that Born's rupture with his brother occurred in the last part of 1180 or early in 1181; that *Ges no me desconort* belongs in the summer of 1181 (instead of in 1183); that *Un sirventes on motz no falh* came earlier in 1181 (instead of in 1182); and that *Puois Ventadorns* was composed during the first half of 1182 (instead of in 1183).

It is stated in the books on Born that the ruins of the original Born castle may be seen, not far from Dalon, in the forest above the lake of Born and below Bellegarde, and I was determined to find them. I went within about a mile of this locality and questioned about a dozen persons. All agreed that no such ruins existed, though I was told of an old lime-kiln thereabouts. The ruins may be there, but it did not seem worth my while to prosecute the search farther.

6. P. 222.—According to tradition Richard made additions to the castle of Autafort after his return from captivity. As it stands now it dates from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but the original castle was erected in the eleventh century.

7. P. 222.—We feel tempted to wonder sometimes how walled places could ever have been taken. But (1) often the walls were weak, and we even read of walls being thrown down by gales; (2) the battering-rams and other engines were pretty effective; and (3) parapets were narrow and gave room for but few defenders, so that when a movable tower was advanced against them the assailants could overpower the garrison.

8. P. 223.—Though not a warm love-poet, Born does not seem to have been unusually moral.

9. P. 223.—Maeut (Matilda) was the daughter of Boson II., viscount of Torena (Turenne), and married Lord Talairan of Montanhac (Montignac) before 1168. Born's relations with her began before 1183.

Maeut and Maria de Ventadorn had a sister, Elis, who married

Guilhem de Gordon, and after his death the lord of Monfort (near Sarlat, Dordogne). Raimon Jordan, viscount (or one of the viscounts) of San Antoni (St. Antonin, near Montauban), loved the wife of R. Amielh, viscount of Pena (Penne, near Gaillac), who, hearing that he had been killed in battle, became an Albigensian, and so as good as a nun. Jordan recovered, and learning what his lady had done lost all joy in life. Elis de Monfort sent for him and offered to console him. R. Jordan became her lover then, and celebrated her in his songs. We have about a dozen of his lyrics and a translation (somewhat abridged) by F. da Barberino of one of his tales. He once sang, "I tell you truly it is no honor to speak ill of that [sex] to which the mothers belong."

10. P. 224.—This poem is in No. 429, p. 131.

11. P. 224.—Vid. No. 429, p. 104, st. 2. The last line is literally, "and seems a rabbit as to the spine." This has been translated, "*Épaules douces comme le duvet*," but I venture to offer another rendering.

12. P. 225.—Vid. No. 429, p. 125, st. 3. Argentan is a considerable town on the line from Paris to Granville, and a bit of the ancient donjon may be seen there now. Passing through a house by a flight of stairs and up another short flight, one comes to a little garden on the south side of which rises a wall of grey stone, not circular, but polygonal, filling perhaps 60° of the circuit. By a long flight of steps one can mount to the top of the wall, which has a parapet on both sides. Houses shut in the ruin on all sides, and no interesting photograph can be obtained.

13. P. 226.—The name of Richard's sister was Mahut or Matilda. The Emperor Otho IV. was her son.

14. P. 226.—Vid. No. 429, p. 122. Stimming seems to me right in thinking that *Bel Senher*, here and elsewhere, signifies Maeut.

15. P. 226.—Vid. No. 429, p. 114, st. 1.

16. P. 227.—Vid. No. 41, p. 76, st. 6. There are seven stanzas and a tornada, besides an eighth stanza from another hand. In the seventh stanza Born asks why, when he has a tame, well trained, and well conditioned hawk, he should change for one badly moulted, given to chasing hens, fat, badly trained, and incapable of flying. Galvani supposes that this piece was the model for Petrarch's "*S' i' 'l dissi mai ; ch' i' venga in odio a quella.*"

17. P. 227.—Vid. No. 429, p. 110, st. 1.

18. P. 228. The husband of Tiborc was lord not only of Chalais, but of Barbezieux and Montausier (near Barbezieux). I have supposed that Born went to Chalais because he himself speaks of Tiborc as the viscountess of Chalais.

19. P. 232.—Vid. No. **429**, p. 138, st. 5.

20. P. 232.—Vid. No. **429**, p. 81, st. 2. L. 5 is trochaic in the original, *i.e.*, has eight syllables and a double rhyme. Stimming makes st. 1 and 2 a separate poem. See No. **412**, p. 129.

21. P. 233.—Vid. No. **429**, p. 61, st. 6. Thomas places this in 1185–1186; Stimming, in 1186–1187.

22. P. 234.—Vid. No. **429**, p. 8, st. 3.

23. P. 234.—Vid. No. **429**, p. 4, torn.

24. P. 235.—Vid. No. **429**, p. 40, ll. 21–24. The last two lines are literally, "I do not hold or believe any other law."

25. P. 237.—Born's equipment—except the name of his horse and the color of his gonfanon—is imaginary, intended to represent his time. Equipment was in a transition state just then. To illustrate the difficulty of being sure, I may say that the expert who constructed the typical historical figures for the Musée d'Artillerie at Paris, told me that in attempting to work out the details of Viollet-le-Duc absolute impossibilities were encountered. The seal of Mathieu de Montmorency (1193) is the best single authority, but that represents features not in general use at that date, *e. g.*, the coal-scuttle helmet. After 1200 the hauberk was not a leather or cloth coat covered with mail, but a real coat of mail; the hauberk became shorter, and trousers of mail reaching up to the hips were used. Surcoats (suggested by the hot sun of Palestine blazing on the armor of crusaders) on which the knights' arms were often blazoned came into general use about the same time. The language of heraldry became precise toward the end of the twelfth century. The tip of the spur point was conical or pyramidal, and the whole spur was frequently of gold. Spurs of gilded silver are mentioned in the poem on Girart de Rossillon. Sometimes a bliaut was worn under the hauberk, and the skirt of it (or, as some hold, the end of the shirt) flew in the wind as the knight rode (see the cut on p. 237). There were, of course, various styles of equipment at the same time, and one man would cling to the old fashion while another adopted the new; so in the *Hortus Delic.*, begun about 1175, we see conical helmets with small round

shields, and also with shields reaching from the shoulder almost to the ankle. It is quite possible that Born wore some mail on his legs. At this time horses were as often as not, and perhaps oftener, entirely without armor. The cuts in the text, while the best available, illustrate the fact that various sources must be used.

26. P. 237.—For military music, we know from *Flamenca* that trumpets, bugles, horns, cymbals, drums, and fifes were used.

27. P. 239.—Vid. No. **429**, p. 133. This famous battle-song is not attributed to Born by all the authorities. The best summary of the arguments, I think, is Chabaneau's in No. **112**, p. 56. The testimonies for Born are four, against two for Guilhem de Sain Gregori, and there are other considerations in his favor. The stanza to *Pros Comtessa* is probably an interpolation. As this piece was an imitation in rhythm and rhymes of *No posc mudar qu' a la dolor* of Borneil, and as there were several other imitations of the same, confusion as to the authorship of a particular one was natural.

G. de Sain Gregori (St. Grégoire, near Digne) was probably of Provence, and lived in the time of Blacatz. We have three or four lyrics from him.

In this piece there are five st. in all, of which I give four ; and two tornadas, of which I give the first. The second tornada is given in only one MS. and may not be genuine. The omitted stanza praises the lord who is "first to attack," and emboldens his men by his own courage. As movement is especially important in this piece, I have translated with somewhat more freedom than usual ; *e. g.*, lines 8, 15, and 38 are not in the original.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

1. P. 240.—Count of Poitou in 1169, and duke of Aquitaine in 1170.

2. P. 242.—A fact which perhaps showed that Born was feared, is Richard's eagerness to conclude a peace with the viscount of Limoges (1182) in order to attack Autafort when Born ejected his brother.

3. P. 247.—Vid. No. **429**, p. 32, l. 46. Born had recently been at work against Richard.

4. P. 247.—Vid. No. **429**, p. 53, st. 4.

5. P. 248.—Vid. No. **429**, p. 90, st. 1.

6. P. 248.—When it was proposed by Chabaneau to erect a monument to Born, Paul Meyer remarked that nothing in his life merited either admiration or sympathy.

7. P. 248. All the political Provençal poetry was personal, not national, and so helped instead of hindering the dissolution of the autonomous political life of the Midi.

8. P. 248.—Though the spirit of feudalism was opposed to patriotism, as we understand that feeling, feudalism was the best system that Europe was then prepared for, and far better than nothing at all. A signal evidence of its value is found in the experience of southern Italy a little later. Frederic II., pupil of Innocent III., destroyed the feudal system entirely there and made the monarch omnipotent. The change took place several centuries too soon, and the result was that when the invader came, there was neither feudal vitality nor national life to resist him.

9. P. 249.—Knights were unwilling to be held back as a reserve.

10. P. 249.—Of course, mercenary troops did not mind the forty-day limit; they fought so long as they were paid. The employment of such troops was an important factor in the success of Henry II.

11. P. 251.—Vid. the first tornada, No. **412**, p. 62.

12. P. 251.—Vid. No. **412**, p. 65, ll. 35–40.

13. P. 252.—Vid. No. **412**, p. 66, st. 1. The expressions, "when he read it" (*i. e.*, Enric's request for a duchy), and, "Though fain to tread it," are not in the original. "Vagrants" expresses the poet's idea, as Thomas says, though for the sake of the rhyme he employs a word (*malvatz*) usually translated "worthless," "base." The music of this poem was from Borneil's Alamanda piece. Compare with this for bitterness Born's description of the count of Périgord: "He neither leaps nor trots, but stays motionless on his sandbank; he throws neither lance nor dart, but lives like a Lombard [pedlar]; so slothful is he that when others go off [to war] he stretches and yawns." He was so bitter because Talairan had been leagued with him, but like others failed to come to his rescue when Richard attacked him.

14. P. 252.—Vid. No. **412**, p. 70, st. 12.

15. P. 253.—How much influence Rocamadour had on Enric's

condition can only be conjectured; he was a weak, impressionable man, committing what he knew was mortal sacrilege, and it seems to me that this culmination of his desperate struggle must have filled him with dismay. Rocamadour = Roc-Amadour; Amadour = Amator = The Lover [of Christ].

16. P. 253.—Tradition still points out at Martel the house where Enric died.

17. P. 254.—The Lament begins thus: "1. If all the grief and tears and affliction and the woes and injury and misfortune that man [has] had in this sad world were together, they would all seem light compared with the death of the young English King, from which worth and young-heartedness remain sad and the world dark, colored, and shadowy, deprived of all joy, full of sorrow and distress. 2. Grieving and sad and full of affliction are left the courtly soldiers, the troubadours, and the pleasant joglars; truly have they had in death a deadly enemy, who has taken from them the young English King beside whom the most liberal were avaricious; never will there be, nor think ye there ever was in the world, weeping or sorrow comparable to this loss." There are five stanzas of eight lines of ten syllables each. The first line of every stanza ends with *marrimen* (affliction); the fifth with *el jove rei engles* (the young English King), and the eighth with *ira* (sorrow).

Scherillo (No. 16, 4 ser., lxx.) holds that this Lament was probably not written by Born, because (1) he wrote another Lament upon Enric, and (2) the versification is more elaborate than Born's usually was; but (1) it was natural that he should compose two Laments under the circumstances, and (2) having written one he would desire to make the second a still better work. It should be remembered that Enric and his fate were the greatest things in Born's life. This Lament is preserved in only two MSS., in one of which it is credited to Vidal.

18. P. 257.—Born recognized (*Ieu chan quel reis*, ll. 19 and 20) that the course to which he urged Enric against his father was a sin.

19. P. 257.—We know that Born was a monk on January 8, 1196. He and his family conferred important benefits on the monastery of Dalon; in fact the ground had belonged to the fief of Autafort, and according to a tradition (which seems incredible) an underground passage led from the castle to Dalon.

20. P. 257.—Dante, relying too implicitly on the *razos* attached to Born's poems, had an exaggerated view of Born's importance, and in particular gave him credit for an influence over Henry II. which we have no reason to believe that he exercised. The quotation is from *Inferno*, Canto XXVIII.

21. P. 257.—The pieces that we have from Born number 42 (Th.) or 45 (St.).

Bertran de Born, Junior, the first son by his father's second marriage, has left us three or four sirventes. One of these was written in 1203, and we know that he was alive in 1223. Very likely he lived until 1230. Possibly some of the pieces credited to his father were in fact by him.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

1. P. 259.—This list of the principal troubadours is given for the sake of a review, and I have coupled with each name to give it content an epithet that fits more or less closely. The reader should not attach too much value to the epithet. Dante's list of troubadours included seven : P. d'Alvernhe, B. de Born, A. Daniel, G. de Borneil, F. de Marseilla, A. de Belenoi, and A. de Peguilha. Petrarch mentions fifteen in his *Trionfo d'Amore :* A. Daniel, A. de Maruelh, P. Rogier, P. Vidal, P. d'Alvernhe, G. de Cabestaing, A. de Peguilha, B. de Ventadorn, U. de Sain Circ, G. Faidit, G. de Borneil, R. d'Aurenga, R. de Vaqueiras, J. Rudel F. de Marseilla.

2. P. 260.—The picture of Richard is from the same sources as Henry's (Chap. XXXV., note 2). His costume is that worn by him at Cyprus. Helmets changed their shape again soon, becoming at the time of the fourth crusade very much like a flat-bottomed coal-scuttle inverted over the head.

3. P. 261.—Kolsen (No. 220) thinks that Borneil may have been born about 1138, that he began to sing publicly about 1165, that his break with his lady occurred about 1168, that he was getting grey when he was thirty-two. But as Jeanroy says, we cannot date his poems with precision, and therefore cannot fix the dates of his life. He must have been making verses for some time before 1173, for he preferred the obscure style at first and changed before R. d'Aurenga died (1173). His break with the lady certainly came before 1182. When discouraged at times about his career as

poet he thought of going *back* to a life of study. He appears to have acquired a good deal of skill before he fell in love with Escaronha. She was older than he apparently. But, as Appel has said, until all of Borneil's poems are critically edited, his life and love cannot be told with complete assurance. He is supposed to have lived until 1220.

4. P. 261.—Vid. No. 358, III., p. 304, st. 1 and 2. The rest is as follows: "Rich I should be if I dared sound her praises for all the world would gladly hear, but I fear lest false-hearted talebearers, base and hard, would construe it against me as an indiscretion,—and I have many enemies; I do not wish to have any guesses made, but when I shall see one of her relatives I will praise her till my mouth burst—such love have I for her fair and joyous person. [This is the course Dante pursues in the *New Life*.] Forbear not for my sake or for Love's, false talebearers filled with baseness, and demand of whom or of what sort is the honor [shown me], whether she is far or near, for this have I well concealed from you; I would rather die than be unfaithful in such a matter; I have no friend whom I would not deceive in this; for there is nobody who does not usually have a foolish neighbor seeking to injure him,—wherefore one trusts neither father nor relative. Now slanderers will say of me: 'Aha, aha! How like a coxcomb he turns up his eyes, and how like a rich and haughty lord he walks'; but I think of naught, though I were in a great mart, save of her on whom my heart is set, and I keep my eyes turned toward the land where she is and ever speak in my heart of her on whom my true love is fixed, for one cannot be in love who does not show it."

5. P. 261.—Borneil had many connections in Gascony. Bernart of Rovignac was a patron of his. He was living near Escaronha (or Escaruenha) at the time of his love affair. There has been a great deal of discussion about her name, for in the Provençal account she is called Alamanda of Estanc. She did not live at Estanc. Alamanda was the name of the confidant, a young lady and a poetess. Escaronha also appears to have made verses, for we learn of the kiss permitted Borneil from a tenso probably between her and Alamanda (Jeanroy). Marsan mentions her. As Jeanroy says, Kolsen has not succeeded in proving how the lady as well as the confidant came to bear this name in the *razo*.

6. P. 263.—Borneil and Alamanda had a tenso after the affair of

the glove, the air of which was used by B. de Born probably in 1182. It is as follows (see No. 220):

"If I come to you for counsel, dear friend Alamanda, refuse it not, for it is an afflicted man that asks. For your false mistress has accused me of departing far from her commands and now demands and takes from me what she gave. How do you advise me? For my heart is almost burning within me for grief, so deeply am I afflicted."

"By heaven, Guiraut, a lover's wish is never accomplished and guaranteed in a way so definite and sure. If one of the lovers commit a fault the other must overlook it, else their difference will grow and extend. If she tells you that a high hill is a moor, believe it. Find pleasure alike in the good and the ill she sends you and then you will be loved."

"I cannot help complaining when treated with haughty scorn. You, young lady, for all your blonde beauty, feel hurt by a little pain and joyful over a little happiness,—but you are not involved in love. And me—who fear this grief will be my ruin—what do you advise me to do: that while I feel I am perishing, I should throw myself still farther into the waves? Methinks you guide me badly."

"Before heaven, Guiraut, if you ask my advice in so grave a situation, I know not how to reply. But if you think me satisfied with little: I would rather skin my own field than have another mow it [wherefore you had better sacrifice your pride than have some other suitor get your lady]. And while I was eager to-day to bring about a reconciliation, you are seeking to make her withdraw her good-will from you forever."

"Do stop chattering so, young lady. When, to begin with, she has failed more than five times to keep her word, do you think that I am to endure it for all time? It would seem as if I did so because I had no other friend. I feel as if I could strike you if you do not hold your peace. Lady Berenguieira would certainly give me better advice than you do."

"As I see it, Guiraut, she is taking this time to pay you for calling her fickle and frivolous. Do you imagine that because you spoke of her so she will beg you for a reconciliation? She is not so tame,—don't think it. Even if I press her so hard that she ever makes truce and peace with you for this, you will never be able to make up with her again [if you anger her again], say what you will."

"Fair one, in God's name let me not lose your aid, for you know how it was promised me. If I have erred because of the grief I felt, let it not be counted against me. If you have ever found how easily a lover's heart could change, and if you have ever been loved, keep in mind our reconciliation. For I tell you truly, I am a dead man if I have lost her. But betray me not in that!"

"Sir Guiraut, I would gladly have made peace between you before this, but she declares that she is justly indignant; for like a fool you are openly paying court to one who is not her equal either in beauty or elegance (*ni vestida ni nuda*). If you are paying attentions to another, would she not be taking the place of an inferior, unless she dismissed you? And now that I have defended her, I will do much for you if you will never quarrel with her again."

"Fair one, in God's name, give her my assurance as to that, if you prevail on her to believe you in this affair."

"I will do it, indeed, but when her love is given you again, do not deprive yourself of it."

I have followed Appel's interpretation of the fourth line of the third stanza, for Kolsen's does not seem to fit the context. Alamanda has just spoken of two lovers—"the one," "the other,"—and Guiraut replies, "You are neither the first nor the second," *i.e.*, "You are not involved in a love affair, and so, dealing only with trivial feelings, you do not realize how much this means to me and therefore you give me rash counsel." She replies, "You think me incapable of deep feeling; but if this were my case, I would rather keep my lady, no matter at what cost, than allow another man to take her from me." I prefer Kolsen's punctuation to Appel's. Appel thinks this tenso a *jeu d'esprit*.

7. P. 264.—Borneil's reasons for repulsing the shepherdess are a paraphrase, not a translation: see No. 220, p. 22. Compare what Dante said: "The lordship of Love is good in that it withdraweth the inclination of his liegeman from all vile things," and also the saying of Heinrich von Veldeke: "From love comes all good; love makes a pure mind: how could I be without it?"

8. P. 265.—For student songs see Nos. 391 and 423.

9. P. 266.—Among the twenty-four Latin authors cited by John of Salisbury are Sallust, Livy, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, Terence, and Plautus.

10. P. 266.—There really existed at the end of the eleventh and

during the twelfth century, "a high intellectual culture," says Boutaric, however narrow its scientific basis. This appears to have declined during the thirteenth century in consequence of too exclusive a devotion to scholasticism, and the publication of encyclopædias—whatever the intention—rather favored superficiality of learning.

11. P. 267.—At the beginning of our era there was an effective machinery for the production and distribution of books, and a Roman gentleman of southern France could order through the imperial post a copy of the latest ode of Horace, almost as one orders a new book now. In the fourth century Rome counted 28 public libraries. St. Pamphilius is supposed to have had not less than 30,000 manuscripts. Even during the barbarian invasions a number of private collections existed in Gaul. From the time of St. Pachomius in the third century the founders of religious orders took a deep interest in this matter. In the sixth century St. Ferreolus made this rule: "He that does not turn up the earth with the plow should write on parchment with his fingers."

The lack of inexpensive paper was the chief difficulty, not the want of printing-presses. In the ninth century a countess of Anjou had to pay for a collection of homilies two hundred sheep and a considerable quantity of wheat, rye, and millet. Substitutes for parchment were employed, papyrus for instance, as late as the close of the twelfth century, and paper of cotton as early as the eleventh or even the tenth century. (No. **183a** states that papyrus was not used after the tenth century and that cotton paper began to come from Sicily and Spain about 1100, but I have followed No. **451**, as perhaps more correct about France.) Rag paper, too, was known, for the Venerable Bede wrote: "The books that we read are made of the skins of rams or goats or calves, or of oriental plants, or finally of woollen or linen rags." But parchment remained the chief reliance, and in Borneil's time it was so expensive that Bernard Itier at St. Martial's in Limoges wrote his Chronicle on the margins of several hundred older books.

For all this, libraries accumulated. The real era of reading began in the sixth century with St. Benedict, a man of such mighty influence that the whole period from Charlemagne to the eleventh century has been called the Benedictine Age. By his rule a daily reading time of from one to three hours, according to the season, was enjoined, and a visitation of the monastery was to be

made the while, so as to prevent neglect of the opportunity. Later orders extended the use of the library, or rather of the books, for the precious volumes had no special room but were kept in the church or the cloister until the fourteenth century. Every Cistercian abbey had its collection, and both Cistercians and Carthusians would lend to persons outside. A gift of books to a monastery was looked upon as almost ensuring salvation; and public prayers were offered for the donor's welfare. Still the movement spread. In the latter part of the twelfth century the monks were driven with transcribing, especially in northern France, western Germany, and England, the chief seats of the business. In the thirteenth century 40,000 copyists were at work in France alone. The monasteries even had a pretty elaborate system of exchanges. Kirchhoff carries the beginnings of the Paris book trade back to the latter part of the eleventh century, and only a few years after Guiraut's death a public library was founded at Narbonne (1238).

Books varied greatly in size from folio to 12mo, especially from the twelfth century on. Several monks were often employed on the same book. Large works were often in several volumes. Red and blue were the colors most used for initials, but green and yellow also are found. Figures of men began to be introduced during the first half of the twelfth century, but were not very well drawn, while the fancy of the scribes was inexhaustible. The size of the initials indicated in general the logical importance of the subdivision at the head of which they stood, *e. g.*, paragraph, section, chapter, etc.

In the *Bibliothèque Nationale* I was permitted to examine a number of books of this period. One was the homilies of St. Augustine on the Gospel of St. John, about a foot and a half long and fourteen inches wide. The solid oak sides are entirely covered with a sheet of thick white leather, projecting at the top and brought around the front in a liberal flap. Two clasps of leather ending in heavy ornaments of brass hold the book together, and five bosses of the same metal with big ribbed heads ornament the sides and hold the leather to the boards. Another book was a German *livre d'heures* (about 1200) of a circular shape, about eight inches in diameter, with a clasp of brass. Another was a beautiful *Sacrementaire*. In each cover of this, within a border of conventional acanthus leaves in silver, were set nine squares of ivory about two inches wide and two and a half long, separated by

narrow ribbed bands of silver ; they were carved in fine detail to represent scenes in the life of a prelate. Still another was the Psalter of Charles the Bald. The covers, older than the MS., were done by Liuthard between the years 842 and 869. On each cover is an ivory plaque full of people cut with exquisite skill and admirably grouped, illustrating on one side the fifty-sixth Psalm, and on the other the story of David and Nathan ; and around each plaque runs a wide border of silver delicately wrought and studded with precious stones. Still another was a Valerius Maximus, done at Provins in 1167 by Guillelmus Anglicus, about nine by twelve inches in size. The writing is in two columns half an inch apart, about nine inches high, and surrounded with a margin of about an inch and a half. Four light vertical lines of brown, drawn nearly to the edges, indicate the limits of the columns, while similar horizontal lines across the middle part of the page, but not across the margins, guided the copyist's hand. Holes pricked at the edges made it possible to draw these lines so that they correspond exactly on the two sides of the leaf. The letters beginning paragraphs are alternately red and blue, and stand partly, or wholly, in the margin. On many of the pages a running title in a cursive hand appears at the top, while the text is in square characters. Leaves, not pages, are numbered. A general table of contents stands at the beginning, and its own table at the head of each chapter with a title in red and a fine initial. Here and there are marginal notes. At the very end are the copyist's signature and the date. I have described this volume minutely because we know it was made at the time we are most concerned with. A curious evidence of the interest in books at this period is a work called *The Book of the Pious*, written about 1190 by a Jew of Regensburg, which devotes a part of its ethical precepts to the care of books.

12. P. 269.—Robert, bishop of Lincoln, was cited by Vincent de Beauvais as knowing Greek. Vincent had a good deal to say of certain Greeks, particularly Homer, Hesiod, Æsop, Sophocles, Xenophon, Plato, Socrates, and, above all, Aristotle ; but his information was exceedingly inaccurate.

13. P. 269.—I have no authority for the contents of Borneil's library. It should be added that not even Borneil's poetry shows any shaping traceable to classical poets.

14. P. 270.—Borneil's tenso with Amfos was thought until recently to have been with Peire II., his son.

15. P. 271.—Boemund III. Borneil seems more interested in the knightly than the religious aspect of the crusade.

16. P. 271.—Of Borneil's appearance we know only what Peire d'Alvernhe says, and that he was grey early.

17. P. 273.—Vid. No. 41, p. 80, st. 1 and 2. The poet concludes by saying, "She can restore me and my senses if she would deign to care for me," etc., but it does not seem possible to suppose that the piece was written seriously.

18. P. 274.—A literal translation of the tenso between Borneil and Linhaure (R. d'Aurenga) is as follows (see No. 220):

"I should now be glad to know, Guiraut de Borneil, why and from what point of view you condemn the obscure style of poetry? Tell me: do you prize so highly that which all possess alike? Were that the condition of things, all would be equal."

"Sir Linhaure, I do not complain if every one compose after his own taste, but my judgment is that poetry is more loved and prized if it is simple and easily understood; and I am sure you will not take my opinion ill [*i. e.*, be offended]."

"Guiraut, I am not willing that my songs create such confusion that people shall love the bad as much as the good, and the small as the great. By fools they will never be praised, for such do not understand or have any concern with what is dearer and better [than the ordinary]."

"Linhaure, when I, to make my songs clear, sit up all night and turn repose into toil, does it look as if I were afraid that [standards would be upset and] confusion would result? Why do you compose a song if you are not pleased to have the world understand at once? A song wins no prize but that."

"Guiraut, if only I prepare and utter and bring out the best thing, it matters little to me whether it is so widely known, for commonness was never a merit. For that reason men prize gold more than salt, and with songs it is the same."

Guiraut protests, and then the poets turn to another subject.

Kolsen thinks that this tenso was composed about Christmas, 1168. It is worth noting that Borneil composed a Lament on Raimbaut's death. Elsewhere, Borneil stated the requisites for a good song to be a loving heart, a suitable time and place, and the approbation of noble patrons.

With Raimbaut's opinions compare what E. Cairel said: "I

know well that a song with easy rhymes would best please those who are not connoisseurs, who esteem what is not excellent,—but the able wish to criticise, condemn, and reject; and I tell you I should not be sorry were that overwise clique (*coven*) torn up root and branch, for it is destroying excellence and gladness" —a lesson on judicious criticism. Compare also Cigala's view: "Knowledge is of little worth if it shine not clearly; for we count darkness as death, but life returns with the light. So I sing plainly both summer and winter." Of course metrical difficulties lay too near the central idea of Provençal verse not to be studied, and few poets failed to try in more songs or less to show themselves masters in the hard style.

19. P. 276.—This king of Castile was Amfos VIII., who died in 1214. The poet intimates that three kings had a hand in his despoiling.

20. P. 276.—It is curious to note that Borneil was robbed of his library by the grandson of Bernart de Ventadorn's Margarida; this took place in 1211, when Gui V. retook the castle of Excideuil.

21. P. 276.—Vid. No. 358, IV., p. 290, st. 1 and 3. Ll. 3 and 4, *lit.*, "to rally and turn again nobleness which is in exile"; ll. 13 and 14, *lit.*, "and the best blows talked of for a time." Another piece on the same subject (written after his experience in Navarre) begins thus: "The sweet song of a bird that was singing in a hedge turned me from my path the other day and led me on; and near the enclosure where the little bird was, three maidens together lamented in singing the excess and the decadence that have befallen joy and social life (*solatz*); and I approached faster, the better to hear the song, and I spoke to them thus: 'Maidens, of what do you sing, and of what do you complain?'" Then follows a discussion upon social degeneracy. (Vid. No. 41, p. 99.) The evils especially lamented by Borneil were: the self-seeking and illiberality of the nobles, their unsociableness and hostility to each other, their failure to welcome and reward the poets and maintain joyous festivals, the tendency to prize a lively tale as highly as a fine song, to think lightly of ladies, to esteem the rude more than the high-minded, etc. But it must be remembered that the very earliest of the troubadours complained of the decadence of the times.

22. P. 277.—Dante said that only "fools" (*i. e.*, those ignorant of the matter) preferred Borneil to Daniel, influenced by "rumor" and the "popular voice."

23. P. 277.—The Provençal biography indicates as Borneil's special merits, "subtle sayings, well expressed, upon love and good sense."

24. P. 278.—Vid. No. 41, p. 91. I give the whole. The music is in a popular, melodious style, such as may be heard of an evening now under balconies in Sicily. It is from MS. R. (Restori), of about 1300 A. D. "Rival" stands for "the jealous one," and refers no doubt to the husband; I have avoided the latter word because without due regard to the nature of marriage and social standards at that time it would make the song give an impression not conveyed at the time. As Canello says, "*Giraldo de Borneil con inconscio senso del giusto fa invocar Dio perchè protegga quel diritto naturale di amarsi, in odio alle usurpazioni e pretese legali d'un matrimonio cui era mancata la base di natura cioè la sanzione veramente divino.*" A literal translation is as follows: "1. Glorious King, true light and clearness, powerful God, Lord, if it please you, be a faithful helper to my comrade whom I have not seen since the night was come, and soon it will be the dawn. 2. Fair comrade, whether you sleep or wake, sleep no more, sweetly wake, for in the east I see the star waxed that brings the day, for well I have recognized it, and soon, etc. 3. Fair comrade, in singing I call you; sleep no more, for I hear sing the bird that goes looking for day through the copse, and I fear lest the jealous one assail you, and soon, etc. 4. Fair comrade, come to the window and behold the stars of the sky; you will perceive whether I am a faithful messenger to you. If you do it not, yours will be the hurt from it, and soon, etc. 5. Fair comrade, since I parted from you I have not slept, nor moved from my knees, but have prayed God, the son of Holy Mary, that He restore you to me for loyal fellowship, and soon, etc. 6. Fair comrade, out there at the platform [above the steps] you prayed me not to be drowsy, but to wake all night till day, but now my song and my companionship do not please you, and soon, etc. 7. Fair, sweet comrade, I am in so rich a sojourn that I would not there should ever be morning or day, for the fairest ever born of woman I hold and caress, wherefore I lightly prize that foolish jealous one and the dawn." The point of the song lies, of course, in the contrast between the lover's real danger and the delight that could make him despise it.

We have about 80 pieces from Borneil, viz.: 18 sirventes, 20 *vers*, 7 sirvente-cansons, 28 cansons, 3 tensos, and several unclassed.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

1. P. 281.—There has been a great deal of discussion about the time when St. Front was begun, and the dates vary from 984 to 1150. See, for example, No. 5, 1895, p. 5, and 1897, p. 75. There is also doubt about the dates of other structures, but I have taken those which seem to have the best support. The picture of old Périgueux shows the condition of things about 1890.

2. P. 283.—Périgueux reminds us of Elias Cairel, who flourished about 1220–1230, and has left us some fifteen lyrics. He was a gold and silver worker of Sarlat, and in that place he died. During his life he is said to have visited all the "inhabited world." He lived in Monferrat with Guilhem IV., and probably visited the orient. One account says, "He sang badly, composed badly, played the viol badly, and talked yet worse; only he transcribed verses and music well." Another account says that he was not esteemed according to his deserts, because he had a disdain for barons and the world in general, but that he was really acute and well taught. His poems are respectable.

3. P. 284.—*Las Leys Damors* (or *Flors del Gai Saber*) was compiled by Guilhem Molinier, secretary or chancellor of the society established in Toulouse in 1323 (Chap. XX.). It contains three parts: Grammar, Metric, and Rhetoric. Though full of scholastic divisions and subdivisions it is a work of great value to us.

4. P. 284.—"Classical prosody." As all know, this system was not native in Latin, but was taken over from the Greek. Latin verse was probably originally based on accent, and in post-classical times reverted toward the primitive type. The popular Latin poetry from the fourth to the twelfth century, was based on accent and number of syllables, and shows a regular alternation of stressed and unstressed syllables. The earliest specimen of this verse is the song of Cæsar's soldiers: "*Ecce Cæsar nunc triumphat qui subegit Gallias*," etc.

5. P. 284.—"Theories." Lanier, for example, held that English prosody is based not on accent but on quantity.

6. P. 284.—The transition from classical to Romance prosody seems to have taken place about thus: 1. Even earlier than the third century the feeling for quantity began to be lost, and most of the errors of versification were due to the influence of the accent; 2. From faulty metres the poets went on to verses that reproduced

only the distribution of the *accents* of classical poetry. Perhaps it may also be said that the intention or the effect was to place accents where the long syllables came in the classical verse.

7. P. 284.—"Number of syllables." Monosyllabic lines were, of course, employed only for peculiar effects. Lines of two syllables are very seldom found. The Laws of Love do not recognize less than four; five are not infrequent, but six are much more common. The earliest lyrics appear to have had seven: we find this number in Marcabru, for example; and later it was used in alternation with eight. Eight and ten syllables are extremely common, and nine very rare. Eleven are not infrequent. Once we find fourteen, but this metre was really seven syllables doubled without rhyme in the middle.

8. P. 285.—"Word accent." In eight-syllable verse there was often a pretty regular iambic movement, but almost or quite never in verse of ten syllables. This feature is of course very complicated. Accent was not exactly the same thing in any case to the Provençals as it is to us. The Laws of Love say, "The accent is a regular melody or manner of the voice attaching itself specially to one syllable," and go on to add that accentuation was a manner of singing, even in reading and speaking. This takes us back to the fundamental difference between our own manner of speech and that of the Romance people. Still, as Stengel says, when an even number of syllables precedes the accented one there is naturally a trochaic movement; and when the number is odd, an iambic movement.

9. P. 285.—"Line accent." The optional extra syllable after an accent signified nothing. In counting syllables where two vowels in successive words came together (hiatus) sometimes the first was regularly elided (and the two words written together, since the apostrophe was unknown); sometimes the two were sounded and counted as one; sometimes both were sounded, and counted as two. The first method was most usual, and the verse gained an appearance of evenness and smoothness. Hiatus is found now and then in the best poets, especially when one of the words is a monosyllable; and, in fact, Pleines has found that the usage regarding hiatus and elision was quite irregular.

10. P. 285.—The division of lines was as follows: $9 = 4 + 5$ or $5 + 4$ (but this metre was not considered agreeable); $8 = 4 + 4$ (but,

as Gaston Paris says, this line early lost the division into two hemistichs) ; 10 = 4 + 6, 5 + 5, or 6 + 4 (the first being most common and the last having a solemn effect) ; 11 = 7 + 4, 8 + 3, 5 + 6, or sometimes 6 + 5 ; 12 = 6 + 6, except in one poem. The two accents of the line were always well marked from the earliest times (though in the 7 + 4 metre the first accent was sometimes dropped) ; but the pause (cæsura) was frequently disregarded. Poets differed, of course, in strictness. Thus in 4 + 6 there should be an evident pause just after the accent, but many popular poets introduced there an unaccented (and uncounted) syllable, and some committed the error of placing the pause after an unaccented but counted syllable. The eleven-syllable metre was often broken up by interior rhymes, and so, in fact, were other metres. Lines of eight or more syllables were called Major ; those of less than eight, Minor.

11. P. 285.—"The rhyme." Only perfect rhymes were permitted ; but a word could be repeated in a different sense,—in fact this was a feature of the "rich rhyme" (Bartsch). Narrative poetry was usually in couplets, or else many lines rhymed together. The sestine was the only unrhymed verse, and this was the only form in which the number of stanzas was positively fixed. Assonance was tolerated only in the case of monosyllables, and in dissyllables like *greater : sailor*. Polysyllabic lines are found. Feminine rhymes could be made up of two words,—*nation : may shun*. Alliteration, the great device of Anglo-Saxon verse, was not much practised ; but simple forms, either intentional or accidental, are not uncommon. Alliteration was, however, used systematically in a poem by G. Azemar. The names "masculine" and "feminine" rhymes may have come from the Provençal, for monosyllables often became dissyllables in the feminine : *bels, bela*. Grammatical rhyme was allowable, *i. e.*, different inflectional forms of the same word ; *e. g.*, *verais : veraia*. Leonine rhymes were not frequent. A word might be broken at the end of a line, *e. g.*, *aten-: dre garimen*. Cases are found where both the first and the last words of a line rhyme. The acrostic did not appear until the fourteenth century. The "hard" rhymes seem to have been accompanied with difficult music. Here is a specimen from Daniel : "*En breu brizaral temps braus | El bizel brumel e brancs | Qui s'entresenhon trastug | Desobre claus rams de folha*," etc. Some parts of the Midi showed a liking for assonance (Stengel).

12. P. 286.—"Standard metres." Occasionally a new metre became so famous that another poet than the inventor wished to try his hand at it. So, for example, Born imitated Borneil, taking care to say in whose manner he was writing. Sometimes even the rhymes of the pattern were followed.

13. P. 286.—"The poem" was called *trobar* (literally, to *find*, *i. e.*, something found, trobar being the regular word for a lyrical composition, from which comes *trobaire*, accusative *trobador*, in French *troubadour*, a *finder*, a lyric poet) or *obra*, a work. The tune was called *so*, *son*, or sometimes *sonet*. The sonnet form of verse was not known.

14. P. 286.—According to the *Leys Damors*, stanzas could be rhymed by fours, fives, etc., though the great troubadours did not leave such examples. Sometimes (A. de Maruelh) they were rhymed in 3 + 2. A part of the rhymes could run through the whole piece while others changed. In a few poems we find a complete change in the middle, corresponding to a change of subject-matter. A particularly ingenious scheme from Daude de Pradas goes thus: 1. a b b a c c d d; 2, c c d d a b b a; 3, b a a b d d c c; 4, d d c c b a a b; 5, a d c b c b d a; 6, b a c d d c a b.

15. P. 287.—The *descort* (see below) was an exception to this rule.

16. P. 287.—These rhymes are from Gavaudan the Old (1195–1215), who has left us about ten pieces, among which is a fine crusading-song (1210) against the Moors, the best called forth by that subject. We know nothing of him except the very little that can be gathered from his songs.

17. P. 287.—The following from Peire Vidal is curious:

Que fan l'efan d'aquela gent Engleza
qu'avan no van guerrajar ab Frances
mal an talan de la terr' Engolmeza,
tiran iran conquistar Gastines, etc.

The following from Faidit is one stanza out of six on the same rhymes: "*D'un dotç bell plaser | plasent | movon miei cant ver | valent | gient; | car si mos solatz | platz | als ben credentç | ni s'ieu be | fas re | de midons me ve, | cui no soi grasire; | liei desire | si c'alhor | mon desir no vire, | car lieis am e lieis ador | e causisc per la meglior.*"

Stengel thinks that all the stanza-forms were developed from

the single-rhyme strophe. As in other things, the troubadours differed in their originality regarding stanza-forms. In eighty pieces left by Borneil, there are fifty-four forms that appear nowhere else, while nearly all of Cardinal's forms are found elsewhere. P. d'Alvernhe said expressly that no song was very good which was like (in form) any other. A favorite device with some troubadours was the repetition of the same word in different forms, as in this from Guilhem Azemar: "*Comensamen comensarai | Comensan pus comensar sai.*" Cardinal has a line in which every word begins with *l*. Then there were many far-fetched intricacies in the later days, such as making the last line of each stanza a quotation from some famous poem.

Refrain was not original with the troubadours. It is found in Latin hymns, and was no doubt used in popular poetry. Its emotional value, to impress the central idea by many repetitions, was too great to be overlooked.

18. P. 288.—The tornada was something new. The name, like the Italian *volta*, signified a *return* to the melody of the stanza that preceded. It was often addressed to a friend, a messenger, a lady, a patron. Sometimes it was a remark upon the poem itself.

19. P. 288.—Suchier speaks of the tripartition of the stanza as observed more strictly by German mediæval poets than by the troubadours.

20. P. 288.—Dante's rule about the division of the stanza as stated in his *De Vulg. Eloq.* is: "*Si ante dieresim* (*hanc voltam vocamus cum vulgus alloquimur*) *repetitio fiat, stantiam dicimus habere pedes; et duos habere decet,—licet quandoque tres fiant, rarissime tamen. Si repetitio fiat post dieresim, tunc dicimus stantiam habere versus. Si ante non fiat repetitio, stantiam dicimus habere frontem; si post non fiat, dicimus habere syrma sive caudem.*" See also the notes on Chaps. XII. and XXXIV.; and for a specimen, note G. de Borneil's *Alba* in Chap. XXXVII., at the end.

21. P. 289.—The extreme variety and richness of troubadour forms was partly due, of course, to the formal character of the subject-matter, but was really owing to no single cause, but to many of the causes that made Provençal poetry what it was.

22. P. 289.—Marcabru said, "Marcabru knows how to turn and intertwine meaning and verse in such a manner that no one else

can take a single word away." Perdigo said to the joglar, "My son, I charge you on your honor, take good care that you understand the work and do not deface it."

23. P. 289.—The "song" (*canson*) devoted mainly to love, had five, six, or seven stanzas, made up either of ten-syllable lines, or else of a mixture, and with both kinds of rhyme in the greatest freedom.

The *vers*, the oldest name for a poem, was much like the *canson*, but in general more simple and slower in movement. Any topic might be its theme. According to the Laws of Love, it should have from five to ten stanzas, besides two tornadas. Eight or nine iambic syllables were the rule, with masculine rhymes, but the name *vers* was rather loosely used. (According to the biography of Peire d'Alvernhe, G. de Borneil made the first *canson; vers* was the word until then.)

The direct antithesis of the *canson* was the sirvente, *sirventés* (I have used the word *sirvente* instead of the Provençal *sirventes* in the text in the hope of making an English word of it), a poem of praise or censure; public or private; personal, moral or religious, or political; entirely free as regards form. In replying to a sirvente, a poet was bound to use the same form. Special forms of the sirvente were the Lament (*planh*), which was original with the troubadours (Springer), and the crusading-song. A piece specially composed for a joglar might be called *sirventes joglaresc*. The sirvente was originally composed, it is now held, by a *sirvent*, *i. e.*, a paid soldier of adventure, as the joglar was a paid entertainer. This is probably the correct explanation of the name, a point much debated. (See No. **27**, 1881, p. 264.) As Jeanroy says (No. **19**, CLI.), about every event of importance to the Midi from 1150 until almost 1300 left its mark in the sirventes of the time.

24. P. 289.—The poetical debate was called *tenso* (*lit.*, *dispute*), or *partimen* (*joc partit*). The two terms were not exactly equivalent, however. In the *tenso*, the poets spoke their real sentiments and ideas, and very likely each wrote a whole poem. The *partimen* was to the *tenso* like the tournament to the battle. One poet proposed a debatable question (to which, originally and strictly, the name *partimen* belonged, as Zenker contends), and allowed the other disputant to choose his side; they then composed stanzas in turn. Jeanroy thinks it probable that the *partimen* originated in northern France, and Stimming holds that in the Midi this kind

of poem began after 1180; but, on the other hand, it is difficult not to believe that from the earliest times of Provençal poetry improvised debates in verse were an amusement of social gatherings. Ambitious poets were eager to match their skill, and a company of lively, quick-witted people would enjoy nothing better than such a contest. Certainly, in its actual form, the *tenso* was peculiar to Provençal poetry (Stimming).

The word *tenso* was also used in a generic sense covering *partimen* also. In case there were more than two disputants (there were three in several cases, and four twice) the word *torneymen* has been employed, but it should be discarded. Sometimes one or both of the contestants were not real people, but, for example, Love, God, the heart, a horse, or even a mantle. The second speaker was obliged to use the form and the rhymes adopted by the first. Poems of this kind were not, necessarily, accompanied with music. The appeal to one or more judges at the close of the *partimen* was sometimes only to pay a compliment. Very few actual decisions are recorded, but if the decision was referred to some one on the spot a judgment might be given at once, and Jeanroy thinks this the usual way. In some cases, probably, the disputants were not at the same place, so that it was in effect a discussion by correspondence. Probably none of the *tensos* that we have were extemporaneous. The singing or reciting of a *partimen* seems always to have been done by a single person, not in dialogue. We find from two to eight stanzas, but six more often than any other number. There were frequently two, and sometimes four, tornadas, so that each speaker *might* have six turns. We find from four to thirteen lines in a stanza, and also fifteen and twenty-one; but eight was the most common number, and ten was next. Ten syllables were most usual, and then seven, and eight. (If love were the subject, a *partimen* might be called *joc d'amor*.)

25. P. 291.—Many other special names were used for poems of special sorts. The most important were the *alba*, morning-song; the *serena*, evensong; the *balada*, dancing-song; the *descort*, a piece in irregular form, particularly devoted to unrequited love (see No. 31, XI., p. 212); the *canson redonda* (round), a piece in which the last line of each stanza became the first line of the next; the *escondich*, a piece in which the poet justified himself to a lady; the *comjat*, a farewell to a lady when the poet ceased to love her; the *devinalh*, a piece playing on words that involved constant apparent contradictions; the *carros* (war-car), a piece

representing the poet's lady as attacked by other ladies; the *prezicansa*, a summons to some warlike undertaking; the *expositio*, a versified explanation of an obscure passage in some poem; the *roman*, any long poem, not in stanzas, except the next two (see No. 31, X., p. 485); the *novas* (news), narrative poetry and even moral and didactic pieces; the *breu*, or *letra*, a letter, called also *salut*, if it began with a formal salutation, and *donaire*, if it began and ended with the word *dona*, lady; the *comte*, narrative or didactic verse; the *ensenhamen* (instruction), a didactic piece; the *retronsa*, a piece with refrain, and the *pastorela* (pastoral), a piece told by a nobleman from his own point of view, beginning with a short narrative and introducing a conversation with a woman of inferior rank. There were other refinements of terminology. The *pastorela*, *alba*, and *balada* were popular forms, and for that reason pretty much ignored by the troubadours.

26. P. 292.—I have called the church Romanesque, but in fact the restoration in the sixteenth century left it a medley of styles.

Near Ribérac is La Tour Blanche, from which went Guilhem de la Tor, a joglar and troubadour who flourished 1220–1255 and has left us twelve to fifteen lyrics. He went to Lombardy, and there carried off the wife of a barber, taking her to Lake Como and living with her on the most affectionate terms. When she died he became insane from grief, and fancying that she had feigned death to be rid of him he would not allow her body to remain in the grave, but kissed and talked to it as if she were alive, begging her, if alive, to return to him, or, if dead, to tell him what punishment she was suffering, so that he could have masses performed for her repose. Finally, people would no longer tolerate so frightful a drama, and drove him away. Then he went about searching for sorcerers who should restore her to life. One of these told him that if he would read the Psalter, say 150 paternosters, and feed seven poor people every day for a year before tasting food, she would live again, though she would neither eat, drink, nor speak. Guilhem carried out the prescription, and then, as it had no effect, "allowed himself to die."

27. P. 296.—M. Aurelius Antoninus, IV., 48.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

1. P. 297.—"Gascony" is used here in a broad sense. Montaigne was born in Périgord, but lived in Bordeaux and is claimed

by that city. Bordeaux was the residence of the Gascon dukes until the province came into the possession of the counts of Poitou. The Gascons remained as independent of France as possible, and in 1004 Abbon, making a journey to this region, said as soon as he crossed the Dordogne, "Here I am actually more powerful than our lord, the king of the Franks, for in these parts no one respects his authority."

2. P. 299.—Ausonius wrote: "*Insignem Baccho, fluvioque, virisque,* | *Moribus, ingeniisque hominum, procerumque senatu.*

3. P. 299.—Among the early known troubadours of Gascony were *Cercamon*, *Aldric*, *Marcabru*, and *Peire de Valeira*; among the later: *Marsan*, *Calanson*, *Peire de Corbiac*, Aimeric de Belenoi, Amanieu de la Broqueira, Bernart Arnaut d'Armagnac, Bernart de Panassac, Peire de Durban, and Peire de Ladils. Those whose names are italicized have been treated already. The others are of slight importance, but as A. de Belenoi was among the seven mentioned by Dante in *De Vulg. Eloq.*, a few words may be given him. He was a nephew of P. de Corbiac, was born at Lesparra (Lesparre, near Bordeaux), and studied for the Church. He lived long at Rius (Rieux, Haute-Garonne), where he loved Gentils, wife of Raimon de Benca (Benque, near St. Gaudens). He spent some time in Provence at the court of Raimon Berenguier IV., in Castile, and in Roussillon. His period is the first half of the 13th century (1210–1241, Chabaneau). He died in Catalonia. We have about twenty of his pieces, but find no reason in them why Dante should have mentioned him. Diez mentions also an Aimeric de Belmont, but this poet was the same as Belenoi.

4. P. 300.—Eleanor and her sons had charge of Bordeaux for Henry II. after 1163.

5. P. 303.—They were also called viscounts. The house was a branch of that of Angoulême.

6. P. 303.—The Provençal biography describes Rudel's verse as "*Paubres motz*," *lit.*, "poor words." Differing interpretations have been placed on this expression. For example, Stengel, in a review of Stimming's book, holds that it means poor poetry, *i. e.*, without real feeling; while Suchier and Paris, contrasting it with "*ric trobar*," think it means that he did not study the obscure style or out-of-the-way rhymes.

7. P. 304.—Vid. No. 358, III., p. 94, st. 2. "That joy shall fill,"

etc.; *lit.*, "that glad I may [indeed] be gladdened," *i. e.*, have a deep and lasting happiness.

8. P. 307.—The castle and the ancient village of Blaye were swept away in 1683 by Vauban to make room for the present fortress, just out of sight on the right of the picture. The church of St. Romanus went at that time, and more than two hundred houses were destroyed. Anciently the name Gironde covered the Garonne as far as Bordeaux. Ausonius praised the harbor of Blaia. The forest is mentioned in numerous documents of the period.

9. P. 307.—Odierna (1118–1161), wife of Raimon I.

10. P. 308.—Rudel probably took ship at Aigues Mortes, not Blaye, but the sight of out-putting vessels would turn his thoughts seaward and afar.

11. P. 309.—Vid. No. 41, p. 54. (This is Stimming's No. V.) I give stanzas 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, and the tornada. In st. 3 Rudel speaks of begging the lady for a lodging near her "for the love of God," so that they may talk joyfully together; and in st. 4 he explains that it is not lack of the means of communication, but simply the great distance that deters him (a state of things exactly fitting the theory that she lived at Tripoli), "but let all be as pleases God." The word translated "scrip" (*tapis*) is of doubtful meaning. It has been rendered *souquenille* by Raynouard, *Pilgertasche* by Diez, and *déguisement* by G. Paris. The allusion to a presiding genius is decidedly interesting.

12. P. 312.—The account of Rudel given in the text is not the one at present accepted by the best authorities. A few years ago the distinguished scholar, M. Gaston Paris (No. 23, vol. 53, p. 225), taking up an idea of Stengel's, argued with beautiful clearness and skill that the tale has no foundation beyond vague allusions in Rudel's poems to a "distant love," the fact that he went to Palestine on the second crusade, and the probability, or perhaps certainty, that he died there in 1147. Upon these realities the romance was started by one joglar and built up by others. This view is now, so far as I know, the accepted one among scholars; and Monaci (giving, as it seems to me, one more illustration of the credulousness of incredulity when it has a theory of its own) has endeavored to prove that the "distant love" was Queen Eleanor.

It seems to me, I venture to say, that the traditional view has not been overthrown, but only needs to be interpreted, and I have tried to interpret it in the text.

First we must remember that we have several accounts of men loving ladies they had not seen. Raimbaut d'Aurenga, Peire II., and B. A. d'Armagnac are three such cases.

In the second place we must consider the enterprising spirit of gallants. Savaric de Mauleon, a great lord full of cares, posted all the way down to Gascony whenever his lady called. I believe that had Rudel made such an ado about the distance to his love, the doubtfulness of his ever seeing her, etc., he would have been laughed out of gallant society if she lived within the confines of France.

We must next consider the man Rudel. We are dealing here with a peculiar organization,—not steady and logical, but poetical, unpractical, enthusiastic, overstrung, artificial, impulsive, idealistic, unbalanced, and even flighty. Coherence of ideas and consistency of action are not to be expected. He could lose himself in imaginations and find delight in a love like "manna." None the less he was human, with intense natural passions.

Such a man could at the same time love a real woman and an imaginary woman; or, what is the same thing, could find refuge from the coldness of flesh and blood and the unsatisfactoriness of physical love in dreaming of a woman so superior and far away as to seem almost beyond reach and out of his world. He could say that he had forsworn love when he gave up sensuous love and entered upon the crusade; and yet could nurse the spiritual love as a means of freeing himself from the flesh, as a sentimental comfort, and as a fulcrum of thought.

In fact, since no troubadour could live without some sort of love, his renunciation of the real love in the crusading song is prima facie evidence that he *had* found an ideal love. This ideal love would most naturally begin before the other was abandoned.

My suggestion then is this: Rudel loved a handsome woman in France; but, repelled by her coldness and craving something better, his feelings began to attach themselves to an ideal love for the countess of Tripoli of whose good deeds he had heard from pilgrims. The first (physical) love waned and the second (ideal) grew. Perfectly in accord with the latter came the resolution to forswear physical love and take the cross. There coexisted in his thoughts, then, an ideal and a sensuous love and a religious enthu-

siasm. This is the complex state of mind shown by the song written just before he set out. The "distant love" was so spiritual and even so unreal that sometimes it appeared to be something and sometimes nothing; and even when about to go he could scarcely believe he should ever see the object of his thoughts.

We come now to the objections which M. Paris makes against the biography (the Roman numerals refer to the numbering of the poems in Stimming's edition):

a. The story is a complete romance such as reality scarcely ever furnishes.

But reality does once in a while give us a "complete romance."

b. The Provençal biographies are often unreliable.

But they are often correct.

c. The biographer says that he took the cross to visit the countess of Tripoli, whereas the song composed at this time (I.) shows that he was in love with a French lady and sacrificed this love under the impulsion of a religious fervor.

This point has been cleared up above. Further: stanza 7 of this song may refer to the "distant love," it seems to me, and the whole piece tends to confirm my theory. Stanzas 1 to 6 are devoted to sensuous longings. Stanza 7 is thus translated by M. Paris: "*Amour, je me sépare de vous avec allégresse, parceque je vais cherchant mon mieux, et j'ai cette bonne aventure d'en avoir le cœur joyeux grâce à mon bon garant, qui me veut et m'appelle et m'accepte et qui m'a mis en bon espoir.*" To whom do these mysterious allusions refer? To God, thinks M. Paris. Do they not suit better the "distant love" who has (we may assume) by this time (for he is now setting out) heard of Rudel's purpose and sent some encouragement? If to God, why is the poet so mysterious? In the next stanza he uses the word "God" without hesitation. Stanza 7 would be the natural place to introduce it (if this were the poet's meaning), since the transition of thought is made there. In short, this song seems to me to refer to three things: 1, his sensuous love (st. 1–6); 2, his ideal love (st. 7); and 3, the crusade (st. 8).

d. In 1152, Odierna was not in a convent but was the guardian of her minor son.

There were cases when, for urgent reasons, a man or a woman left the convent. Roselin of Marseille did so and

married. May she not have entered the convent in 1147 and, when her husband was assassinated about 1152, have come out to take charge of her son? Or is not the expression "*si rendet monga*" compatible with her having entered a convent but left it before taking the final vows? Or finally, we may admit that the detail about the lady's entering the convent was added to round out the story. It comes at the end and would have seemed a fitting conclusion. We could sacrifice it.

e. Poem III. celebrates a "distant love" but still apparently one not very far away; and it can hardly be supposed that the poet would celebrate two distinct "distant" loves.

These poems may have been separated by years, and Rudel may have forgotten one before he wrote the other. Further: what we find in III. is, "*Luenh es lo castels.*" Is not this an ordinary use of the word, quite different from the special use of it in "*amor de lonh*," repeated eight times in V.? What is "bizarre" in his saying of his French lady, "Her castle is distant," and at another time celebrating the ideal love of Palestine as a "distant love"?

f. His exclamation, "Would that I were a pilgrim!" may mean only that he would be glad to approach her in the disguise of a pilgrim.

Still a more obvious meaning is that which has been usual.

g. It is true that in VI. Rudel speaks of a lady whom he has not seen and does not expect to see, but the piece is a *jeu d'esprit*, as is shown by his calling attention to its technical merits. This is inconsistent with the theory of "a mysterious and irresistible passion."

But we must remember Rudel's peculiar character; he was himself a "*jeu d'esprit*," and M. Paris remarks of one of his pieces (p. 239): "*L'incohérence des pensées successivement exprimées dans une même piece . . . a rarement été poussée aussi loin.*" Besides, Rudel does not say more about the technique of his piece than others, *e. g.*, R. d'Aurenga in the piece translated in Ch. VI., yet R. d'Aurenga's piece bears without question on a real love affair. Finally it is M. Paris, not the biography, that speaks of an "irresistible passion" for the lady; his quest was due to religion as much as love.

h. Poem V. [translated in the text] speaks more clearly of the "distant love"; but (1) the poet does not say he has never seen her, (2) he appears to have reasons for believing she

did not return his love, and (3) he is more troubled about this than about the distance to her.

(1) We cannot demand that he say everything he could say. (2) It was entirely natural for him to fear so, for very likely she did not then know of his existence, and, besides, if he could not win the woman of common clay, how could he win this superior being? (3) This also was natural, for the distance could almost certainly be conquered, but he might entirely fail to win the lady's heart.

i. The strongest support of the biography is stanzas 6 and 7 of VI., which distinctly announce the poet's purpose to seek his lady "in the form of a good pilgrim," with a suggestion that death may result to him. But (1) these stanzas appear suspicious "precisely because of this close accord with the legend" and (2) it is easier to understand why the stanzas should speak of his death if they were interpolated after the event.

(1) But if agreement between a poem and the biography is "suspicious" and disagreement proves the biography false, what chance is there for the latter? (2) Every man who went on a crusade felt that he was taking his life in his hands, and so, in fact, he was.

j. These stanzas (6 and 7 of VI.) contradict the rest of the piece. In ll. 8 and 25, Rudel declares he shall never see her, but in l. 38 that he will go to her.

But every one of us, when entering upon a hazardous undertaking, has said to himself at moments, "I never shall succeed! It is impossible!" Remember Rudel's character and the nature of his enterprise. Possibly, too, he was already in poor health and feared he could not survive the voyage,—as, according to the story, he did not.

k. Stanza 8, which is lively and makes no mention of his departure, is inconsistent with the sad presentiment of stanza 7.

But it is common for those who bid a sad adieu to assume a gay tone and ignore the outlook; and Rudel was peculiarly mercurial.

l. The word *ancessi* in l. 35 is proof that the stanza was interpolated, for the word would not have been used so early as 1147.

But this word is purely conjectural, a reading suggested by

Suchier. And are we sure, after all, that it could not have been used so early?

m. Stanzas 6 and 7 are given in but one of the five MSS., and that one not of the highest authority. This suggests that they are not by Rudel.

It *is* a suggestion but cannot be called a proof. And it seems to me that an interpolator would hardly make a line as obscure as the first one of stanza 7.

n. If we examine these stanzas (6 and 7 of VI.) closely, we can see how a joglar made them up,—partly from the legend and partly from other pieces of Rudel's.

Of course it is easy to see how they *might* have been made up, but that is very far from proving that they were.

o. Some mention of the event would have been made by William of Tyre.

But consider how many remarkable incidents must have been occurring—things of far greater public moment—and how few have been chronicled.

p. Tripoli was not the port where ships from the west were accustomed to land their passengers.

But the ships of that day were not our ocean liners, and the prince of Blaia could land where he chose. Does not this point of superficial improbability argue against the theory that the story was invented?

q. The theme of love from hearsay is found in the fictions of all peoples.

So is the theme of love from personal acquaintance; does such love therefore never occur in fact?

r. It is noteworthy that M. Paris finds himself unable to explain ll. 29–30 of V. [ll. 15–16 of the translation] except by accepting the biography, consoling himself by remarking that if the poet when he wrote this poem had decided to go, he would not have cried, "Oh, if I could be there as pilgrim!"

But to *go* was one thing, to *arrive* was another, for the dangers by the way were great. He might well say in the same poem, "I will embark," and "Would that I might be in her presence!" This removes the critic's objection and leaves him the difficulty about these lines, upon which he remarks (p. 249, note 1): "*Je ne sais à quoi font allusion les vers 29–30, 'Ben tenc lo senhor per verai Per qu'ieu verrai l'amor de lonh.' On pourrait dans l'hypothèse de la légende comprendre*

que le poète veut parler de Dieu, et dit que la croisade entreprise pour Dieu lui servira à voir sa dame lointaine."

This part of my position could not be stated more clearly.

If these points are well taken we have the testimony of the biography and the poems for the story (except perhaps the lady's becoming a nun) and against the story nothing but conjectures. We must accept it or believe that unknown joglars, one or more, created what M. Paris himself calls "a beautiful and significant . . . myth, and a myth so profound that it has tempted and must yet tempt more than one true poet; . . . one of the sweetest and most touching symbols of man's eternal aspiration toward the ideal." Aside from the evidence, it is easier for me to believe that a known poet, knight, and prince of Rudel's transcendental disposition conceived the idea. It is, perhaps, worth adding that, as G. Paris remarks, Rudel's biography may have come from Sain Circ, who was in the region of Blaye about fifty years after Rudel's death; so that he was in a position to get pretty near the facts about Rudel, while he might err about the lady's course.

Schultz says in support of Paris that it was "wonderful" that the countess was ready to receive him; but are not people frequently in a state to receive visitors?

We have six songs from Rudel. Their language illustrates the early recognition of Limousinian—used by Guilhem IX., Eble, and Marcabru—as the literary speech, for Rudel did not employ his local dialect. (This belonged to the Provençal family, whereas at present the speech is northern.) Rudel's music was good. One of the songs is noteworthy for having an echo at the close of each stanza, —*i. e.*, the final vowel is twice repeated as an exclamation: "*a! a!*"

The story of Rudel has been famous for centuries. Petrarch, in his *Trionfo d'Amore*, wrote:

> "Giaufré Rudel ch'usò la vela e'l remo
> A cercar la sua morte."

Uhland and Heine both drew inspiration from it. It has been thought that Leopardi's *Consalvo* was under obligations to it. Swinburne has retold it in his own way in *The Triumph of Time*. The stanzas begin:

"There lived a singer in France of old,
By the tideless, dolorous, midland sea,
In a land of sand and ruin and gold
There shone one woman and none but she."

See also Browning's poem, "Rudel to the Lady of Tripoli." Carducci and Mary Robinson, also, are indebted to the tale.

Marcabru addressed a poem "To Jaufre Rudel beyond the sea."

CHAPTER XL.

1. P. 315.—The old tower (once a part of the castle) now standing in Angoulême, dates from the close of the thirteenth century. The counts were fond of a castle of theirs at Bouteville, a lofty and beautiful site, and they often sojourned there, keeping in touch with Angoulême by means of signal lights. The picture represents Angoulême castle as it was about 1840.

2. P. 316.—Raimon Leugier of Dosfraires, near Nice, became Cadenet's first patron, and the famous Blacatz aided him. We do not know when he entered the monastery, but he was there in 1239. The lady whom he chiefly sang was the daughter of Amfos II. of Aragon, wife of Raimon VI. of Toulouse; but he celebrated also the countess of Angoulême. He was bright and clever, but superficial. In one song he begs his lady to learn "three letters of the A B C—, more I do not ask." These he says are A M T (*i. e.*, "*Am te*"—I love thee). Yet, he adds, it might be well for her also to know O and C (for these spell *Oc*, *Yes*). He addressed a poem of expostulation to a count of Burlatz who had been so offended by the abuse of some poetaster as to withdraw his favor from poets as a class. Cadenet tells him that the blame of a fool is really praise. We have about twenty-five pieces from him. His last poems were sermons.

3. P. 317.—The reader already knows that the lives of many of the troubadours cannot be dated with precision and so will take with proper allowances this view of their doings at a given time. It seems to me worth while to make such a survey even though the details are largely conjectural.

4. P. 318.—Of Rigaut's period we can only say that he flourished about 1200–1210. He has commonly been called Richart.

5. P. 318.—His lady's husband was Jaufre, probably the Gaufridus de Tonai who appears in history as a leading noble in 1214 and 1220. Jaufre was acquainted with Savaric de Mauleon. Taonai is now Tonnay-Charente near Rochefort. Chabaneau suggests that the lady was a granddaughter of the troubadour of Blaia, but Gaston Paris calls her the grand-niece. Her father's name was Jaufre Rudel.

6. P. 319.—The nave and sculptured portal of St. Matthias's go back to the twelfth century, but are not particularly interesting.

7. P. 321.—Rigaut's story comes to us in a peculiar way. There is first the meagre Provençal biography. Next comes a *razo*, probably due to the joglars, telling of his difficulty with his lady and of the reconciliation, but making no mention of the Court of Le Puy. Finally we have an Italian tale (No. 64 of the Novellino in Gualteruzzi's edition) which with blunders as to names—*e.g.*, Rigaut giving place to Alamanno, *i. e.*, perhaps Bertran de Lamanon—presents a story based upon this *razo* and probably other Provençal documents. On this is founded the bracketed passage of the text. Of course this Italian story has no historical character, but as the first stanza of the poem appeals by name to the Court of Le Puy, and as so many lovers could not so well have been assembled anywhere else, I have accepted the idea. The whole account is, however, only a joglar's tale, and like other gossip more or less true, or possibly entirely false.

The Italian author, however, perhaps not liking the reason given by the Provençal *razo* (as in my account) for the estrangement, explained it as due to Rigaut's having divulged the name of his lady at a banquet when heated by wine and urged on by comrades who by agreement boasted of their successes for the express purpose of getting him to betray himself. For this offence the poet was discarded and became a hermit. One day he learned from some knights who chanced to pass his dwelling of a great festival to be held at Le Puy, and seized with a desire to take part in it he borrowed a horse and armor, appeared as a champion, and won the first prize. On opening his helmet he was recognized and besought to sing. (All this is of course the story-teller's invention.) He refuses to sing until forgiven by his lady, the lady names her conditions, the poet (bethinking him of the approaching feast of Candlemas) composes the song of the text, and sings it at the feast,

the required number of lovers intercede, and the reconciliation is effected.

8. P. 321.—Vid. No. 41, p. 70. There are five stanzas and two tornadas, one of which is given by only one MS. I give stanzas one and two. In st. 3 he admits that love made him proud "like Daedalus who said that he was Jesus and wished to fly to heaven." In st. 4 he says that if he could he would imitate "phœnix, of which there is no more," and purge his sin by burning himself, so that his falsehoods should come to life again in tears and sighs.

9. P. 322.—Rigaut's Spanish patron was Diego Lopez de Haro, of Vizcaya, whose praises were sung by several troubadours, and who died in 1215.

Besides the proverbs and sayings in this and other chapters, the following are perhaps worth quoting: "There are many to say how a thing should be done and few to do it." "Fair weather after foul." "Who buys dear, sells dear." "Hunger flavors the food, and toil makes the bed softer." "Who gains easily, spends quickly." "The higher one rises the farther one may fall." "Flour feeds many a fool." "Who knows not, does not know." "Let not a wise man contend with a fool." "A wise man is rich in his shirt." "A wise man that errs must be blamed more than a fool." "One evil brings another." "The blow of a friend is better than the kiss of a traitor." "He is a fool, indeed, who seeks his own harm." "Love takes more than it is willing to give." "Who loves well chastises well." "The man that rides second cannot kiss whom he would." "The man that skins you the first time cannot shave you the second." "One cannot find refuge from slander even in the grave." "A woman who entangles herself with two men will find it hard not to do the same with a third." "It is in need that one recognizes a friend."

10. P. 323.—Vid. No. 41, p. 90. With the following exceptions, the original is followed so closely that a literal translation is unnecessary: Line 1, lit., "In a garden beneath hawthorn leafage"; l. 3, lit., "Cries that the dawn comes"; l. 11, lit., "Let us do it all in despite of the jealous one"; l. 13, lit., "Let us make a new sport"; l. 16, lit., "In the garden where the birds sing"; l. 19, lit., "Of his breath I have drunk a sweet beam." The refrain is, literally, "Oh God, oh God, dawn! So quick it comes!"

The concluding stanza is sometimes placed at the beginning. The watchman on the turret of the donjon was accustomed to salute daybreak with a few notes on a pipe or horn.

CHAPTER XLI.

1. P. 324.—G. Riquier, the last of the troubadours, endeavored to explain the origin of the art. He said: "The art of the joglars was invented by men of intelligence and nobles of some knowledge, to divert and honor the nobility with instrumental music. Then came the troubadours [*i. e.*, poetry], to recount noble actions, praise the excellent, and encourage them to do well." Jeanroy (see No. 19, CLI., p. 374) attaches a good deal of importance to this dictum. But (1) Riquier was not a scholar, (2) he had not access to the results of modern investigations, (3) he lived so long after the thing he describes that as a "*souvenir*" (Jeanroy) his opinion can hardly be thought of weight, and (4) the slight value of his testimony seems to me to be shown by the inaccuracy of his description of the aims of the troubadours in the words quoted above. This description accords, probably, with Riquier's theory of what the troubadours *should* do, but in fact they were, primarily, poets of love. Riquier's dictum seems to me only a bright guess, and so, I think, it is generally regarded. With this chapter compare what was said in XXXIV. of the origin of troubadour music.

2. P. 327.—For instance, in No. 143, p. 13, note 1, are quotations from mediæval writers, bringing the *joculatores* before us at the dates of 791, 1039, and 1045, always as noisy and vagabondish. In 1058 a witness to a charter appears as "*joglarius*," which shows that the calling was a recognized profession at that time. Paschasius Radbertus mentioned poetry in the popular tongue about 850. As the reader has probably seen an article by Jeanroy, in No. 19, CLI. (1899), in which nothing is said of the centuries of popular verse running back to Roman times, which, according to the text, was transformed into troubadour verse, a few comments are perhaps needed. Jeanroy's words are (p. 374): "C'est pour eux (*i. e.*, the more refined nobles of southern France) que les troubadours perfectionnèrent cette poésie *toute spontanée* qui dut sourdre dans les couches profondes du people dès que la langue eut conscience d'elle-même." [Italics mine.] This *appears* to deny all connection of troubadour poetry with anything antecedent.

But (1) Jeanroy probably did not intend to go back of the proximate sources of Provençal poetry. The same omission was found by Gaston Paris (No. 334) in Jeanroy's work (No. 213), and was commented on thus: "Il n'a pas pris soin . . . de rechercher . . . si elle [la poésie lyrique en France] datait seulement du moyen âge ou remontait à l'époque romaine; il ne s'est presque pas occupé des témoignages positifs que, dans les siècles antérieurs aux monuments que nous en avons, en peut recueillir sur son existence." (2) Jeanroy does, however, mention that the joglars descended from the *mimi*, *scenici*, *thymelici*, etc., of Roman Gaul, and he alludes to the literary entertainment provided by such people, *e. g.*, the verses composed by a *joculator* and recited before Charlemagne (774). (3) In support of the text may be cited, besides the words of Gaston Paris, above, No. 294 and No. 363, p. 34.

3. P. 327.—There was also some Byzantine influence, but it was probably insignificant so far as troubadour poetry is concerned.

4. P. 331.—The rebec was of Persian origin.

5. P. 337.—These May festivals had their origin in pagan celebrations in honor of Venus. The character of the dances is inferred from dances still found in remote districts of France.

6. P. 338.—This ballad, "a precious pearl of folk-lore, as L. Römer calls it, is known from its first line as "*A l'entrade del tens clar.*" Just how old it is, and whether it was actually one of the songs sung by girls in their May festivities, we do not positively know, but it is regarded as at least the nearest (though not quite the only) approach we have to that kind of poetry. The original may be found in No. 41, p. 86. In l. 21, I have followed the reading adopted by Bartsch instead of that adopted by Appel after G. Paris (*avrillouse*), because the theory has reference to festivities in May, not April, and the poem might not seem to the reader to agree with the text otherwise. It has been suggested by Stengel that perhaps the refrain consisted originally of only two lines: "*A la vie, ialous! | lassaz nos ballar entre nos!*"

A literal translation is as follows: "At the coming of clear weather, to begin gladness anew and annoy the jealous [husband], the queen wishes to show how full of love she is. She has had all bidden,—let there be none, even to the sea,—maid or bachelor—that do not all come to dance in the glad dance. The king comes

there from the other side to interrupt the dance, for he is in fright lest some one carry away from him the brightly glancing queen [or, the April queen]. But for nothing [in the world] will she do it, for she has no care for the old man but [cares] for a light bachelor who knows well how to comfort the delicious lady. Who then sees her dance and display her lovely person can indeed say with truth that the joyous queen has not her like in the world. *Refrain:* Away, away, jealous one. Let us, let us dance by ourselves, by ourselves." (Interjections omitted.) The music of this song is from MS. X (Restori), of about 1200 A.D.

Another May song ran thus: "Happy be the lady who does not make her friend languish, but without fear of jealousy or blame goes to find her knight in wood, meadow, or garden, leads him to her chamber the better to be happy with him, and leaves the jealous [husband] on the edge of the bed, and if he speaks replies to him, 'Not a word; away with you, my friend reposes in my arms: it is the first of May.' And he takes himself off."

7. P. 338.—It is worth while to quote the exact words of Gaston Paris's theory: "*Je voudrais en effet rendre vraisemblable cette thèse, que la poésie des troubadours proprement dite, imitée dans le Nord à partir du milieu du XII. siècle et qui est essentiellement la poésie courtoise, a son point de départ dans les chansons de danses et notamment de danses printannières; et subsidiairement que les chansons qui lui ont servi de point de départ appartenaient à une région intermédiaire entre le Nord et le Midi, et qu'elles ont rayonné au Midi pour s'y transformer très anciennement, au Nord pour y rester longtemps telles quelles.*" (No. 334, p. 58.)

8. P. 339.—As Jeanroy points out (No. 19, vol. CLI.) Provençal literature was not *due* to these causes, but certainly it was favored by them.

9. P. 339.—Answers to these questions are given on pp. 354 and 356 of the next chapter.

CHAPTER XLII.

1. P. 340.—The prejudices of the monkish historians (which everybody understands) are illustrated by the necrology of Fontrevault, which thus describes Eleanor (whose chief virtue in the historian's eyes was no doubt her liberality to the establishment there): "The glory of her birth was adorned by the purity of her

habits, and the correctness of her life by the fair blossoms of her virtue, and by her incomparable goodness and uprightness she has surpassed all or almost all the queens that ever lived." One churchman, similarly under obligations to Guilhem IX., praised him enthusiastically.

2. P. 341.—In saying that Eleanor was Bernart's mistress I use the word, as always when speaking of the ladies sung by the troubadours, without implying anything as to her virtue. It is difficult to believe that the relations between these two were platonic; yet a study of Bernart's expressions and the history, leaves it in my mind doubtful whether their intentions were fully carried out. The mistress of Henry alluded to was the "Fair Rosamund" (Clifford), but I do not mean to affirm that Eleanor literally gave her a cup of poison, as the story would have us believe.

3. P. 343.—It would be interesting to carry Guilhem's lineage back to Guilhem "The Great," who, at the beginning of the eleventh century, "had many books and read diligently therein," as Watterbach says. So early at least began the literary tastes of this brilliant family.

4. P. 344.—Vid. No. 41, p. 94, st. 1.

5. P. 344.—Vid. No. 358, V., p. 117, foot. Lit., "Each one should enjoy [to the full] the joy that makes him glad."

6. P. 345.—The description of the duke's personal appearance is mostly imaginary, but from his son and other descendants we can draw his portrait with some confidence. One of the chroniclers speaks of his personal beauty. The charm of his wit is well attested.

The original account of the duke's affair with the two ladies is given in No. 41, p. 95. The last stanza, which mentions sending the song to the ladies, appears only in MS. C, and is given at the foot of p. 96; very possibly another hand added it. A portion may be found in English in No. 97, II., p. 210.

7. P. 347.—Moutierneuf had originally four turrets, but Coligny's Calvinists destroyed two, besides doing other damage. The curé told me where the troubadour duke was interred.

8. P. 347.—Hilary was bishop of Poitiers. Poitiers, Lyons, and Arles led in the introduction of Christianity into Gaul.

9. P. 347.—Most of the present church is only about eight hundred years old.

10. P. 347. The *Palais de Justice*, of which Eleanor's *Salle des Pas Perdus* is a part, is said to date from the Emperor Julian's time (about 357). The fireplace which cuts off the *Salle* is comparatively modern. Jeanne d'Arc was interrogated in this *Palais* before the Parlement of Paris. Of the ancient palace of the counts there remain only insignificant fragments, between the gates of St. Lazare and Rochereuil, near the Clain.

11. P. 348.—Notre Dame may have been standing in 950.

12. P. 348.—She was named Malbergeon.

13. P. 348.—The duke's words to the two bishops were: "*Antea crispabis pectine refugum a fronte capillum quam ego vicecomitissæ indicam repudiam*"; and, "*Tantum certe te odi ut nec meo te dignerodio, nec cælum unquam intrabis meæ manus ministerio.*" (William of Malmesbury.)

14. P. 349.—The principal dates in Guilhem's life are: born, Oct. 22, 1071; began to reign, 1087; obtained possession of Toulouse, 1098; left it, 1100; took the cross (largely perhaps because he did not wish to be outdone) at Limoges, 1100; set out for Palestine, 1101; returned, 1103; excommunicated, 1114; went to Spain, 1119; conquered and lost Toulouse, 1124; at war with the king of France, 1126; died, Feb. 10, 1127.

15. P. 349.—In his time Aquitaine included Gascony, Poitou, Saintonge, Aunis, Agen, Limousin, and the suzerainty over Auvergne (whence the English claim to that province). Quercy, Albi, Gevaudan, Velay (the region about Le Puy), and Rouergue belonged to Toulouse. Guilhem had a certain claim to Toulouse through his wife Philippa, daughter of the count of Toulouse. As duke of Aquitaine, Guilhem was the ninth of the name; as count of Poitou, the seventh.

We have eleven lyrical pieces from him. His Provençal biography (only six lines devoted to him) may have come from Sain Circ (O. Schultz). It is suspected that a French "romance" of the thirteenth century was based upon his doings; the name of the hero (Joufroi) may have come by a mistake from the name of Guilhem's father (Jaufre).

16. P. 349.—His army was 60,000 knights and a greater number of foot-soldiers according to William of Malmesbury; 300,000 according to Orderic Vital; 30,000 plus men folk and women folk according to No. 139; 100,000 according to Paul Meyer. Orderic

Vital read and described Guilhem's poem on his crusading experiences.

17. P. 351.—Vid. No. **63**, col. 32. I give the piece complete. Note the simplicity of the form. The only rhyme carried from stanza to stanza is that of the last line. The last line of the piece is "*e vair e gris e sembeli*," *i. e.*, robes trimmed with furs of various kinds, representing the pride and luxury of life. It is not certain that this piece was composed at the time suggested in the text, but that seems very probable. Such is the opinion of P. Meyer.

18. P. 351.—This is said (No. **196**) to be the earliest allusion to fairies in modern literature. Vid. No. **41**, p. 80, lines 11 and 12.

19. P. 353.—We are not sure that Etienne de Bourbon's anecdote about "a count of Poitou" refers to Guilhem IX., but Chabaneau seems right in suggesting that it does.

20. P. 353.—Vid. No. **63**, col. 27, st. 1.

21. P. 354.—The duke's Provençal biography emphasizes his Don Juan proclivities and is fully confirmed by his poems.

22. P. 355.—Vid. No. **358**, V., p. 118.

23. P. 356.—Vid. No. **41**, p. 52. L. Roemer denies this piece to Guilhem on the ground that it is too skilful, proposing as possible authors Borneil and R. d'Aurenga, though he admits that the style is too simple for the latter. To me the piece appears very much what we might expect of the duke,—lordly, cavalier, and somewhat crude, and not at all like either of these two poets. Both Bartsch and Appel attribute it to him. L. 29, "minstrel", *lit.*, "My friend Daurostre"; but the next line seems to show that D. was a minstrel in the duke's employ. Note the refrain word at the end of the fifth line of each stanza,—in the original, "love."

24. P. 357.—It has been denied that Celtic instinct had anything to do with the tone of troubadour literature, and no doubt it was not its proximate cause. But if this Celtic instinct is alive in France today (and one cannot be there long without seeing its action in both secular and religious affairs) it must have been alive 750 years ago; and if alive it must have acted.

25. P. 357.—It should be remembered that the popular poetry went on as before; only a part of the stream was diverted into courtly circles.

26. P. 357.—It is interesting to note that Guilhem's natural son Aimar had a son Guilhem who married the poetess Biatritz, "coun-

tess of Dia," so that his blood and hers mingled in the famous Diane de Poitiers.

While Guilhem IX. at six years of age was learning to ride a horse, Henry the Fourth's humiliation at Canossa marked the solidification of the papal power; while at seventeen years he was taking up the burdens of power, the feudal system was definitely organized (1088); and while he was inaugurating the career of modern poetry, Abelard, born eight years later, was doing the same for modern philosophy.

As Guilhem was the earliest of the troubadours I give the following extracts to illustrate the best sides of his style: "In great gladness I find in love a joy which I would fain possess in greater fulness, and since I wish to be happy again I must, if I can, go to the best. . . . Every joy must humble itself before my lady and all riches and power obey her, because of her beautiful manners, and her fair, pleasant look, and the man that exhausts the joy of her love must live more than a hundred years. Her gladness can heal the sick, her anger kill the well; and she can make the wise simple, the handsome ugly, the most courtly boorish, and the utterly boorish courtly. Since none can find, nor eye see, nor tongue tell of a fairer lady, I would have her for myself to refresh my heart within and renew my flesh that I may never grow old. If my lady will grant me her love, I am ready to receive and be grateful, to conceal, to pay court, to do and speak as shall please her, to hold her honor dear, and to enhance her praise. I dare not send her aught by messenger, so much I am afraid she would be angry; and so greatly do I fear mishap, I dare not myself express my love, but she must find out for herself what I most need, since she knows that it rests with her to save me." (From No. 41, p. 51.)

"In the sweetness of the new season the woods leave and the birds sing,—each one in his own language [*lit.* Latin] following the pattern of the springtime song, so now it is well that every man possess and enjoy that which he most desires. . . . Our love goes on like the branch of hawthorn which abides on the tree through the night amid rain and frost, but on the morrow, when the sun shines out, appears covered with verdure. . . . Again I mind me of a morning when we made war into peace and she gave me so great a gift: her love and her ring. *Enquer me lais Dieus viure tan c'aia mas mans soz so mantel.*" (No. 41, p. 51.)

"I will make a poem of sheer nothing; it shall not be of myself

nor of anybody else, not of love nor of young-heartedness nor of anything else ; I found it when I was asleep on a horse. I know not at what hour I was born ; I am neither gay nor sad, neither distant nor familiar, and I cannot be otherwise ; for thus the fairies dowered me by night atop a high hill. I know not when I am asleep, or when awake, unless one tell me ; my heart has almost left me for heartfelt pain ; and yet I care not a mouse for it by St. Martial. I am sick and in fear of death, yet I know nothing about it save what I hear ; I will seek a physician to my taste and know not whom [*tau*] ; he will be a good doctor if he cure me, but not if I grow sick." Several stanzas follow in the same vein. (No. 41, p. 80.)

Another song is on the theme "How happy could I be with either." Two steeds the duke has, he says. Both are beautiful and mettlesome, but they cannot get on together. So he calls upon his hail-fellows to advise him : which shall he retain—Agnes or Arsen ? (No. 41, p. 94.)

"Comrades, I cannot deny that I am displeased with the news I hear and see, for a lady has complained to me of her guardians. She says they follow neither equity nor law, but all four of them keep her shut up, and the one does n't extend her chain as much as the other tightens it. . . . I tell you, guardians, and I admonish you and it will be very great folly if you don't believe me : you will scarcely find a guard that will not sleep at times. And I have never seen a woman of such fidelity that she does not wish to have an affair or give a favor, or that would not deal with baseness if excellence is out of her reach. And if you deprive her of a good rig (equipage) she avails herself of what she finds within reach. If she can't have a horse she takes up with a pony. There is none of you that will gainsay me, and would not, if denied good wine for his ailment, drink water before he would allow himself to die of thirst. Anybody would drink water before he would allow himself to die of thirst." (No. 63, col. 31.)

CHAPTER XLIII.

1. P. 360.—The counts of Narbonne were Amalric IV. and (after 1270) Amalric V. The count of Rodez was Enric (Henry) II., and the king of Castile was Amfos X.

2. P. 361.—Vid. No. 63, col. 282. I give stanzas 1 and 3. There are four in all.

3. P. 361.—The dates of the six pastorals were 1260, 1262, 1264, 1267, 1276, and 1282. The one translated is the first. The meaning of some passages at the end is not perfectly clear. Vid. No. 266, IV., p. 83.

4. P. 363.—The original is "*aus entier*," from which it seems impossible to obtain a meaning that would fit the context. Several scholars concur with me in this opinion. Diez gives, "She does right," and I follow him to avoid a gap.

5. P. 363.—The breu-doble, redonda with and without concatenation, and serena (Mahn).

6. P. 364.—Vid. No. 63, col. 281. There are five stanzas, of which I give 1 and 2. As my purpose is mainly to show the refrain I have translated somewhat freely. The refrain is : *en Cataluenha* la gaya | *entrels Catalas valens* | *e las donas avinens.*

The words in Roman and the rhymes change with each stanza, as in the translation. The date of this piece, Riquier's first retronsa, is 1270, when he was in mid-career, so that the use of a refrain was a deliberate choice. The music is from MS. R (Restori) of about 1300 A.D. The piece on p. 361 is another illustration of Riquier's use of the refrain.

7. P. 368.—The Alphonsine Tables were astronomical works prepared by an assembly of Christian, Jewish, and Moorish scientists and published by the king. The singular character of Amfos X. is shown for example by his repudiating his wife, sending to Denmark for another spouse, and then becoming reconciled to the first one. The result was that the lady from the north passed the rest of her days in a convent instead of a palace. For a list of the troubadours patronized by this king consult note 2 on Chapter XV. His dialect, called Portuguese in the text, was that of Galicia. Riquier addressed poems to him from 1265 to 1274. He died in 1284.

8. P. 368.—Another poet patronized by Amfos X. was At de Mons (of Mons near Toulouse), called also Nat de Mons, apparently because, as Schultz says, the particle N' (*En*, signifying "Sir") became habitually attached to his name (No. 31, XVIII., p. 124). From this poet we have one lyric and five didactic pieces. Among the latter is a poem addressed to Amfos, whom he called "the Good King of Castile," on the influence of the stars. It consists of 1244 six-syllable lines in couplets. The king replied in prose and At put this reply into 815 lines of verse. It is interesting

to note the king's conclusion. Mankind, he declares, are partly under the influence of the stars, partly controlled by predestination, and entirely governed by luck. Good or ill may come from one, from two, or from all of these elements; but no man can determine beforehand from which, for no one can declare with certainty the will of God. This is wisdom of a Delphic sort, indeed. At died about 1290 (No. 75).

The only other contemporary poets worth naming are Folquet of Lunel, Serveri of Gerona, and Bertran Carbonel, who have been already treated (see Index).

9. P. 368.—Riquier's petition to King Amfos may be found in German in No. 143, p. 63. There is a reply from the king decreeing that matters should be arranged as Riquier desired, but apparently it was Riquier himself who composed it.

10. P. 371.—We have from Riquier about ninety lyrics and sixteen epistles on didactic or moral subjects. He has left us twenty tensos, more than any other troubadour; most of them were composed at Rodez. No. 115 gives an interesting list of the persons named by him, with identifications of most of them. The use of the title "Sir" in his poems does not signify that he was of knightly rank; we do not know what his social position was. He owed to Borneil his conception of the poet as a "doctor."

11. P. 371.—The classification of the troubadours as to rank is from Stimming (No. 183a). He reckons Pons de Capduelh and B. de Lamanon as only knights. Three troubadours were of positively menial stock; two had joglar fathers. It must be remembered, too, that besides the many troubadours known to us there was no doubt a countless swarm of professional or amateur versifiers, such as those alluded to by Raimon Vidal, at the beginning of his *Razos de Trobar*, who gave "their minds each day to singing and verse-making, either by singing themselves or by listening to others," so that "all good and evil things in the world" were "made known by troubadours."

12. P. 372.—It was in Catalonia that Provençal poetry survived most vigorously. In 1393 a Catalan consistory of the Gay Science (similar to the one in Toulouse) was founded. Floral games were held at Barcelona, Valencia, and Palma in the XVth and XVIth centuries. In 1550, full in the Renaissance period, appeared a treatise on the art of poetizing in the troubadour style. This school reached its culmination toward the end of the XVth century in

Ausias March, a real afterglow of troubadour times. In Castile, on the other hand, the people as a mass never acquired the liking for Provençal poetry, preferring their native poems,—epic, moral, and didactic.

13. P. 372.—There was clearly a native dramatic talent in the Midi, as Gaston Paris has remarked. Mention may be made also of the existence of the religious drama in Périgord during the XIIIth century.

14. P. 373.—Taine wrote of the Provençals: "If they had been able to develop their mediæval constitutions, to live divided into little independent sovereignties, to be spurred on by municipal patriotism, to finish their language and form a literature and manners in keeping with it, we should have one nation, one thought, one art, more than we have. They had them in 1200. Here is one of the lives sacrificed to centralization and to France." It is worth adding that after the Albigensian crusade the church frowned upon the songs of the troubadours, and viewed with suspicion any one who showed a liking for them. (See Jeanroy, No. **19**, CLI.) It will perhaps do no harm to remind the reader of what has been already stated, that the Félibrige was not, except in the most general way, a revival of the mediæval poetry. Of course we are concerned directly with the fate of the troubadours only, but a few words on the literature of Provence in general can hardly come amiss.

15. P. 374.—Gaston Paris has summed up the career of Provençal poetry by saying that from its original seat in or near Limousin it spread over Poitou and Languedoc, aroused in France and Germany an imitative poetry, created the poetry of Spain and Portugal, and in Italy fertilized the soil that was to produce a Dante and a Petrarch. Jeanroy has remarked (No. **19**, CLI.), that through Petrarch and Dante all modern lyric poetry descended from the troubadours.

16. P. 374.—Dulce, a sister of Amfos II. of Aragon, married Sancho I. of Portugal, and it seems as if this must have contributed greatly to introduce the taste for poetry.

17. P. 374.—Monaci's argument, (No. **16**, Aug., 1884) that Bologna and not Palermo was the original cradle of Italian lyric poetry in imitation of the troubadours, and that later the centre of this school was transferred to Palermo, created a sensation. His opinion as first stated was refuted by Zenatti, and Monaci con-

tented himself later with holding more loosely that Bologna was a seat of poetic activity before Palermo became such. Naturally poets would go thence to Frederic's brilliant court. This seems likely and is now, I believe, admitted. For one evidence, many forms of speech from northern Italy appear in the Palermo verse.

18. P. 374.—In the collection of Ste. Palaye Frederic II. was counted the last of the troubadours.

19. P. 375.—Maria, one of Eleanor's daughters, married Henri I. of Champagne, and reigned from 1164 to 1198. We know that she received one troubadour at her court (R. de Berbesiu), and she was the patroness of the celebrated Chrestien de Troyes. The other daughter, Aelis, married Henri's brother, Thibaut of Blois.

20. P. 375.—Antoine Thomas, in a review of a book by Jeanroy, said: "He has had no trouble to prove . . . that the trouvères were in short only the faithful disciples of the troubadours." Gauchat has pointed out that 113 Provençal pieces are contained in the French song-books. Even the festival of Le Puy was imitated in northern France in assemblies called *Puys Notre Dame*, where poems in honor of the Virgin or love-songs were crowned. The most ancient of these assemblies was at Arras. The poets of the North had in turn a slight but appreciable influence on those of the South.

21. P. 375.—The French words used by Wolfram von Eschenbach have been studied by Leo Wiener; and they seem to prove that he was not merely influenced by propinquity, but made a deliberate study of French poetry. There was a little direct imitation of troubadour songs among the minnesingers. Gaston Paris's opinion is: "*La poésie lyrique française exerça à son tour de l'influence sur l'Allemagne, où elle fut (ainsi que son initiatrice méridionale) imitée de bonne heure par les minnesinger.*"

22. P. 375.—Symonds has said that English literature was almost constantly under Italian influence for three hundred years.

23. P. 377.—F. Sander, for example, says of Dante: "*Sein ganzes Leben hindurch blieb die Liebe zu Beatrice der Aufzug in welchem alle seine anderen an sich betrachtet, weit grösseren und umfassenderen Ideen und Interessen als Einschlag verwoben wurden.*" Dante said as much of himself. Less than half the

poems in the *New Life* differ in sentiment, or perhaps even in thought, from those of the troubadours. The very title recalls such expressions as that of Raimbaut d'Aurenga, "With new heart and new desire," etc.

APPENDIX

THE PRINCIPAL TROUBADOURS GROUPED GEOGRAPHICALLY

All these are treated in this work (see Index); those whose names are in capitals are treated at length

AQUITAINE

Aimeric de Belenoi
Aldric
Amanieu de Sescas
ARNAUT DANIEL
ARNAUT DE MARUELH
Bernart de Durfort
BERNART DE VENTADORN
Bernart de Venzac
BERTRAN DE BORN
Bertran de Born, Jr.
Cercamon
Daude de Pradas
Eble II.
Elias Cairel
Elias de Barjols
Elias d'Uissel
GAUCELM FAIDIT
GUI D'UISSEL
GUILHEM IX.
Guilhem de la Tor
GUIRAUT DE BORNEIL
Guiraut de Calanson
JAUFRE RUDEL
MARCABRU
MARIA DE VENTADORN
PEIRE DE CORBIAC
Peire de Valeira
Raimon Jordan
RIGAUT DE BERBESIU
Rodez, the Count of
SAVARIC DE MAULEON
Ugo Brunenc
Ugo de la Bacalairia
UGO DE SAIN CIRC

AUVERGNE AND VELAY

Bertran de la Tor
Castelloza
DALFIN, THE
Garin lo Brun
Gauseran de Sain Leidier
GUILHEM DE SAIN LEIDIER
MONK OF MONTAUDON, THE
PEIRE CARDINAL
PEIRE D'ALVERNHE
Peire de Maensac
PEIRE ROGIER
PEIROL
PONS DE CAPDUELH

LANGUEDOC

Aimeric de Peguilha
Arnaut de Carcasses
At de Mons
Bernart de Tot lo Mon
Clara d'Anduza
Folquet de Lunel
Gaudairenca
Germonda
Giraudo lo Ros
Guilhem Azemar
Guilhem de Balaun
Guilhem Figueira
Guiraut Riquier
Peire de Barjac
Peire Raimon
Peire Vidal
Perdigo
Raimon de Miraval
Rogier Bernart III.

EAST OF THE RHONE

Augier Novella
Bertran Carbonel
Bertran de Lamanon
Blacasset
Blacatz
Bonifaci de Castellane
Cadenet
(Charles d'Anjou)
Dia, The Countess of
Folquet de Marseilla
Folquet de Romans
Gui de Cavaillon
Guilhem del Bauz
Guilhem de Montagnagout
Guilhem de Sain Gregori
Guilhem Magret
Guilhem Rainol
Paulet de Marseilla
Provence, The Countess of
Raimbaut d'Aurenga
Raimbaut de Vaqueiras
Raimon Berenguier IV.

ROUSSILLON AND SPAIN

Amfos II., of Aragon
Amfos X., of Castile
Guilhem de Berguedan
Guilhem de Cabestaing
Guiraut de Cabreira
Serveri
Ugo de Mataplana

ITALY

Albert de Malaspina
Bertolome Zorgi
Bonifaci Calvo
Frederic II.
Lanfranc Cigala
Manfred (II.) Lanza
Peire de la Mula
Sordel

OF UNKNOWN NATIVITY

Arnaut Guilhem de Marsan
Bernart Marti
Gavaudan the Old
Granet
Izarn
Peire Bremon
Peire Duran
Pelizier(?)

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